PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

APR 21 1934

SPRING BOOKS SUPPLEMENT

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. VII. No. 159 (New Series) SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1934 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . Page 329
MUDDLE, MUDDLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE . . . 332
THE ANTI-CO-OPERATIVE STUNT 333
ALL QUIET ON THE SPANISH FRONT? . . . 334
THIS ENGLAND 335
MR. ELLIOT MISSES THE BOAT. By G. T. Garratt 335
THE WRONGS OF MAN. By Y. Y. 336
COUNTING OUR MERCIES. By MacFlecknoe . . 338
A BISHOP IN PARTIBUS 338
CORRESPONDENCE 338
From F. O. Sutton; F. J. Newboult; J. A. Lodwick; Vicky Darragh; Upton Sinclair; A. D.; A. E. Chesterton; Alice L. Jones; Francis M. Etherington.
WE WANT BLOOD-MONEY. By W. McGregor Ross 340
WINTER LOVE. By Robert Nichols 341
THE COVENT GARDEN SEASON. By W. J. Turner . 341
PLAYS AND PICTURES 342
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 344
REVIEWS: Page
New Novels. By V. S. Pritchett 345
A French Scholar on Ireland's Last Struggle. By J. L. Hammond 346
Zionism and the Jew. By Leonard Stein . . 379
A Guide-book to Greece 379
George Lansbury. By Francis Meynell . . 380
The Approach to Politics. By Kingsley Martin . 382
Below the Belt. By Brian Howard 382
ABOUT MOTORING 384
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 386
CROSSWORD 390
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 392
SPRING BOOKS SUPPLEMENT (*see Special Index*). Includes Turgenev and the Tolstoys by Edward Bernstein; and reviews by Lord Olivier, Peter Quennell, Henry W. Nevinson, K. John, A. W. Lawrence, Leonard Woolf and L. S. Penrose.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

TRADE, we are assured on all hands, is looking up. The Premier says that last week at the British Industries Fair "looked like a new dawn." And eleven months' revenue figures promise the Chancellor of the Exchequer a handsome Budget surplus. What is he going to do with it? As to what he ought to do, there is little doubt in the minds of the great body of decent people—the first charge on it should be the restoration of the cuts in unemployment pay. We have for weeks past been receiving a stream of letters from our readers urging that this should come before any reduction of income tax. Our correspondents are all taxpayers, and they include professional and business men, rentiers, civil servants, military and naval officers. The demand for elementary justice has now been powerfully reinforced by the Archbishop of York, who in a letter to the *Times* appeals to all his "fellow-Christians who pay income tax" to let the Government know their mind on this matter. His letter has been followed promptly by many others—from Nonconformist Ministers, Conservative M.P.s, captains of industry, like Lord Melchett, and a host of private individuals.

Economics and Ethics

Some opposition has, of course, appeared. A handful of Tory backbenchers complain of the Archbishop's "unprecedented appeal to the electorate," and others suggest that his heart has got the better of his head. Curious sophistries are advanced to show that a few pence off the income tax would be the greatest boon the Government could confer upon the unemployed. These amateur economic essays are not likely to convince either the unemployed themselves, or the still larger body of persons who never know from week to week when misfortune may be their turn, or anyone who has thought seriously about the question of saving and spending. Nor, we think, will many churchmen take the view that the churches' duty is to stop their ears and shut their mouths on burning social questions. The pinching of the unemployed is, in fact, bad economy as well as bad morality. For ourselves, we hold that the pledges given in 1931 impose on the Government an obligation to restore not only the cuts in unemployment pay but also, at the earliest possible moment, those in teachers' and other public salaries and in the social services generally.

Fascism in Austria

There seems to be no immediate danger of German aggression on Austria, and Dr. Dollfuss and Major Fey are both addressing themselves to the task of consolidating their position at home. The Chancellor talks of the new Corporative Constitution which is being framed, and which, we understand, will be inspired by the principles of the Papal encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*. It will be interesting to see how Fascism *à la* Vatican differs from Fascism *à la* Mussolini. It will be still more interesting to see how these paper plans work out in practice. Dr. Dollfuss, having destroyed the Socialist Party and the Trade Unions, now proposes to incorporate the mass of the workers into One Big Union, which is to function " in a Christian, patriotic and social spirit to the exclusion of all political activity." It is a pretty exercise to create corporations and syndicates covering all industries and professions, and uniting employers and employees, rich and poor, on the basis of their " common interest." But actual antagonisms and disharmonies are not dispelled merely by pretending they do not exist, and Fascist dictators, though they may succeed temporarily in keeping their peoples quiet, have yet to show that they can make them happy. Mussolini has not really " delivered the goods " in Italy; Hitler in Germany is merely in the stage of talk, with no constructive economic programme that can be taken seriously. What are Dr. Dollfuss's chances of doing any better?

* * *

Major Fey, for his part, is trying to coax or bully the workers into his camp. He warns them against the Nazis, whom he describes as " no better than Bolsheviks," and assures the defeated Socialists that it is only their leaders, and not the rank and file, against whom he has any grudge. He is not likely by these methods to arouse any enthusiasm for himself and his Heimwehr, though he may expect a sullen acquiescence from the majority of his victims, for whom it is Hobson's choice. Meanwhile there is appalling distress in Vienna and other towns, which foreign as well as Austrian Relief Funds are doing their best to alleviate. There are also tales of horrors in the prisons —the beating and torturing of prisoners, young and old, men and women, by their gaolers. We are loath to believe that these brutalities are going on, after the assurances given by the Chancellor and other responsible Ministers; but the reports come from sources which cannot be lightly dismissed as unreliable, and they need authoritative denial.

Mr. Roosevelt and the N.R.A.

President Roosevelt celebrated the anniversary of his coming to power with a discussion of the aims and achievements of the N.R.A. For more than a week past, the delegates to General Johnson's Conference have been pouring out criticisms of the working of the " New Deal " in industry. Consumers' representatives have taken the lead, attacking its monopolistic and price-raising tendencies. Labour critics have joined in, to announce that the freedom of collective organisation and bargaining nominally established under it is being everywhere sabotaged by recalcitrant employers. Small business men claim that they are being crushed out by the trusts, and farmers that industrial are raised more than agricultural prices by the President's manoeuvre. Mr. Roosevelt in answer declares strongly against monopolies, and for full freedom for workers to join the Union of their choice and use it as a recognised instrument of collective bargaining. In somewhat uncertain terms, he threatens that, if industrialists cannot obey voluntarily the spirit and letter of the codes, coercion will have to be applied; and he urges employers to postpone their desire for immediate profits to the need for re-establishing the purchasing power of the broad mass of wage-earners. The President's speech has been widely interpreted as foreshadowing the application of more coercive measures to ensuring the success of the N.R.A., and it has accordingly provoked an unusual amount of open criticism. But if Mr. Roosevelt wants more powers, he can get them; for the American people still have no alternative saviour in view.

L'Affaire Stavisky

The political situation in France remains fairly static, and interest during the past week has centred in the Stavisky scandal and the Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry. Every nation has its own predilection for a particular variety of " scandal "; the French have a passion for the political-financial scandal and have developed in the last fifty years an extraordinary technique for dealing with it. The Stavisky case is following the same course and being used for the same purpose (of discrediting the Republic and Republicans) as the Panama scandal over forty years ago. The mysterious death of M. Prince reminds one of the death of Jacques Reinach, who was reported to have committed suicide by apoplexy, though Reinach was an agent of financial corruption, whereas M. Prince was removed presumably as a danger to the culprits. It seems to be agreed that M. Prince did not commit suicide by apoplexy or any other means, but was murdered, though how remains obscure. Meanwhile, Madame Stavisky has been arrested and the counterfoils of a large number of Stavisky's cheques have been discovered in the best melodramatic style. The Parliamentary Commission is now considering photographs of these counterfoils, which are expected to reveal the names of those corrupted by Stavisky. The future, not only of French politicians, but of French politics, must depend to a considerable extent on the " revelations " of this inquiry during the next weeks. At the moment the Fascists are said to be making a substantial number of converts in Paris, and the rift between the Radical-Socialists and the Socialists has, as was to be expected, widened considerably.

Last Groans of the Anti-Bolsheviks

The last despairing protests against the Russian Trade Agreement were heard in the House of Lords on Tuesday. Lord Mount Temple reproached the Government for preferring trade to the recovery of the money which Russia owes this country. But if his friend Lord Phillimore was right in saying that Russia was " verging on bankruptcy, with a debt of billions of billions of marks to German creditors," it hardly looks as if efforts by H.M. Government on behalf of British creditors would have borne much fruit! Lord Phillimore wanted pressure put on the Soviets for the release of political prisoners—a course which, as he was promptly told by the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, would be quite improper (and, we may add, quite ineffective). It was suggested also that the Trade Agreement was useless because we had nothing to export to Russia—a suggestion whose absurdity has been exposed over and over again. Mr. Runciman himself explained only last week in the House of Commons that in the years 1928–32 Russia had bought from us, amongst other things, some £17,000,000 worth of machinery, £3¼ millions worth of iron and steel manufactures, and the bulk of our export of machine tools—and had always paid promptly. The case for Anglo-Soviet trade indeed needs no more argument, and the Agreement is to be welcomed besides, as Lord Ponsonby said, for the part it will play in improving political relations between the two countries.

Sensation at the B.B.C.

Mr. Ferrie's protest at the microphone has at least made people aware that the B.B.C. does censor Talks. Since the expurgated version of Mr. Ferrie's Talk has not been published, we are left to guess whether the changes made in his manuscript were confined to reasonable "editing" or amounted to an unreasonable interference with the expression of a genuine point of view. Mr. Ferrie was apparently prepared to accept some emendations; his Talk as published in the *News-Chronicle* and *Daily Herald* differed materially, and some B.B.C. suggestions seem to have been already adopted. Even so, as a reply to the equally propagandist Talk of Sir Herbert Austin, most people will feel that Mr. Ferrie's Talk ranged rather wide and missed opportunities. But it was a mistake to "tone down" Mr. Ferrie. He is not a "representative workman." But then there is no such person, and his generalisations about the views of the working class meant rather more than the equally confident generalisations about the British workman and the British public that are made every day by the press and the wireless. The B.B.C. did well to invite a genuine working man and not a semi-educated person who had been taught to be ashamed of his class. It should be encouraged in this policy. The danger is that the incident of Mr. Ferrie may be used by reactionary influences in the B.B.C. as an excuse for timidity. The only way in which the B.B.C. can do its job properly is by asking people like Mr. Ferrie to reply to people like Sir Herbert Austin and allowing them both to speak freely.

The County Council Elections

The results of the elections in London are not known as we write, and we can only comment briefly on the campaign. The Municipal Reformers have been uneasy, and have sought to divert attention from their own record by flaunting the bogy of Socialism. They have painted hair-raising pictures of what the rates would be under a Labour majority, of "Poplarism" triumphant, and of London being sacked by Mr. Herbert Morrison and his friends. With this rubbish has been combined the vicious attack on the Co-operative societies engineered by Lord Beaverbrook—an attack which is giving them an excellent and free publicity and is, we understand, adding considerably to their membership! In the country as a whole the county council elections are, for obvious reasons, less of an index than the borough elections to the way the political wind is blowing. But there has evidently been a stirring in the Socialist camp up and down the land, and Labour victories have been gained on a number of councils. In the West Riding the Labour Party has won a dozen new seats and comes back only three short of a majority. In Durham, Glamorgan and Monmouthshire, where it was already in power, it has increased its majority.

Lancashire and Japan

The negotiations between the Japanese and the Lancashire cotton industries now look like breaking down completely at any moment. The Lancashire producers want to limit Japanese price-cutting throughout the world market, and especially in China. The Japanese, on the other hand, claim complete freedom of action in the world market generally, and are prepared to negotiate only about the Indian and other Empire markets, in which the British Government has a power of intervening to exclude or restrict their goods. The Japanese are also unwilling to have the problem of exports of artificial silk, and of mixed fabrics, considered together with that of cotton goods, though on this matter they have been prepared to strain a point. The fact seems to be that in relation to the Chinese market, in which they have made big gains of late years and hope to make much bigger ones in the future, the Japanese producers are quite unprepared to accept an agreed sharing out of the trade in any proportions based on past production. They feel sure that, aided by proximity, low wages, and the depreciated yen, they can beat Lancashire out of the bulk trade in cheap goods; and they rightly doubt whether Indian tariff policy is likely to be manipulated against them in Lancashire's interest enough to make it worth their while to come to terms. If Lancashire is to hold her Eastern export trade, it looks as if she will have to do it by reorganising on more efficient lines, and not by an accommodation with her Japanese rivals.

A Professor's Love Story

The official disavowals which have followed the publication of an English edition of Professor Banse's *Raum und Volk im Weltkriege* would carry more weight in this country if there were more signs that the Nazis repudiated the state of mind revealed in his book. Statements (which directly contradict the official Calendar of the Brunswick Technical High School) that Professor Banse is not and never was a Professor, and that no one takes any notice of him anyhow, might be allowed to pass as a matter of diplomatic courtesy if it were not that there is ample evidence that militarism of the same violent type forms part of the whole Nazi educational system. It makes the militarism and imperialism of our own educational system look like love-making in comparison. We see the first fruits of this propaganda in incidents such as the frontier raid carried out by uniformed Nazis against which the Dutch Government is reported now to be protesting. No one thinks that the German Government is intending immediately to follow Professor Banse's ludicrous instructions for invading England and other countries. The question is whether the young men and women and the children of Germany are to continue to be brought up to believe that they have a right, or duty, to terrorise and ultimately to conquer the whole of Europe in order that Germany may be supreme.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.

MUDDLE, MUDDLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE

MR. EDEN has returned from his travels. Let us remind ourselves of the object of his odyssey; the Lord Privy Seal was launched out of a back window of the ark of the Government, olive branch in mouth, in search of disarmament and peace. The olive branch was the British memorandum of the Government's disarmament proposals. He took it to Paris, Berlin and Rome, and he has brought it back again to London by way of Paris. In order to show, presumably, their appreciation of his efforts and to give a "token payment" of their contribution to the great cause of disarmament, the Government welcomed him back by publishing the Air Force Estimates and the Navy Estimates. The Air Force Estimates show an increase of over half a million pounds, the Navy an increase of three millions. Nothing reveals more plainly the muddled futility of the Government's foreign policy than these ridiculous increases synchronised with the end of Mr. Eden's mission. We do not know officially the result of his mission, but everyone who is not politically feeble-minded knew, before he started, that it was foredoomed to failure. The British proposals were made over a year too late; offered as a basis of discussion to France and Germany at the beginning of 1933 they might have led to something; to-day they are a disingenuous anachronism. France would not accept them because they authorised German rearmament and because they offered her nothing but vague words in place of "security." Germany would not accept them because they limited her rearmament and contained provisions for supervision and control. In fact, no great power would accept them and disarm, because it was clear that the British Government, making these proposals, was neither willing itself to disarm nor prepared to give any guarantee of security to any other State which disarmed.

The method which Sir John Simon and Signor Mussolini will adopt for closing down the Disarmament Conference is of no real importance, though it may afford some pleasure to cynics. Kites flown in the *Times* and other official places indicate that there will be a "treaty" on the plea that "any treaty is better than none." It will be for Signor Mussolini to persuade Herr Hitler to sign it—shall we guess in Rome? He will do so by pointing out that the treaty allows Germany to rearm and that it contains no provision for supervision or control. Sir John Simon will be left to persuade the French Government to sign. He will do so by pointing out that it contains a clause in which Great Britain pledges herself to take action against any State breaking the treaty, and he will wisely refrain from pointing out that it will be left to Great Britain to decide what action is to be taken when the time comes.

Whether such a face-saving treaty will really save the faces of many Foreign Ministers and Prime Ministers in the eyes of ordinary people we rather doubt. There are limits even to the political gullibility of ordinary men. The important point for the ordinary man in this country is that the vacillation of British policy has played a considerable part in bringing the Disarmament Conference to failure and Europe to the brink of another European war. We do not say this for the pleasure derived from attacking the worst Government that the English people have enjoyed since 1830. The international situation is so serious that it is not a legitimate terrain for that kind of party warfare, and if the Government showed any signs of learning wisdom from its own disastrous failures we should help it to bury its dead in silence. But the combination of Mr. Eden's tour with these absurd Air Force and Navy Estimates shows that the Government has learnt nothing and proposes to go on floundering through an international hurricane with no rudder, no compass, and half a dozen contradictory helmsmen.

The importance of the collapse of the Disarmament Conference lies in the fact that it makes it impossible for the Governments of the Great Powers any longer to conceal their destruction of the League and their jettisoning of a system of pacific settlement and collective security. If one looks round, one can watch the whole international system of 1904 to 1914 being rapidly reconstituted with its armed and hostile alliances and competition in armaments. The exact constitution of those alliances must be, as it was in the decade 1904-13, determined by an endless series of intrigues, bargains, threats; and the intrigues, bargains, threats have already begun in Vienna, Budapest, Rome, and Berlin. Mr. Eden's olive branch was entangled and smothered in them. They must end, almost inevitably, in war.

In this new situation the crucial question for each nation is: What armaments do we require for our "security"? Now the armaments which a nation requires depend entirely upon its foreign policy. In the decade 1904-13, for instance, our policy of joining the French-Russian group immediately determined the nature, scale, and disposition of our armaments. We organised our army and built our fleet on the assumption that we should *not* in the next five or ten years be at war with France and Russia, but might be at war with Germany and Austria. We ruled out of our calculations the French forces, except as a guarantee of "security"—we even disarmed as between ourselves and France, for we withdrew our fleet from the Mediterranean. Exactly the same thing is true to-day; our foreign policy must determine the scale and disposition of our armaments. Broadly, there are three possible policies which we might pursue—isolation, armed alliance, or collective security. They are mutually exclusive, but our Government has been hopelessly vacillating between the three. It has destroyed the League by pretending to be in favour of collective security, but in fact pursuing a policy of isolation, while memories of the war make it stagger occasionally into a policy which, if it were not so impermanent, could be described as an alliance or entente with France. The proposed increases in the Air Force and Navy Estimates are a *reductio ad absurdum* of this crazy navigation. If the Government is still standing by the League and collective security and Mr. Eden's travels mean anything, then some measure of disarmament is still possible, and the proposed increases are designed by the Cabinet to sabotage its own policy. If, on the other hand, we are going to revert to a policy of alliance, then the increases are meaningless until we know who our prospective allies and enemies are to be. Finally, if, as many Government speeches, including sometimes those of the Foreign Secretary, seem to imply, we are to betake ourselves to the policy of splendid isolation, protected by our own armaments, then the proposed increases are ludicrously insufficient; if we are looking that way for "security," we shall require an Air Force and Navy beyond the dreams even of Lady Houston and Lord Rothermere.

It will be seen that we have reached a point at which even the Government must at last face the facts, choose a policy, and stick to it. The scale of our armaments must depend upon that choice. Only a miracle can now save the Disarmament Conference from failure, and miracles do not happen in the twentieth century. Japan, Mussolini, Hitler, and Sir John Simon have succeeded in reducing the League to a state of suspended animation. It remains, however, none the less true that only a system of collective security can save Europe from another war and ruinous competition in armaments. It is just possible that a strong and determined British Government might, even at this last moment, recreate such a system and snatch security out of the ruins of the League. It has, for instance, been suggested that this might be attained by the creation of a nucleus of non-Fascist, non-militarist States, both within and without the League, prepared to bind themselves by the obligations of such a system of collective security. If the group included Britain, the U.S.A., France, and Russia, as well as the smaller democratic States, the armaments of each member of the group would be determined by the relative strengths of the group and of those Powers outside it, and it is clear that the group as a whole would be so strong that it would be in little danger of attack. There are obvious difficulties in any such scheme, but it deserves serious consideration. For the alternative to a collective system is not merely "difficulties," but first armaments and then war.

THE ANTI-CO-OPERATIVE STUNT

THERE are in Great Britain at present over twelve hundred retail Co-operative Societies, with a membership approaching seven millions, and annual sales of more than £200,000,000. The capital invested in these Societies exceeds £155,000,000, and they pay over £25,000,000 a year in wages and salaries. In addition, there are three Wholesale Societies—English, Scottish and Irish, with combined sales of over £100,000,000, an invested capital of about £70,000,000, and a wage bill of over £7,000,000, and a smaller section of agricultural and producers' societies which together account for £20,000,000 of annual sales, £7,000,000 of capital, and over £2,000,000 of wages each year.

Evidently, if this large volume of trade is at present being conducted on principles which are radically "unfair," and is receiving unmerited favours from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the position is serious, and the victims of "unfairness" on so vast a scale have every right to make vociferous objection. Exceedingly vociferous objections have been made, especially since the return to power of the National Government in 1931; for the opponents of co-operation thought that they saw in the curious House of Commons which then came into being an exceptionally good opportunity for pushing their case. They have induced Mr. Neville Chamberlain to impose some additional taxation on the Co-operative Movement; but this, so far from satisfying the more violent objectors, has caused them to redouble their clamour. The attack on the Co-ops has become a newspaper stunt, and has been used freely against the Labour Party in this year's local elections. It is alleged that the unfair competition of the Co-ops threatens the private trader with extinction; and the Labour Party is accused of a deep-laid plot, wherever it secures a municipal majority, to take all public contracts away from private firms, and hand them over to the Co-operative Movement.

Of course, this is nonsense; and those who shout it the most loudly are well aware that it is so. The Labour Party has not the smallest intention of giving the Co-ops a monopoly of municipal contracts, or of doing any more than to secure that they shall have an equal chance with other firms of tendering where they so desire. Nor does the Co-operative Movement ask for any more than this; indeed, it has been hitherto remarkably slow in most places even to put forward tenders. It has shown of late a slightly increased activity in this field, but certainly not enough to account for the din which is being made just now about its unfair competition.

The explanation of the clamour is to be sought far more in the attempt of certain newspapers to find a good stunt for rousing the lower middle classes against Socialism. It is perfectly natural for the small tradesman to dislike the Co-op, which is his direct competitor in supplying the wants of the poorer consumers. As a matter of course, he would be pleased if the Co-operative Store in his street or district were to close down, just as he would rejoice in the disappearance of the rival shop belonging to one of the big companies or of a large multiple store. The abolition of his competitor would help him to expand his sales; and every tradesman naturally wants to do that. But the pouring out of his venom upon the Co-operative Societies rather than upon the multiple or chain stores needs some further explanation. The cause is twofold. In the first place, he regards the big profit-making business as what he would like to be himself, and looks up to it as a mere baronet is supposed to look up to a duke. They are both in the same line of business—that of making profits out of the sale of goods to the public. But the Co-operative Society stands on a different footing, because it has the impudence to deny the very basis of profit-making on which small and large private traders alike depend. Thus, however un-Socialist the individual co-operator may be, the Co-operative Movement inevitably stands in the profit-maker's mind for the "menace" of Socialism.

Secondly, the Co-operative Movement does not advertise to any large extent in the capitalist press, whereas the big private traders do. It would be a remarkable feat of journalistic independence for any newspaper dependent largely on advertisement revenue to come out boldly on the side of the Co-ops against private trade. But it would be hardly less remarkable for such a paper to uphold the small trader against his larger capitalist rival. Accordingly, if the small traders are to be given the sense that their interests are in good hands, and roused up as ratepayers and taxpayers to down the Socialists, a campaign against the Co-ops is clearly indicated as the correct procedure. In Germany, the Nazis attacked impartially, in their propaganda days of economic wild oats, the Co-operative Societies and the big capitalist traders; for the Nazi Movement was not invented by a German Lord Rothermere or Lord Beaverbrook, and was comparatively uninterested in press advertisement. Our English bowdlerised newspaper Fascism is disabled from saying nasty things about important advertisers; but there is nothing to deter it from having a good go at the Co-operative Movement.

Whatever the forces behind the present campaign, there remains to be seriously asked and answered the question: "Is Co-operative trading unfair?" In the consumers' Co-operative Society a large number of buyers band themselves together to purchase goods at cost price, so as to eliminate trading profit. They find the most convenient way of doing this in actually selling goods across the counter at ordinary market prices, and then returning the balance over costs to the purchasers in the form of dividends proportionate to what they have spent—after appropriating what they collectively see fit to reserve funds or to common services such as education. They pay a fixed interest on the capital which their members have invested in them, so that what is returned as dividend is simply the surplus after all costs, including the cost of capital, have been met.

What conceivable unfairness is there in such a system? There is none, unless the provision of a profit to a private trader is to be regarded as a charge which all goods ought in equity to bear before they are allowed to pass into a consumer's hands. Presumably, this is precisely what the small traders who wish to destroy the Co-ops do really believe; but even they will hardly venture to state their case openly in such a form.

The case must be furbished up for plausible presentation; and it is accordingly alleged that there is a special unfairness in the fact that Co-operative "dividends" on purchases are not subject to taxation in the same way as the dividends on capital distributed by capitalist concerns. But there is, in fact, nothing in common between the two except the name. A private trader is perfectly free to offer his customers a dividend or rebate on their purchases if he so desires—and there are private traders who do this. But these traders would be the first to protest if anyone proposed to tax such dividends or rebates; for they would rightly point out that, so far from being profits, they are costs which have to be met before a profit can be made. Repeated attempts to tax Co-operative dividends have broken down on this point, though now, under pressure from the shopkeepers, Mr. Chamberlain has adopted the supremely illogical course of taxing sums which the Co-ops place to reserve, but not sums which they distribute as dividends, thus providing every incentive to the movement to pay out all it can, at the cost of setting aside too little for reasonable precaution.

It is, of course, just that if Co-operative Societies trade with non-members and do not let them share in dividends, surpluses arising from such trade shall be taxed, if it is worth while to tax them. But such trade with non-members does not account for 1 per cent. of total Co-operative trade. It is a negligible factor, despite all the fuss that is being made about it. It is also quite just that Co-operative interest on capital, but not dividend on purchases, should rank as a part of the income of those who receive it; and so it does. It is also just that where Co-operative Societies receive income from investments this should count as collective income in the same way as income belonging to other corporate bodies; and so it does. But in all this there is not the smallest support for the charge of unfair trading that is brought against the movement.

The boot, in fact, is on the other leg. The Co-ops are unfairly treated, not only by Mr. Chamberlain's recent tax on reserves, but also because they are the victims of an unfair boycott imposed by the capitalist producers of proprietary branded goods, who refuse to allow dividends on purchase to be paid in respect of goods which are supplied on condition that they must not be sold below a standard price. It is contrary to public interests that monopolists should be permitted to impose such a condition on the Co-operative Movement. But the Movement can afford to let the unfairness pass, as long as it is not subjected to further unfair discrimination at the hands of the Exchequer.

To sum up—the opponents of co-operation have no case except the claim to exact a toll of profit on all goods passing to the consumers. The attack on the Co-operative Movement rests upon that claim, as far as it rests on anything at all. It is being pressed now, with a disregard for facts which has provoked even the National Chamber of Trade to protest, by stunt newspapers and unscrupulous municipal election-mongers who are eager to take a leaf out of the book of Fascism, and rally the tradesmen for an onslaught on Co-operators and Socialists in the interests of private capitalism. That is all there is to it; and, as stunts are usually soon forgotten by their authors, it is likely that the noise will soon die down again to the usual undertone of grumbling by the small shopkeepers. It comes as natural to the private shopkeeper to abuse the Co-op as to the farmer to grumble about the weather. It is, however, a curious commentary on the psychology of our capitalist civilisation that the only existing part of our industrial system organised to protect the consumer against exploitation can be represented in the popular press as unfair.

ALL QUIET ON THE SPANISH FRONT ?

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN MADRID.]

"PLUS ça change, plus c'est la même chose." So, with some justification, a cynical observer might describe Spanish politics, whether under a Bourbon monarchy or a democratic Republic. Are not all the sere vices of the old political system insinuating themselves once again into their familiar corners? As in pre-dictatorship times parliamentary crises, ending in nothing but a Cabinet reshuffle or the substitution of one ministerial name for another, are beginning to recur with monotonous regularity. The old "politicos," Alba, Melquiades Alvarez, Miguel Maura, even Romanones, are returning with renewed zest to their well-rehearsed games of "ins" and "outs." Jobbery and wirepulling will soon be as shameless as they were before Primo de Rivera's *coup d'état* in September, 1923. With a Premier like Lerroux, past master in the art of political manipulation, and a Cortes a large proportion of which has open or camouflaged sympathies with the Monarchy, it seems indeed as if the "good old days" were about to return to Spain and as if the only person lacking in the Court of Denmark was Hamlet himself—in other words, His Most Catholic Majesty, Alfonso XIII.

Yet the very fact that the purely political crisis last week-end (March 3rd) passed almost unnoticed in the capital has about it something ominous. Public attention is vaguely directed elsewhere, to a sphere altogether outside the parliamentary arena. The political puppets may play their parts with the astuteness and self-interest of monarchical times. Martinez Barrio may cease to be Home Minister. In the Radical minority there may be a split, or the breach may be momentarily bridged, and Lerroux may give the world a proof of his experienced dexterity. But what does all this parliamentary manoeuvring signify? Does it indeed signify anything more durable than the penultimate crisis of King Alfonso's reign, when the Aznar cabinet was somehow patched together and lasted for just six weeks? While these conventional antics are being performed to the decorous accompaniment of headlines in the newspapers and interviews in the former royal palace, Largo Caballero and his friends are allowed full play to prepare the way for the "social revolution" which is to transform society and sweep away the present bourgeois regime, establishing on its ruins a dictatorship of the proletariat. Such threats must not, so many Spaniards assure the foreigner, be taken too seriously. "Aqui no pasa nada"—"here nothing happens"—is a favourite Spanish saying. Nothing changes in Spain, except on the surface. After all, though the Monarchy collapsed three years ago like a pack of cards, the change in the national and social life of the country has been very small—no more, perhaps, than the difference in appearance of a man who on Monday wears a red tie and on Tuesday a blue. Besides, there is the comforting reflection that the pendulum in Europe is, if not pointing directly at kings and queens, at any rate swinging towards these illustrious and romantic figures. Socialism (so the conservative Spanish press informs us) appears to be breaking down with monotonous regularity in most European countries, and everywhere Socialist democracies are being replaced by authoritarian states of a Fascist or semi-Fascist character. Indeed, Spain may seem to have become the last hope of the Marxists, and on this incalculable country are now centred the aspirations of the Second and Third International.

Ever since the elections of November 19th and December 3rd, the chief result of which was to put the balance of parliamentary power into the hands of Gil Robles and his Catholic Social party, Señor Largo Caballero (apparently an honest man) has been preaching the gospel of direct action and social revolution with astonishing concentration and simplicity. Indeed, his "excessive simplicity," as the ultra-Conservative evening paper *La Nacion* phrases it, stands in remarkable contrast to the wordy intricacies of the "politicos." And in this evangelising work, which carries him from Madrid to Barcelona and rapidly back again to the capital, he is assisted by two or three impersonal allies. The chief of these is the general lack of authority which allows gangsters to loot food shops, to shoot down in broad daylight the readers of the Fascist newspaper *Falange Español*, and to place bombs in the houses of suspected Fascists. A second ally is supplied by the increasing unemployment and the periodic strikes of waiters, builders, theatrical orchestras—and now of newspaper employees. A Spaniard is always at his best when in opposition, for he has a strong "anti" complex. In addition to this, the average Spaniard likes something new, and Syndicalism—which appears to be the general Spanish idea of Communism—appeals to him with all the novelty of the unknown and the untried.

That the coming struggle will be decided outside parliament seems fairly clear, and it is a moot point whether recent events in Austria are hastening or retarding the conflict. Nor is it clear who will be the aggressor or what principle is to play the role of violated Belgian neutrality. Is it to be the anti-clerical clauses of the constitution, which *Acción Popular* is pledged to reform, and the Vatican's attempt to "reconquer Spain," as *El Socialista* calls it? Or is it to be the employment in the offices of a leading conservative newspaper of a non-Union workman? Each side insists that the other is secretly arming. *La Nacion* urges the Government to carry out a complete disarmament of the Socialists who (so it says) "are armed to the teeth." On the other hand, the Left wing parties are complaining that the Rights are trying to bully them (the Socialists) into making a revolutionary movement which, after being sternly repressed, would be the prelude and excuse for establishing a Fascist dictatorship or a Dollfuss regime.

Fear of Fascism is widespread, and yet despite bombs and pistol shots Fascism continues to grow. Young José Primo de Rivera, son of the military dictator, is received by his camp-followers with a Fascist salute, and openly says that the only means of combating the imminent social revolution is Fascism. "The struggle of the Catholic Social Party under the leadership of Gil Robles against the Socialists, will not," he declares, "solve the problem of the Spanish Revolution." Gil Robles, indeed, has proclaimed his theoretic antipathy to Fascism, but it is conceivable that circumstances might force him, like Dr. Dollfuss, into the role of a dictator. The abilities, however, both of Gil Robles and the Señorito Fascist leader, are overshadowed by the outstanding power and vigour of the two Left Wing leaders, Señor Prieto and Señor Azaña, who, enraged at the unjustified dissolution of the Cortes Constituyentes last autumn, are both exerting the whole of their energy to create a truly Republican, and not a camouflaged monarchist, Spain.

Let us consider for a moment this Syndicalist state of their creation as a *fait accompli*. What is the result? Does it make any real difference? The answer is, that it does make a very great difference. From being a more or less negligible factor on the European chessboard, Spain becomes of primary importance. On the east of Europe there has been for some seventeen years the established regime of Soviet Russia, the avowed enemy of capitalist culture, and now on the other side of the non-Soviet countries is the new Soviet ally, Syndicalist Spain. At once the situation in Europe is altered. Capitalist Europe is called upon to defend itself against an opponent not merely on its eastern front but on its south-western too, as it was compelled to defend itself in the Middle Ages against the pressure of Islam through the gateway of Spain.

Does such a contingency seem fanciful? So before the October Revolution in 1917 did the Soviet experiment. And it must be remembered that, even apart from the disciplined power of the young Fascist force, there is, as opposed to Socialist and Syndicalist activities, the centuries-old tradition of the Roman Catholic Church and the vigour of the modern Vatican. Political prophecies about Spain are generally destined to a premature grave. For the Spaniard cannot be judged by the political standards of other countries. He has little or no sense of co-operation; a civic spirit is something hitherto unknown in Spain. He is still passionately and strongly individualist, and it is for that very reason that modern democracy is proving so unsuited to his temperament and that a disciplining dictatorship, whether Fascist or Syndicalist in character, may be found an unavoidable necessity.

THIS ENGLAND

Readers are invited to send us cuttings suitable for inclusion in this column. Address: 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Fascists believe that personal and economic liberty are more important than political liberty. But so far from prohibiting free speech, under Fascism it will not only be permitted, but actually encouraged, providing the speaker knows what he is talking about.—From a letter in the *Daily Telegraph*.

The number of babies born in this hospital last year was 7,184. That is almost twenty per day, and 264 more than the number of fatal road accidents in this country, so that this hospital more than makes good the deficiencies caused by road accidents in Great Britain.

Every motorist ought to be convinced of the necessity of contributing to this hospital and should carry a receipt for his contribution along with his licence.—Report of a speech at the annual meeting of the Glasgow Royal Maternity Hospital, *Glasgow Evening News*.

I wonder if it was out of compliment to Lady Cory, who is such a noted admirer of modes Victorian, that several of her guests at the musical party she gave this week came dressed Victorian fashion. It was all very suitable, anyway, since after dinner they listened to Kreisler playing Handel and Mozart.—*News-Chronicle*.

Heaps of women come to me with their nails cracked right across; they ask me to repair the damage, and I tell them that they simply must give them a rest, if possible by going without liquid polish when they are week-ending in the country. I know it takes a little courage to be the only woman with naked nails, but believe me, it's worth it.—*Vogue*.

My wife and daughters are probably better known in —— than I am, and I trust, as a husband and father, I can claim some credit for the many good services they have rendered the District. I assure the ladies of —— that any special interests of theirs will be safe in my hands.—Paragraph from the Election Address of a candidate for the Surrey County Council.

This question of the Oxford stroke is becoming a national problem. —*Daily Mail*.

Wide areas of the business world are conscious of brighter skies. . . . There are many departments of British industries that would not lack customers if their customers could find the money.—*Observer*.

MR. ELLIOT MISSES THE BOAT

One of the minor disadvantages of being a Socialist is the annoyance of watching sound schemes, which neither of the first two Labour Governments could have hoped to pilot through both Houses of Parliament, being adopted and then ruined by the Conservatives. The Ministry of Agriculture seemed likely to be the one bright spot in the National Government. With an energetic and not too conventional ex-Fabian in charge, and with one of Dr. Addison's lieutenants remaining as second-in-command, there was a reasonable hope that some really sound national planning would be undertaken. The first signs were propitious. There was no messing about with voluntary co-operation, a hopeless method in a highly industrialised country, dependent on imported food, and including the most diverse farming conditions. Mr. Elliot started at once by founding all-inclusive marketing boards, with compulsory powers backed by the State. He had certain advantages. Coming into office at a time of great agricultural depression and uncertainty, he could get from the farmers an overwhelming majority vote in favour of this type of Board, without making any very specific promises about the amount of assistance, apart from the compulsory powers, which the State would be willing to provide. A Labour Minister would have had to be more definite to get the farmers' support. The absence of serious opposition shows how tired our farmers have grown of the old marketing system, and how rapidly the social traditions of the weekly market have disappeared.

For his first experiment Mr. Elliot very wisely chose milk. For the second he very unwisely picked upon bacon. England is a dairy country, but hardly any of our farmers produce bacon except as a last resource when the bottom has dropped out of the pork market. For some reason the organisation of the bacon trade has a fatal attraction for the politician, but Mr. Elliot ought to have known better than to try building up what is virtually a new industry by means of a marketing board and spasmodic interference with our usual imports.

Although the two schemes seemed bold enough, and they were launched with great energy, certain limitations were soon apparent. To the Conservative mind the manufacturer and the shopkeeper are sacrosanct. Managing a bacon factory or peddling out quarts of milk are shrouded in deep mystery compared with the simple task of running a thousand-acre mixed farm. Once the product has left the farm every vestige of compulsion must cease. There is nothing in either of these two schemes which enables the Boards to short-circuit the processes by which milk and bacon find their way on to the urban breakfast-table. The Milk Marketing Board may be in a stronger bargaining position than the National Farmers' Union, but it is very doubtful how far it will be able to use that position in the case of the almost inevitable deadlock. Certainly neither it nor any other similarly situated Board will be able to squeeze out of the processing and distributing stages any of that £150,000,000 which is commonly stated to be wasted each year in getting our agricultural produce to the consumer. In the meantime there seems to be a tendency for overhead charges to accumulate in the early stages of the marketing. I have before me the figures for some milk sold from my farm during the winter. The basic price of 1*s.* 4*d.* seemed good enough, though not noticeably higher than in the pre-Elliot days, but from a gross sum of £34 16*s.* 8*d.*, £5 8*s.* 10*d.* is deducted for transport and handling risk, £3 16*s.* 1*d.* goes to the Milk Board, and a further 6*s.* 4*d.* is taken for the "producer-retailer's levy." The final cheque for £25 5*s.* 5*d.* is almost an anti-climax.

Farmers expected fairly high overhead expenses. They came into the scheme on the understanding that, if they sacrificed their marketing freedom, the Government would see that the Boards could maintain a reasonable minimum scale of prices. The Boards themselves cannot do very much. Their function is limited to the marketing of primary produce. They neither retail nor undertake intermediate processes. They have the power to keep down home produce, but the Government is definitely pledged that nothing very drastic will be done in this line. Milk output is stabilised at a point which is about the highest since the war, a quantity fully double what is required for the liquid milk trade. The Bacon Board is complaining of under-production at home. Better prices can only be guaranteed by increasing consumption—especially of liquid milk as compared with manufactured milk—or by control of imports, or by direct subsidies to the Boards. These powers lie with the Government, and it is in the choice of these methods that Mr. Elliot has come so badly to grief. It is impossible to tell how far his policy with regard to milk and bacon has been forced upon him by the Cabinet, and especially by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but his recent pronouncements suggest that you need a very long spoon if you set a dish of national planning before the present Government.

The milk policy is the greatest tragedy. Here the choice virtually lay between encouraging consumption or granting a subsidy. Humanity, the future of our race, as well as common sense and elementary business acumen would suggest that if any money is to be granted from the Exchequer to assist the industry it should be spent in encouraging the drinking of milk by children. The arguments in favour of such a policy, the methods by which it could be put in practice, the experiments which have already been tried, all these have been discussed *ad nauseam.* Many who have for years advocated the distribution of milk to schoolchildren believed that an organised national scheme was at last going to be brought forward. Instead of that a sum of three millions, which would be fully sufficient for the launching of such a scheme, is to be granted to the Milk Marketing Board as a "loan," though every reasonable person with the least knowledge of the milk situation is well aware that the "loan" is a mere pretence, and that some absurd Conservative inhibition has led to refusing a magnificent chance of establishing a valuable social service, and to the granting of a most questionable subsidy under the most unsatisfactory conditions.

It is possible that Mr. Elliot has had his hand forced over this matter, and also over his unhappy incursion into controlling bacon imports by the quota system. Here again he has chosen the worst of three methods, import boards, tariffs or quotas. A series of "gentleman's agreements," and of quotas only covering a portion of the imports affords an admirable excuse for retailers to enhance prices, but can do nothing to stabilise commodity prices even over a short term, and is of little help to a Board in laying out its plans. The position to-day would seem to be as follows. Mr. Elliot has launched two large schemes, and has promised several more. There is no doubt that farmers are prepared to organise in this way, and that this initial policy is sound. It would, however, be far better to defer any further action until the country has decided how much assistance the industries are to receive, and how this is to be given. The outlook is very disturbing. Everything points to a re-shuffling of the Cabinet, with, perhaps, Mr. Elliot drifting to some higher sphere, leaving behind him two Marketing Boards, both "lame ducks"—one requiring a subsidy within a year of its foundation, and the other hardly beginning to function. If this should happen, the organisation of agricultural marketing will be set back for a generation.

G. T. GARRATT

THE WRONGS OF MAN

A LETTER appeared the other day in the correspondence columns of a newspaper complaining of the tyranny of rowing at Cambridge. "Outwardly," says the writer, "there is strong patriotism for College and University, but many confess in private that they hate rowing and would give it up if this would not make them seem 'unsporting.' Anyone wandering up the river before the 'Lents' or 'Mays' cannot fail to be impressed by the extraordinary tyranny which the present system of rowing exercises over young men's minds. Coaches shout at their boats as if animals were being ordered about."

It must come as a shock to the complacent to realise that in England, which has so far resisted with some success the world-wide effort to revive the old tyrannies in new forms, a tyranny so extraordinary as this should be allowed to exist and pass almost uncriticised. We must be free or die who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold which Milton held, and yet we find the noblest specimens of the English race outside Oxford—men who would not have quailed before Napoleon or the Devil himself—quailing before the tongue of a coach on the river-bank. There must be some strong reason for this. Tyranny must be as powerfully entrenched at Cambridge as in Russia or in Germany thus to cow the boldest spirits of a nation traditionally bold. The O.G.P.U., it is to be feared, is not the most inhuman instrument of terrorism in modern Europe. I doubt if even the worst methods of the O.G.P.U. could compel any Cambridge man to row who did not want to row. In Cambridge, however, there is a sinister, unseen influence that inflicts its own tortures on recalcitrants. Its visible agent is the loud-mouthed coach whose tongue is as a knout. " Coaches shout at their boats as if animals were being ordered about." If one read such a sentence as that in a description of the behaviour of Russian officials in a timber-camp, would not one's blood run cold with horror ? If such brutality is common at Cambridge, is it any wonder that the eyes of many young men at the universities are gazing affectionately along the road to Moscow ?

It is possible, of course, that the whole thing is exaggerated. Atrocity stories usually are. The Tsarism of sport may not be so brutal a tyranny as the letter-writer pictures. Some men may even be so foolish as to enjoy rowing and go in for it of their own free will. I find it difficult to believe that the sports of Englishmen have been thrust upon them by organised compulsion—that ardent young men tugging at the unwilling oar like galley-slaves are all the while groaning because they are being kept away from their books. Certainly, no other sport depends for its continuance on reluctant adherents. Football flourishes even where it is not compulsory in the schools. Cricket is played voluntarily on village greens. Even rowing attracts uncoerced clerks from the City. If lessons and games were equally non-compulsory at the schools, who can doubt that games would flourish and lessons languish?

Possibly, the man who is brilliant at any form of sport finds that he has let himself in for more than he intended. He is so good that he is no longer his own master, but belongs to his college or university. If he wishes to slacken off or retire in the interests of his neglected mind, it is made clear to him that this would be a tragedy involving other people. In the world of sport, nothing is important except sport, and the withdrawal of a brilliant sportsman in the prime of his powers staggers the imagination like a disaster in nature. I have heard of a Rugby footballer who suddenly became converted to a strict form of evangelical Christianity and decided that, being a Christian, he must no longer waste his time on such trivialities as games. He was the hope of his team : so long as he played, his side was almost certain of victory. His fellow-members were naturally aghast when they heard of his decision. They fervently urged upon him that football was an ally of Christianity. Men who never darkened a church-door pointed out that a Christian who played good football was doing far better propaganda for his creed than any parson. They besought him to play for one more season, if not for the sake of the team, for the sake of Christianity. It seems to me that the arguments were sound, but they had no effect on the young player. At the same time, the incident is an example of the strong pressure that can be brought on a fine sportsman not to abandon his side, whether he has something better to do or not.

On the other hand, I doubt whether this " tyranny " results in many intolerable wrongs. I do not think that the wrongs of man worth mentioning include the compulsion to row or play games. Those who do not suffer from serious wrongs, however, like to imagine petty wrongs. There will be wronged men even in Utopia, so long as men have imaginations.

It may be that it is the petty wrongs that we like to complain of most. Many men are more irritated by the fact that they cannot get a drink at four o'clock in the afternoon, even if they do not want a drink at four o'clock in the afternoon, than by the size of the income tax. The wrongs of man are as many as the sands of the sea, and some of them are as minute. I knew an old woman who kept a lodging-house in the country and who lived through the war without a single complaint about the world-wide catastrophe till sugar was rationed. She could endure the war with equanimity, but the notion of being limited to two ounces of sugar a week, and of having to present a coupon at the grocer's in order to obtain it made her feel that life was so full of hitherto unimaginable wrongs as to be scarcely worth living. She had a magnificently disportionate sense of her own sufferings. If an air-raid over London kept one of her lodgers late for dinner, owing to the fact that his darkened train had to stand still for an hour at London Bridge while bombs were bursting in the city, she thought not of the troubles of her lodger but of the way in which the dinner she had cooked was being delayed. And, when the lodger at last arrived home, she glowered at him as if he and the air-raid between them were a pretty pair, equally responsible for spoiling a good dinner by over-cooking and for keeping her working an hour later than usual.

Some people have a theory that this sense of petty wrongs helps to keep us sane. They distract us, it is argued, from the real wrongs which, if we realised them continuously, would drive us mad. I remember a soldier—afterwards killed—who, on coming home on leave, had no complaint to make of the hardships of warfare, but who became blasphemously furious over a foul brand of cigarettes that had been sent out to his battalion by a charitable fund. He even called on the maker of the cigarettes to tell him that he was a thief and a blackguard. It never entered his head, on the other hand, that he had any cause for complaint in the miseries of the trenches or in the risks he daily ran of death or mutilation, and that he ought to go round and give a bit of his mind on the subject to the Prime Minister. I know another soldier in an infantry regiment whose bitterest grievance lay in the fact that in the course of a march he was not allowed to step aside in order to avoid puddles. Being an extremely fastidious and tidy man, who hated the sight of a speck of mud on his boots, and, seeing a puddle on the road during his first march, he did step deliberately aside, thus drawing upon himself a flood of all but apopletic blasphemy from his sergeant. His heart sank as, during march after march, he was forced to plunge his spotless boots into easily avoidable pools of dirty water. He could face death, but he could not face that. Ultimately, unable to endure any longer such a violation of his finer feelings he got himself transferred to another branch of the armed forces which was never under the necessity of walking through puddles.

I myself have a large sense of petty wrongs. I cannot help feeling wronged every time my taxi is held up in a traffic block. I sometimes suspect that the policemen have a special spite against me and arrange their hold-ups according to a plan that will cause me most inconvenience. I feel deeply wronged by most of the restaurants I visit. I felt wronged by D.O.R.A. for years till I got tired of feeling wronged. What a blessing D.O.R.A. has been to Englishmen, by the way, in taking their minds off their serious wrongs and concentrating their fury on the little ones ! If I were a tyrant, I should invent all kinds of minor grievances for my subjects in the hope that they would worry about them instead of about me. A nation of grousers about small things is the easiest to govern.

Perhaps, however, it needs no tyrant to invent petty grievances for us. We can create them for ourselves. As a small boy, I had an overwhelming sense of wrong because I was expected to wear gloves on the way to church. To rebel against nothings is in our nature. I knew another small boy who bitterly resented having to take off his hat to his mother when he met her in the street. He had no objection to taking off his hat to members of the opposite sex, but he maintained that it was silly to take off your hat to a member of your own family. His father, who was an old-fashioned disciplinarian, had to cane him several times before he submitted, but I never saw my friend taking his hat off to his mother afterwards without a rebel's scowl on his face.

It may seem odd that, in a world in which the threat of death and pain constantly overhangs us, we should devote so much of our resentment to trivialities. A late train, too much salt in the soup, a rude pushing-past on the part of a fat man on his way to his seat in a theatre—such things as these annoy us more on ordinary days than the maleficence of fate. In this we show a truly heroic lack of the sense of proportion. It is because of this magnificent lack of the sense of proportion that we have always plenty of subjects for conversation and for writing letters to the newspapers. Y. Y.

COUNTING OUR MERCIES

The proverb bids us count our mercies
And I (too ready to complain)
Should like, for once, to write my verses
In breezy, optimistic strain;
For though the outlook might be clearer
Yet war, the portents seem to show,
Is not appreciably nearer
Than it appeared a week ago.

Towards an armament convention
We move, perhaps, with laggard pace,
Yet every day the papers mention
Discussions as still taking place.
One dare not say the slump is finished,
The crisis' force completely spent,
Yet unemployment has diminished
By very nearly three per cent.

Though commerce may be faint and meagre,
Yet France and Britain now profess
That each, in principle, is eager
To make its burdens somewhat less;
And Mr. Roosevelt lately played with
That paradox, most strange but true,
That people whom you wish to trade with
Must be allowed to trade with you.

* * * *

The proverb bids us count our mercies
When most we're tempted to complain,
And I have striven to give these verses
A breezy, optimistic strain;
Then blame not me, but poor humanity,
Or statesmanship, true wisdom's fount,
If these faint signs of dawning sanity
Are all that I can find to count.

MACFLECKNOE

A BISHOP IN PARTIBUS

At the end of the 1870's an odd young man, said to have been educated in South America, took orders in the Church of England and was given a curacy in Hampshire. On March 1st, 1934, he died (if the common verb is permissible in this case) at Perth, Western Australia, aged eighty-seven, and the obituaries spoke of him as "Bishop" Leadbeater.

His Anglican orders were at times of some little service to Charles W. Leadbeater, but he soon left them behind. H. P. Blavatsky appeared in London. Leadbeater accepted the Secret Doctrine and became a member of her circle, and in due time Annie Besant came over from the Secularists. Leadbeater wrote with a perilous fluency on occult themes. His specialty was the tracing of pre-natal genealogy through the ages. The theosophical magazines contained many examples of his ingenuity in this virgin field of research. He was never at a loss, and I remember Colonel H. S. Olcott, the jovial old American who succeeded Blavatsky in the headship of the Society, telling with chuckles about the incarnations of himself with which Leadbeater had kindly provided him. Mrs. Besant, as her friends agreed, always needed the tutelage and support of a male colleague. Leadbeater became her inseparable associate, Charles Bradlaugh, one may guess, taking a sardonic view of things when he saw his old place filled by this very curious shepherd of souls.

Soon after Mrs. Besant became its president the Theosophical Society was riven by a controversy of which Leadbeater was the centre. An inquiry was held into his sexual teachings and practices. The report could not be ignored or explained away, and Mrs. Besant reluctantly consented to Leadbeater's expulsion. But finding that his absence meant the loss of an indispensable collaborator, she insisted upon his reinstatement, with the result that a large section of the members withdrew, under the leadership of G. R. S. Mead, the scholarly editor of the *Quest*.

Followed the enterprise which Leadbeater might well regard as his masterpiece. About twenty-five years ago, at Adyar, Madras, he was attracted by the grace of two Brahmin boys, sons of a Madrasi government pensioner. Leadbeater had a way with boys, and these were of unusual quality. He set to work upon their pre-natal history, furnished the elder, J. Krishnamurti, with a string of incarnations covering 26,000 years (Leadbeater was thorough), and assured Mrs. Besant that here undoubtedly was the Messiah for whom the world was waiting—or, as Mrs. Besant herself always preferred to put it, "the vehicle of the coming World Teacher." The cult was launched at Benares. Leadbeater tutored the two boys. Their father objected, and his action led to a series of disagreeable lawsuits in the Madras courts. Mrs. Besant tried to place the boys at Oxford (appropriately, no doubt: "adorable dreamer, who hast given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines!"). This could not be, and Krishnamurti, after some years of Besantine servitude, calmly dissolved the organisation created for the cult and struck out for himself.

Leadbeater in the meantime was by no means at the end of his resources. He could always turn to the erection of yet another temple of Nonsense. The police of three continents displayed a continuous interest in him, between London and Holland, India and Australia; around few adventurers of the time can a larger *dossier* have been built up. When Annie Besant, in her astonishing old age, was breaking heads in the arena of Indian Nationalism, Leadbeater was founding a "Liberal Catholic Church" and seeking episcopal hands that might avail somehow to attach him to the Apostolic Succession. Latterly the faithful and the inquisitive might consult him in his retreat at Sydney—a white-bearded and undeniably benevolent preceptor and confessor, wearing the robes of "presiding bishop" in a church which was (as George Eliot might have said) a variation of Christianity necessarily unknown to Bossuet.

F. K.

Correspondence

THE TASK OF PARLIAMENT

Sir,—In your note on Unemployment in your issue of the 17th ult., you suggest that "Clearly there ought to be special bodies, including representatives of the groups chiefly concerned, before which measures of this sort (i.e., the Unemployment Bill) can be raked over before coming before Parliament at all." As a democrat I venture to ask you, a leading champion in the press of democracy, if this undemocratic suggestion is to be taken seriously? Would it not cut at the roots of both governmental responsibility and parliamentary government? Surely a better way where the measure must have much detail would be to separate such Bills into two parts, to be considered in separate sessions.

Anything that weakened the authority of the House of Commons in legislation would be little short of a national disaster.

St. Cross Hospital, 1
Winchester.

F. O. SUTTON

[There is nothing in the least undemocratic in the suggestion, nor would its adoption weaken the House of Commons. The authority and effectiveness of Parliament are sadly impaired to-day by reason of the fact that it is overloaded with a mass of detailed work.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

PRE-WAR WAGES

Sir,—I am far from wishing to prejudice the general case presented by Dr. F. G. Layton, but it is obvious that he is not familiar with the pre-war conditions of the labour market. He says: "What did these men ask for in the days before the war? A good job, however hard, with wages enough to buy what they needed—house-room, clothes, firing, food, beer. Three pounds ten a week, perhaps four pounds."

Such wages were almost unknown before the war, except for foremen in responsible positions. Thirty to forty shillings a week was the general run. Wages were on the up-grade in the first decade of the century, but before the introduction of motor transport, railway carters were paid about a pound a week. A few years before the war, weaving overlookers in this district succeeded by Trade Union action in establishing a minimum of two pounds. This was a substantial gain. The manager in charge of a concern employing 400 workers, at which I was employed in the 'eighties, was paid three pounds a week. No one else in the mill earned two pounds. A highly skilled workman whom I knew intimately (the best warp-dresser I ever met), never earned more than two pounds a week in his life up to his retirement (about 1910-11) *on his savings*. He had walked four miles to his work every morning and back at night for forty years, and had never been ten minutes' late. These are facts within my personal knowledge and experience. I know nothing of wages in the South, but it was believed here that they were much lower. Agricultural wages were certainly lower. F. J. NEWBOULT

Bradford.

THE ANTIDOTE TO FASCISM

SIR,—If I may add to the suggestion of your contributor, it is the inactivity and derision of the middle classes, and not their "tacit-support," which may lead to a triumph of Fascism in this country.

The idea that "it couldn't happen in England" is far too prevalent, and it lies with the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and similar journals to jolt the public out of this dangerous belief.

May I suggest that the way out lies, not in the Socialism, whose survival under a Fascist regime you so rightly doubt, but in a complete (and improbable) reversion to the doctrines of Liberalism?

J. A. LODWICK

OXFORD AND THE GROUPS

SIR,—Mr. Frank Hardie, in his review of "Oxford and the Groups," in your issue of February 24th, gave it as his opinion, that if it came to a choice between Fascism and Communism, the Buchmanites would choose the former. In this connection the words of a Buchmanite, who spoke at a meeting held by the Oxford Group in a big London office recently, may be of interest. Discussing the Group's solution of European problems—a Germany, a France, etc., bound to "absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute love, absolute unselfishness"—he used the term "International Christian Fascism" as descriptive of Buchmanism. Another Buchmanite, tackled on this point afterwards, admitted that it was a pity such a term had been used, but added that, after all, it was pretty apt, as the word Fascism meant co-operation.

Another interesting point which came out in this conversation was that Buchmanism would successfully solve the unemployment problem—as in the experience of the speaker every unemployed man who had "surrendered to God" had immediately found a job. VICKY DARRAGH

5/40 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.

THUNDER OVER MEXICO

SIR,—My clipping bureau has just sent me the bucket of crocodile tears which Mr. Ivor Montague (in your issue of February 3rd) has shed over "the self-exposure of a man who for so many years has been in the forefront of the struggle for liberal ideas." It is all about "a storm over a Storm Over Mexico." It happens that the title of the picture in question is *Thunder Over Mexico*, and it is characteristic of Mr. Montague's concern for accuracy that he does not even trouble to ascertain the name of the film he is reviewing. What a lot of tears I could shed over the self-exposure of Mr. Montague!

Mr. Montague tells your readers—and considers this statement so important that he puts it in italics—that "*thirty-five miles of rough material is not even extravagant!*" Thirty-five miles of film, as you can figure out, is about 200,000 feet. There are records of Hollywood producers having shot three or four times that amount, and Mr. Montague is very flattering when he judges me by such standards. But it just so happens that I am only an author, and I went out among my friends, and some strangers, and begged and borrowed some money in order to make it possible for Eisenstein to make a simple travelog in Mexico, and save him from the humiliation of having to go back to Russia without having shot a single foot of film in the Western world. Eisenstein signed a contract (his own proposition) agreeing to make a "non-political" picture and to finish it in "three or four months." When he broke that contract again and again, when he made a political picture, and stayed fourteen months in Mexico, and thereby involved me and my friends in a vast tangle of problems and expense, Mr. Montague holds me to blame for not having reflected: "(a) that the man before me had never had anything to do with the costing or managing of a film production in his life."

All I can say about that extraordinary statement is that it is contradicted by (a) Eisenstein himself; (b) Eisenstein's known reputation; (c) everything that Eisenstein's friends have told us about him; (d) detailed accounts of Eisenstein's activities given to us by half a dozen Soviet officials and representatives who had been in touch with Eisenstein's work in Russia. These various gentlemen told us circumstantially how Eisenstein had made this picture and that one; how he had demanded a certain amount of money and then several times as much; how he had delayed this number of months and that, and so on through a long list of his procedures. In short, Eisenstein did to us in Mexico what he has done all his producing life in Russia; and it just so happens that my wife and I and our friends did not have the resources of a government behind us.

Mr. Montague makes a number of different statements about me which are outright falsehoods. He says, referring to the refusal of the United States government to let Eisenstein enter the country to cut the picture: "Sinclair ignored offers of Eisenstein's friends to press influential government circles for a revision of the U.S. immigration decision." The answer is that at Eisenstein's own request and instructions, his affairs at that time were being handled by the Russian officials in New York and Washington, Amtorg and Amkino. And these gentlemen instructed us, by telegraph and telephone, to let them handle the negotiations with Washington, as they could arrange it. They tried for five weeks to arrange it, and failed.

Mr. Montague further states that "before allowing not the valuable negative, that was never asked for, but even the positive to go to Moscow for Eisenstein to cut, he (Sinclair) demanded the deposit of the whole cost of the film." First, that the negative was not asked for is contradicted by documents in our possession in which the negative was asked for and required. Secondly, when the positive was asked for, the matter was settled not by Upton Sinclair, but by the owners of the picture and their attorney. These owners took the position that over a period of fourteen months, in Mexico Eisenstein had broken his contract so many times, and proven his unreliability in so many different ways, that the owners, who had been promised their money back in six months, and had waited at that time some twenty months, were unwilling any longer to take Eisenstein's word for anything. Their proposition was that the Russian government should pay the cost of the negative, synchronise the picture and then have half the profits. (The Russians estimated that the cost of the cutting and synchronising would be $75,000. The owners considered that estimate absurdly high, and proved it so by having the work done competently in Hollywood for $15,000.)

The basis of Mr. Montague's onslaught on me is that I had control of the matter and carried this responsibility. All I can do is to repeat what I have repeated again and again, that the Eisenstein film belongs to the investors in the picture. They are organised into a trusteeship, "The Mexican Picture Trust," and I am not and never have been one of the trustees. All that I could do was to argue and plead with the trustees. I delayed matters for eight months while trying to persuade the Russian Government to make some proposition which the trustees were willing to accept. I succeeded in persuading the Russians to offer to pay the cost of the film in six months' notes, which would give them an opportunity to cut the picture and market it before the notes came due. The trustees accepted this offer, and two weeks later the Russians withdrew it. Of complications such as this there was a series which I could take pages merely in outlining; but I have more important use for my time, and I presume that the editor of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has more important use for his space.

For myself, let me make this one specific statement: I have not and never had, at any time, any authority concerning *Thunder Over Mexico* except such as the trustees and their attorney gave me. When I realised that the film had to be cut in Hollywood, I did the best I could, to see that the cutting was done in accordance with Eisenstein's scenario and in a dignified and worthy way.

One other detail: Mr. Montague tells your readers that I made my brother manager of the expedition in Mexico. It happens that I am, and always have been, an only son. I presume that if

Mr. Montague continues his efforts to slander me he may finally succeed in getting some one statement correct.

Los Angeles West Branch, **UPTON SINCLAIR**
California.

[Mr. Montagu replies: "Documents are in my possession substantiating the principal statements challenged and actually inconsistent with several of Mr. Sinclair's assertions in controversion of them. There are at least three remarks in his own letter (his continued maintenance that 35 miles is extravagant; his misunderstanding of the difference between a film director and a film producer; and the extraordinary proposition he quotes the trustees as making to the Russian Government) which substantiate my conclusion that many of his misfortunes were due to his innocence of the film business. As for his responsibility for the conduct of the trustees, no one has ever alleged it had a legal character; it is that of one who beforehand gave the impression of influencing it and afterwards defended it. I apologise for slipping up on the precise relationship of Mr. Sinclair to his brother-in-law. Perhaps in future his concern for accuracy will secure that my name be spelled correctly."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE PROTECTION OF PRIVACY

SIR,—Some time ago you printed in your columns a letter from Mrs. Virginia Woolf protesting against the way the private life of writers is invaded by strangers. May I call your attention to a form of this invasion that really could be controlled by a sense of responsibility on the part of literary people themselves? I allude to the practice of editors of newspapers or journals who send out wholly unqualified persons to get interviews on subjects of which they are totally ignorant from unhappy people who happen to be more or less experts on these subjects. I will give one example that recently filled me with fury. I am a writer, middle-aged, in bad health, who finds the day not nearly long enough to do his work. For some months I have been written and telephoned to by the editor of a reputable paper appealing to a professional body which certainly ought to be literate asking me to allow an interviewer to come and see me. Partly to rid myself of his importunities, I at last told him to send the interviewer round one afternoon. There arrived a man with a marked copy of a work which I published some time ago, in which I discussed the works of Rousseau and Voltaire, who proceeded to ask me questions which were nothing less than sheer nonsense. "Why did you say that Voltaire or Rousseau felt this or that?" he asked again and again. "Well, because he says so himself in his *Confessions*, or in *The New Heloise*," I answered again and again, till after a time I said to him, "Haven't you ever read Voltaire or Rousseau?" To this he blandly replied, "Not a word, I'm afraid." "Then why do you doubt what I say about them?" "Well, the Head once gave us a lecture about them, when I was at school, and I got a different impression." Then, turning over the leaves, he said cheerfully: "I say, you write an awful lot about Romain Rolland. I wish you'd tell me what his stuff is like, I've never read any." I was unable to get rid of this idiot under two maddening hours; and since then he has written me several long, airy letters, most of them informing me that he is going to write an article indicting me for giving a false impression of Voltaire and Rousseau and Romain Rolland, but one suggesting that, now I have met him, I will find satisfaction in obtaining some literary employment for him. Surely I need not have been exposed to this exasperation if the editor of this paper had taken the slightest trouble to ascertain that his interviewer was qualified for his job. And surely in these times there is no dearth of educated men and women who are qualified for such jobs. I write out of the fullness of the heart, for this flood of idiocy seems to break over my home about four times a year. A. D.

CECIL HOUSES

SIR,—I am asking once again the favour of publicity in your columns, which have already afforded me such kind hospitality. The Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, is opening our Fifth Cecil House, at 266 Waterloo Road, S.E.1, on the afternoon of Wednesday, March 14th. The House, which will accommodate fifty women and two babies, has been built to the plans of Mr. E. Stone Collins, of Messrs. Knott and Collins, the architects who designed the County Hall, Westminster, and it has a most attractive appearance. The aim of Cecil Houses is to provide clean and comfortable accommodation at a minimum cost, and a charge of one shilling a night is made for a good bed, hot bath, hot tea or soup at night and tea and bread and butter in the morning, and no questions are asked—it is sufficient that a woman is in need of shelter. The initial expenditure is acquired by public subscription, but once open each house stands on its own financial feet, the shillings contributed nightly by the lodgers meeting every expense. Enough money has been raised for building the house, but the cost of the furniture is still outstanding. The Committee feel, however, that the need of the house justifies its opening at the earliest possible moment, and are confident that the human appeal of the scheme must bring them the balance they so urgently want. Invitations to see the new premises can be obtained from the office at 11 Golden Square, W.1, where further inquiries will be welcomed. **A. E. CHESTERTON,**

Cecil Houses (Inc.), Hon. Organising Secretary
Women's Public Lodging House Fund.

HAROLD WRIGHT

SIR,—If space allows may I, as Editor's secretary on the *Nation and Athenaeum* from 1923 to 1931, add a few words to the tributes paid to the late Mr. Harold Wright by his friends Mr. H. D. Henderson and Sir Norman Angell.

Mr. Wright showed just the same attributes to all those who worked beneath him as he did to his intimate friends. Often when he was tired and spent with his own arduous duties he would stay behind and give much of his valuable time helping me to solve the numerous problems that come within the range of the secretary's duties in an editorial office. And when any praise was forthcoming, he would say it was due to me and take no credit to himself. **ALICE L. JONES**

27 Decoy Avenue, N.W.11.

C. L. MARSON

SIR,—With the consent of his widow, I am collecting the material for a life of Charles Latimer Marson, and if any of your readers have letters or information that they will entrust to my care I shall be grateful if they will be kind enough to communicate with me. **FRANCIS M. ETHERINGTON**

Withypoole, Minehead, Som.

Miscellany

WE WANT BLOOD-MONEY

THE eastern-county road was wide and flat, with a gentle curve, toward the coast, which allowed complete visibility, between hedges, for at least three hundred yards ahead. The surface was dry. In support of B.B.C. announcements at 6.0, 9.0 and 10.15 the previous evening, the weather was displaying bright intervals against a background of "fair and mild." An elderly gardener was trudging home. He was killed, in broad daylight, by a light car, owner-driven. That was the end of him. Except for the facts that he left a dependent sister and that, being dead, he could give no information at the inquest, he passes out of our story. Presumably he figures among the 4,314 individuals who were killed on the roads of Britain during the first nine months of 1932.

The owner-driver duly found his way into the dock. He gave his version of the unhappy incident. He was the only soul who had seen the accident and there was no one to question his account of it. He walked out of the court a free man. As far as the findings of the court went, he was involved in less expense than if he had had a tyre-puncture.

That is how we in this country, in this century of enlightenment, may deal with such cases. We do not regard ourselves as idiots—but uncounted folk, elsewhere, certainly do regard us so. The writer would instance any one of several African tribes with which he is acquainted. As far as the development of a social sense goes, these Africans have been brought up better than we have. It is unthinkable to them that any one of their number should kill a fellow tribesman and walk off scot-free. A tribesman or tribeswoman has a distinct social value to the family, to dependents, to the tribe. He, or she, is not to be wiped out of earthly existence as casually as one might snap a stick of sugar-cane in two.

So, if by accident or even in hot blood, which is one variety of accident, our African tribesman deprives another tribal family of the earthly services of one of its members, he makes restitution. If, like the owner-driver, he failed to assist afflicted dependents, or even to inquire about them, Africans would regard him as a cad, and the system which allowed him so to act as the work of nitwits. The vanished life cannot be brought back—to the African it has become translated but not ended—but the afflicted family, reduced in number through his fault or misfortune, can be assisted. This he does, and thereafter continues to live the normal life of the community. The latter has lost one of its members, but, unlike ourselves, it is not so bloody-minded as to think that it is of any value to reduce the tribe still further by the ceremonial slaying of another of its members who, in all probability, has a long period of usefulness before him.

Another episode now: In July, 1930, Edward Betts, a labourer, aged 21, robbed William Thomas Andrews of money that he was carrying, and got away with it. He was subsequently caught. In the scuffle, Andrews had been knocked down, and had died. We have the somewhat ghoulish habit in such cases of employing an appropriate professional man to slit the dead man open from neck to groin and to saw his skull up in order to investigate the precise effects of the violence which caused his death. We allude to this rite as P.-M. Africans outside the few cannibal tribes might well regard these as the initial letters of particularly messy. In this case P.-M. disclosed the fact, which could not otherwise have been got at, that Andrews had had an abnormally thin and frail skull. If it had been of normal thickness, the accident that he had met with would not have caused his death. To the African mind this case would have been a simple one. Betts would have remained at liberty, but would have lived under strong social and legal compulsion to restore any of the cash that he had disposed of up to the time when the unspent balance was recovered from him upon his being caught. As regards the singularly unfortunate death of Andrews, he would have handed over wealth of his own to the dependents of the dead man—this on an accepted African scale applying indifferently to the African equivalents of colonels or farm-workers. If he was in a position to do this at once, he would do it at once; if not, he would do it in stages over a period possibly quite prolonged.

We treated Betts far otherwise. For a long time we shut him up all by himself for the greater part of each day. We fed him well, saw that he took exercise and got him as fit as possible. We sent an appropriate professional man to pray with him at intervals, if he was willing to stand that, or to pray for him, anyway. After about a month of this geniality, we persuaded another man, by payment of a suitable bribe, to subject Betts, by the use of an ingenious device, to dislocation of the neck—as an official handbook describes the trick. At the finish we stood Betts a stiff tot of a stupefying drug, to help him over his ordeal. It would have helped him still more if we had given him a general anaesthetic, but that would have been regarded as not quite part of the game. That was the end of Betts. The more wholesome African mind regards us as sadists.

But for this grisly incident, Betts would by now have been nearly 25. The betting is 100 to 7 that he would have become a model member of society with a passion for doing what he could for the family or dependents of Andrews. (He had only gone as far along a criminal career as to pinch cash, up to the time he had his accident.) African experience bears out this supposition, anyway.

For a long time to come people driving high-powered machinery at high speeds on tracks where other folk have the right to walk, cycle, drive, ride, and push prams are going to have the misfortune, in a small minority of cases, to cause injury to others. In a still smaller minority of cases they will cause death. We have only to try the African method, of substituting the idea of obligatory participation in restitution for that of permitted indifference or of forced submission to retaliation in order to realise its superiority to our system founded, as it is, on a lust for punishment, inconsequentially applied. Africans, with long generations of experience behind them of a penal system divorced from the promptings of vindictiveness, have a deeper insight than we can command into the validity of the claim: "Vengeance is Mine. I will repay." We continue to chatter: "Vengeance is mine," and that is just where the tragic difference comes in. It leads to the hallucination that two wrongs can make a right, and to other disorders. Everybody would be ever so much happier under an application of the African method here, except the dead people. Whether they were happier or not would depend on the life they had lived up to the time the car struck them, or other mischance snapped their lives as one might snap a stick of sugar-cane. Meanwhile all the new psychology is on the side of a re-orientation of our penal system. An alteration of law would be needed to bring it into approximate alignment with African precedents. Let us alter it.

W. McGregor Ross

WINTER LOVE

Now December's furious blast
Thunders in the fire
Jim, in Jean's arms prisoned fast,
Feasts his long desire.
What wild light about their bed,
Golden limb and pearly limb,
All her sunlike hair outspread
As she sinks to yield to him!
Boisterously the flame upskips
As the seething log falls in!
Ah, what smiles within her eyes,
Ah, what kisses on his lips!

Now the February frost
Whitens the still fire
Jean enfolds Jim, tranced and lost,
Slaken his desire.
Dim the firelight round their bed,
Drowsy head and drowning limb,
Bright the hair falls round his head
As she softly lifts from him.
Faintly now the ember sighs,
Hushedly now the fire falls in;
Ah, what smiles about his lips,
Ah, what kisses in her eyes!

Robert Nichols

THE COVENT GARDEN SEASON

There will be a season of eight weeks opera at Covent Garden, beginning on Monday, April 30th, and closing on Friday, June 22nd. After the opera there will be a season of Russian Ballet given by Col. W. de Basil's Russian Ballet Company from Monte Carlo, which was at the Alhambra last year. Syndicate succeeds syndicate at Covent Garden, but the new lessees, entitled the Royal Opera House Company, Ltd., managing director Mr. Geoffrey Toye, have secured an extension of the lease, or a new lease, which has enabled them to carry out considerable structural improvements. The auditorium fortunately remains unspoilt, but the gallery, I understand, has got a new refreshment room; also various improvements, such as the installation of modern ventilation, have been made. The stage has a new lighting plant and an extra wing of dressing and rehearsal rooms has been built on to it. So now Covent Garden will be a thoroughly efficient opera house as well as having a beautiful auditorium and fine acoustics, if only there were more accommodation for cheaper priced seats.

Sir Thomas Beecham is to be the artistic director and we are promised two entirely new operas—new to London that is—in Richard Strauss's *Arabella* and Weinberger's *Schwanda*. I do not expect much from the latter opera, judging by some of the music I have heard; but it may make a good entertainment and have elements of popularity, and there is no doubt that operatic masterpieces rarely are great box-office successes. Certainly the greatest box-office successes of the past are now nearly all extinct while the comparative failures sustain their interest and often increase it from generation to generation. Such is the case with *Fidelio,* for example, which is to be revived this year. If it is performed as well as when I heard it last in Vienna in 1927 it will, I prophesy, be one of the greatest successes of the season, for the musical public of London is becoming emancipated from the Kundry-spell of Wagner, which after the vogue of Meyerbeer prevented the superior qualities of *Fidelio* from being appreciated. I am rash enough to make another and apparently much bolder prophecy, namely, that by 1960 Wagner will have gone the way of Meyerbeer, and be, operatically speaking, dead as his equally grandiose relative, the Dodo.

This year, however, we are to be given two cycles of the "Ring" and *Die Meistersinger,* and this brings us to the total of the German contribution to the season. The Italian section is redeemed from routine by the inclusion of the neglected *Cenerentola* of Rossini. This is a most welcome selection and it ought to find an enthusiastic public if properly presented. Verdi's *Otello* will be a great draw, especially with Melchior as Otello and a good Desdemona; otherwise Verdi is neglected, and Puccini supplies the remaining two operas, *La Bohème* and *Turandot.*

French opera is represented only by Bizet's *Carmen.* I deeply regret the absence this year of Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust,* which not only was the greatest success of the season last year with musicians and the more discriminating public but also did very well from the box-office standpoint and would have done even better this year as its reputation spread. Unfortunately the management decided not to do the *Damnation of Faust* again until they could provide an entirely new setting. Last year's production was brought over from Paris and met with strong disapproval. Personally, I did not share the extremely unfavourable opinion of the scenery and *décor* held in some quarters, but I think that most opera-goers pay more attention to the setting of an opera than to its music. I do not think this argues in them a high degree of visual sensibility, but rather a low degree of musical perception, for I notice that those very people who ridicule the Covent Garden operatic settings are often the same who were quite blind to the beauty of the *décor* of some of the finest of Diaghilev's ballets. In my experience visual sensibility is as uncommon as musical sensibility, but people are less modest about it and parade their ignorance and blindness with more assurance.

It is refreshing, however, to be told that it is the intention to present the *Damnation of Faust* in a new setting, and if my advice were worth anything to the syndicate I would say that the sooner they do this the better. Sooner or later the box-office power of Wagner will wane, if only through the boredom of over-familiarity. A far-seeing operatic management ought to be preparing new successes. An opera does not become a public attraction in one season, it requires careful nursing; for the majority of music lovers are very conservative in their tastes and they prefer to spend their money—especially when opera is so expensive relative to other entertainments—on what they know beforehand they will enjoy. But business men are notoriously lacking in business capacity, for the simple reason that they rarely have any imagination. If a piece does not draw they wipe it out at once. They don't stop to consider the why and wherefore. They don't even realise that they themselves have an active function, that of inducing the public to come to new and unknown, or as yet unappreciated, works.

It is rumoured that next year Sir Thomas Beecham is going to produce at Covent Garden Berlioz's *Les Troyens.* If he does this he will have earned the gratitude of all music lovers in the country. Last year I went to every one of the three performances of the *Damnation of Faust,* and every re-hearing of this astounding work strengthened my belief that in a hundred years from now musicians will marvel how it could ever have been possible for their predecessors in the nineteenth and early twentieth century to so neglect the music of Berlioz, and especially for that of Wagner. In originality, in subtlety, in spontaneity, vivacity, invention, power and beauty the *Damnation of Faust* seems to me so immeasurably superior to anything that Wagner ever composed that I marvel at the influences which fashion or the spirit of the age can have. I can think of no other so striking example of it as the preference in the eighteenth century for the poetry of Pope and Addison to that of Shakespeare and Marlowe. The last half of the nineteenth century was, musically speaking, one of the most corrupt and vicious in the whole history of music, and we have not yet escaped from its influence. The cheapness, sordidness, empty vulgarity, brazen dull effrontery, materialistic pretentiousness and lack of taste which characterise the music of Wagner also characterised the latter half of the nineteenth century right up to the beginning of the war. The popular artists of this Black Age of Europe and America were artists who threw imitation pearls before real swine. And, of course, there were men and women during that period who were aware of the widespread degradation due to rampant materialism and egoism. Sometimes the criticism took a curiously revengeful form. I would cite, for example, Aubrey Beardsley's drawing of the Wagnerians, which is one of the most savage things of its kind in existence, and as a satire I should say unique in its lack of exaggeration. Those who truly belong to the twentieth century, who feel more at one with the new spirit which is breaking through the world to-day, will find that they infinitely prefer the Elizabethan to the Augustan Age, the early nineteenth-century romantics to the later nineteenth-century utilitarians, and they will turn absolutely away from works of art that flatter in men smug complacency and idealistic humbug. Humbug and complacency will, of course, return, but I doubt if Wagner will return with them. They will by then have found a new flatterer, and the old one—as is the way of flatterers—will be forgotten.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Golden Toy"

There is no deception about Dr. Ludwig Berger, no pretence at illusion. His is the embarrassing frankness of the social impertinent who disarms but does not destroy criticism by boasting of his shortcomings—"you know, I can never be trusted to behave. . . ." Wherefore, *The Golden Toy,* an Indian fantasy at the Coliseum, opens with a view of scene shifters, prettily scurrying, and continues through twenty scenes, loudly insisting that the whole thing is a matter of cyclorama and turntables. Such naive theatregoers as are left will no doubt rejoice at seeing the wheels-within-wheels, and others may reflect that nothing much is being sacrificed; but it is surely time to protest at this wanton rejection of the usual make-believe when the sole achievement is to convert a pleasant enough musical play into a glorified peep-show. Moreover, it would be idle to pretend that the set-pieces, when they arrive, are very effective, even as stage pictures, except at the finale where the gold paint overwhelms by its ruthless generosity.

Miss Peggy Ashcroft's banner of innocent sincerity streams valiantly against the wind of artifice. Mr. Wilfrid Lawson gnashes and exhibits alternately a perfect set of white teeth as the wicked prince, and Mr. Ernest Thesiger as a compère-priest washes his hands of the whole business with every word he utters. Schumann contributes an involuntary musical accompaniment, but the humour is unsafe, even in the hands of Lupino Lane and Nellie Wallace.

Cézanne at the National Gallery

To the munificence of Mr. Samuel Courtauld, exercised through the Home House Trustees, and to the enterprise of Mr. Kenneth Clark, its new director, the National Gallery owes the acquisition of two modern masterpieces, each of great aesthetic and historical importance. On permanent loan in Room XXI, Manet's *Bar au Folies Bergères* and Cézanne's *Montagne Sainte-Victoire*—the picture with which Cézanne himself is said to have been most satisfied—have taken their rightful place among works of the

French School. Neither canvas needs detailed recommendation; both have been so thoroughly assimilated by modern European painters that it is difficult to think of them as products of revolutionary art, pictures that once moved respectable academic critics to transports of baffled rage and stirred bourgeois "art-lovers" to roars of derisive cacchination. In their proper surroundings they have a calm and traditional beauty. Odd that Cézanne's landscape, viewed beneath the sweeping branches of a meridional stone-pine, this green sun-stilled valley with the bare mountain-top beyond it, quivering against a heat-blurred southern sky, could ever have offended sensitive amateurs, or Manet's radiant directness have seemed harsh and outrageous! But only time is more indomitable than human idiocy; and time—aided by Mr. Clark who has cleverly rearranged the neighbouring pictures so as to show the new arrivals for what they are—has robbed their originality of its power to alarm.

"The Barber of Seville"

The Vic–Wells opera company has produced for the first time in its history Rossini's *The Barber of Seville*. It is one of the most successful productions the company has yet done and ought to draw crowded houses as often as it is performed. A great asset is the excellent new translation made by Professor Edward J. Dent of the Italian libretto of Sterbini, who adapted it for Rossini from Beaumarchais's comedy. It is one of the best librettos in the history of opera, and Rossini's music has an incomparable and unrelaxing verve and sparkle. John Barbirolli conducted, and under him the orchestra rose to the occasion remarkably well. This is an opera that foreigners often think that English musicians cannot do justice to because they are too phlegmatic, but Mr. Barbirolli did not lack either pace or temperament.

The cast were infected with the same spirit and excelled themselves in liveliness and cleanness of execution. The Doctor Bartolo of Percy Heming was a most enjoyable piece of work, convincing, amusing and not overdone. Ruth Naylor's Rosina was sprightly and taking in figure and expression, while her singing was spirited and pleasantly correct. I thought Franklyn Kelsey's Don Basilio owed something to Chaliapin, and that is a great compliment, for that incomparable artist has recreated the part of Don Basilio. The rest of the cast acquitted themselves. Those who want an enchanting evening should not miss this delightful production, for I cannot imagine that anyone short of being stone-deaf would fail to enjoy *The Barber of Seville*.

Ibsen's "A Doll's House"

The newly reopened Arts Theatre Club gave last Sunday two performances of Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, with Lydia Lopokova as Nora. The production was a very successful one all round, but the surprise was the remarkable performance of Lydia Lopokova. Nora is a part that one would have expected to suit Lopokova, remembering her vivid gaiety and charm as a dancer; but, although one might have expected her to present a representation of the part that was wholly convincing in its spontaneity and liveliness, few would be prepared for the strength and subtlety which she displayed.

At first the very marked foreign intonation which, in spite of her excellently correct English and clear diction, clings obstinately to every word she utters was a hindrance, but as the play went on one ceased to notice this, because of the extraordinary excellence of her performance. Not only did she succeed in making Nora live before us in all her innocent yet intelligent ebullience, but her plastic control, her command of facial expression were such that one seemed to be able to feel everything she was thinking. She was ably supported by Walter Hudd as Torvald and Austin Trevor as Doctor Rank. The Nils Krogstad of Wilfrid Grantham seemed a trifle melodramatic, but this, to some extent, is Ibsen's fault, as is a similar melodramatic touch in the drawing of Doctor Rank. The play wears surprisingly well; it is one of the most deftly constructed of Ibsen's works, and the craftsmanship of it is, in itself, a source of unusual pleasure.

June and George Robey

Here's How! the new musical show at the Saville, sparkles as all musical shows should, and within the narrow confines of such things it is original. The scenery is bright and simple, the music up to standard, and the chorus well dressed and well drilled. There is no story worth mentioning, and that is just as well, for Mr. George Robey could never stick to a story. He disports himself energetically as a beer-lord, holding a company meeting and sun-bathing in his private solarium. It is possible to think Mr. Robey not funny at all, but those who have seen him before without splitting their sides should go to the Saville, where he has exactly the right background: quick-changing, highly coloured and noisy. June, who took Miss Lili Damita's part last week after the opening of the show, is an excellent leading lady, and knows just how to manage this kind of part. She looks charming whether she is being gay or pathetic, and sings and dances without any apparent effort. Mr. Jack Donohue, also, is a dancer quite out of the ordinary. He does all the usual things and some extra ones, and is very popular with the audience. As a suggestion of the type of originality that is to be found here, there is a scene in a brewery vat-room, with the chorus dressed in pale ale-coloured costumes: and a very nice colour for costumes it is, too.

The Stage Society

The Stage Society's first production of the season, *Fog Over Dybern*, by Ester Grenen, was given last week at the Grafton Theatre. The author has passionate feelings about the horrors of poison gas, and has set out to show that a desire for its complete abolition, and the consideration of its manufacture as a crime, is the only possible attitude for men who expect to be called civilised. Unfortunately, she has been more passionate about her subject than about her play which, considered either as entertainment or as propaganda, fails to come to life. It is hampered by a pseudo-modern "artistic" technique, the characters being posed to us merely as fragments of human life, to be considered valuable as such without giving any evidence of themselves as individuals. They have no self-revealing lines to speak, and behave strictly according to label: "money-loving manager," "fanatical chemist." "woman who is pregnant," and so on. Since they do not live as individuals, we cease to take much interest in their fates, or in the devil that prompts them. The play probably reads better than it acts. A reader might give it an imaginative unity which it lacks on the stage. At the performance last week it was only when one of the actors began to create a character beyond anything the author had suggested that one was at all moved. Mr. Donald Wolfit invented a human being that his lines belonged to. Miss Margaret Webster, too, created a flesh and blood figure out of a few impersonal comments. But for the most part the cold objectivity of it all made the drama very thin and far-off.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, March 9th—
- London Philharmonic Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- Brosa String Quartet, Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Gt. Russell Street, 8.30.
- Busch Quartet, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
- Sir Oliver Lodge on "Do We Survive?" B.B.C., 9.20.

SATURDAY, March 10th—
- Violin and Pianoforte Recital, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
- Rachmaninov, Queen's Hall, 3.

SUNDAY, March 11th—
- Gerald Heard on "Science and Morals," Conway Hall, 11.
- Lamond, Beethoven Recital, Palladium, 3.15.

MONDAY, March 12th—
- Mass Meeting on "Equal Pay for Equal Work." Speakers include Miss E. E. Froud, Miss Winifred Holtby, Lt.-Com. J. M. Kenworthy and Others, Central Hall, Westminster, 8.
- "Antony and Cleopatra," Festival Theatre, Cambridge.
- "Without Witness," Duke of York's Theatre.

TUESDAY, March 13th—
- Lord Marley on "The War Danger in the Far East," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Prof. Lancelot Hogben on "The Menace of Under-population," Conway Hall, 7.
- The Dean of St. Paul's on "Science, Philosophy and Religion," University College, Gower Street, 8.15.

WEDNESDAY, March 14th—
- Miss Helen Simpson on "Satan's Invisible World Discovered," Bumpus' Court House, Oxford Street, 5.30.
- G. D. H. Cole on "Marxism and the World Situation To-day," Council Chamber, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, 8.
- A. Kaminsky on "The Second Five-Year Plan," London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 8.15.
- Debate between Mr. Hubert Griffith and Mr. St. John Ervine on "Propaganda in the Theatre?" Queen Mary's Hall, Y.W.C.A., Gt. Russell Street, 8.30.
- "The Merchant of Venice," Alhambra.

THURSDAY, March 15th—
- Mr. Ernest Rhys on "The Joyous Art of Reading," Aldine House, 10 Bedford Street, 7.15. Tickets free on request from J. M. Dent, Ltd., at above address.
- Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Pierre Monteux, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

SEVERAL factors have combined to make Colonel Lawrence and his share in the Arab Revolt the most interesting chapter of the Great War. Such battles as Neuve Chapelle, the first and second battles of the Somme and Paschendaele, watering northern France with blood, are so frightful to the mind that they have to be forgotten. There is nothing memorable in their conduct but the bull-headed determination of generals more or less competently drawing up time-tables for the death of the troops under their command. The imagination of the civilian recoils from dwelling on the thousands of corpses, rotting heaped up where machine guns or shells had caught them, from the wounded men hanging for days upon the wire, or those whose pain was numbed at last, where they lay embedded in the mud, by the coming of the night-frost. But such a retrospect must be doubly hideous to the man who is a soldier. If such is the profession of arms, intelligence must abdicate. The minotaur, not Theseus threading the labyrinth, must be exalted, since the bull-headed philosophy of butting the enemy at his strongest point is all that has to be learned. Unless an alternative to such warfare be found, no man not a fool could be a soldier or bother his head with military problems. In the search for such an escape the intelligent soldier to-day is busying his mind with the results likely to be attained by fast-travelling, light tanks and with the implications of aerial warfare. Captain Liddell-Hart, who has thought much of the next war, has found in the Arab Revolt not only a relief from the retrospect of the stale-mate of the Western Front but the elements of a new theory of strategy that may have an important bearing on the course of warfare. "What the Arabs did yesterday the Air Forces may do to-morrow," is one of his conclusions. His intention in *T. E. Lawrence in Arabia and After* (Cape, 15*s*.) was not, in the first place, to write a book on Lawrence at all, but

> to clear away the dust of legend that has covered this peculiarly interesting episode of the World War, and to put it into perspective, bringing out its relation to the main campaign, and to the history of irregular warfare. Also I desired to establish the true proportions of Lawrence's personal achievement—which I expected to be less than legend conveyed. But as my study went deeper my picture changed. The events that had significance were seen to have their source in his action. . . . I found him growing more distinct as the background faded, until the Arab Revolt became an emanation of him.

Thus the professional military student, seeking *ein frischer fröhlicher Krieg* in the Arab Revolt comes to share the views of the civilian attracted to Lawrence because the *Seven Pillars* seems to him the outstanding masterpiece of modern literature. Apart from Sir Hubert Young's interesting sidelight in *The Independent Arab*, the books I have read about Lawrence have been very rubbishy stuff written to exploit the story commercially. Liddell-Hart's book is of a different order. It is serious, and to be taken seriously. There is none of the "uncrowned King of Arabia" gossip-column stuff provided by such writers as Robert Graves and Lowell Thomas. It is, indeed, the best book for those who are not able to read the *Seven Pillars* in the original, while it is even more interesting as a commentary upon it.

* * *

In estimating Lawrence's military achievement, it is essential to bear in mind the extreme complexity of the parts which he was playing. Thus, he cannot be compared with any general we know of in the past, though Liddell-Hart compares him with Marlborough, for the simple reason that he was not a general but a subordinate, or insubordinate, officer holding no direct position of command. Lawrence's "Twenty-seven articles on the art of handling Arabs," drawn up for the benefit of officers attached to the Arab forces, throws a good deal of light on how Lawrence worked, and the position he occupied himself, in the early days of the Revolt. Later on when he had become an almost legendary figure—Prince Dynamite—he could go his own way more easily. But at all times his overwhelming concern was, not to impose his ideas, not to have them accepted, but to get them carried out in practice. Thus his greatest work was done through other men, who were often unconscious of being his puppets. He had to inspire the Arabs themselves, to rouse in them the ideal of freedom, to allay their suspicions of the English, and to prevent their going over to the Turks. And then he had to play off Arab susceptibilities against the English in order to get what he wanted. The case of the Turkish garrison shut up at the far end of the Hejaz railway in Medina is typical.

> The British command still hankered after the capture of Medina. Their minds moved along direct channels and they wanted to wipe the Turkish force in the Hejaz off the balance sheet. . . . But they lacked Lawrence's subtle perception of the fact that as long as the railway was not severed the Turks would continue to send down it food and materials that would have been more service in bolstering up the Turkish forces in Palestine. Lawrence took pains that the Arab operations should never sever the railway . . . . It seemed to him, he has remarked, less bother than setting up a kindergarten of the imagination for the benefit of the British staff. And his sense of humour was tickled by their readiness to excuse the Arabs' ineffectiveness because of the way it flattered their own sense of professional superiority.

Lawrence's strategic methods are well illustrated by his capture of Aqaba, which was impregnable from the sea.

> Tactically, the Aqaba operation had inflicted a permanent loss of some 1,200 men, prisoners and killed, on the Turks at the cost of two men killed in the conquering force. There is, indeed, a slightly ironical flavour in the fact that Lawrence, in his first trial of the new bloodless strategy, had levied a blood-tax on the enemy at the highest rate that modern murder war can perhaps show. The British forces in trying unsuccessfully to capture Gaza in March and April had only succeeded in killing or capturing 1,700 Turks at a permanent cost to themselves of 3,000 men. . . . All this had been achieved by the use of less than fifty men from the Arab forces in the Hejaz. As practical economy of British force it was more notable still. For it was attained by the detachment of merely one unwanted officer.

While the full-length treatment of Lawrence's strategy is Liddell-Hart's chief contribution, he is insensibly led on to tell over again some of the stories that have been told many times already. For Lawrence was not only the moving spirit, inspiring and restraining Allenby and Feisal, and disingenuously working them to carry out his own conceptions, he was often himself the spearhead of many of the wildest Arab raids: going to blow up troop trains with his own hands. Liddell-Hart also gives many examples of his teasing humour, which to me is the most fascinating of his qualities. One example may be given: two British aeroplanes sighted his camel party and in spite of signals pelted them with bullets.

> Lawrence's way of reporting the incident to Sir Geoffrey Salmond was to recommend himself for the Distinguished Flying Cross 'for presence of mind in not shooting down two Bristol Fighters which were attempting to machine gun my party from the air.'

Liddell-Hart does succeed, in my opinion, in understanding Lawrence's psychology extremely well:

> His intense consciousness of his own thoughts and actions produced an exceptional power of self-analysis which became habit, incessant save when it could be submerged in violent effort. From it sprang a curiosity as to himself which was the mainspring of much of his action. He was perhaps not so different from other thinking men as he imagined.

It was perhaps a mistake to enter upon a lengthy discussion of the psychology and motives of Aircraftman Shaw, who is not a public character but a private person, who has often been injured by publicity in the press. I am often surprised myself that T. E. Shaw is not more persecuted, since there are few people ready to tolerate a man whose motives they cannot understand. Thus some left-wing members of Parliament made fools of themselves a few years ago because they could not conceive an educated man wishing to live as a genuine proletarian—I suppose an aircraftman is that. It is a strange comment upon the materialism of our age that so few can understand the impulse to a secular monastic life, and the abandonment, for a number of years, of personal ambition.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

14A. By LAURA RIDING and GEORGE ELLIDGE. *Barker.* 7s. 6d.
Out of Life. By MYRON BRINIG. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 7s. 6d.
The Wolf. By OSKAR MARIA GRAF. *Lovat Dickson.* 7s. 6d.
Men Who March Away. By HENRY ANDOVER. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7s. 6d.
Black God. By D. MANNERS SUTTON. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

The intellectual fauna of London, whether seen pickled alive in alcohol at the Café Royal or plaintively plucking at its nerve strings in its own private cages, is one of the sights of the town. " 14A " is a cage in the Holland Park neighbourhood. The ground floor is occupied by Dorothy who runs a " culture centre," and is by way of being a medium. She is a weak and muddle-headed woman, and her life is managed by an Indian who she supports. He appears to have sinister intentions, but is merely concerned with being supported. In the basement live Rose, a dressmaker, and Joho, a lodger, who seems to make a living out of knowing a lot of people. The middle flat holds Edith and Eric, who are painters—most of the animals are known by their Christian names—their two children and their nurse. The top floor is occupied by Catherine, who is an Influence. Catherine seeks truth, hears everyone's troubles and keeps a diary. We are assured she is not a prig. Authors less inhibited by critical solemnity would have made a great deal more of Catherine's ultimate development; for, devoted to the problem of the " proper grouping " of her friends, she entered upon a career of improper grouping on the highest principles, which would have been irresistible to a more exuberant wit. However, we must take the book as it is. Hugh, an Irish poet, has just left his clinging, greedy and elfin wife, Maureen, for Catherine: " Dear Jim," (Maureen writes) " Hugh has left me. It is terrible for me, to love you both so. That Catherine woman . . . "; and she has come to London " to be near " Hugh in case he " needs " her. Hugh needs nobody—he will pass from Catherine to Edith with nonchalance. The problem is, Catherine says (as others come in to complicate it), to find out " what people mean together." The best comment on this search for " proper grouping " comes from Edith's precocious child, after a car smash: " It is all *very* complicated—outsiders couldn't possibly understand."

The outcome, after parties with a great many more characters in Holland Park, Bloomsbury and a Regent Street café, after an exodus to Dieppe in search of a husband and wife who have been sufficiently lacking in integrity to go off with each other, and after Catherine has thrown herself out of a window, is some improper grouping and a " fade out " on the part of the main persons. The book is like a " real life " picture which has been cut up into a jig-saw puzzle, thoroughly shuffled, and then the wrong pieces put together. It takes, of course, a profound imagination to write the " true " story of real people and also a serene innocence about the law of libel. The authors of *14A* are safe from both of these dangers. Their gift is gay criticism. They have made a note-book comedy of the highly intelligently observed and differentiated surfaces of people whose emotions are stored up in the authors' memories, and are neither available to the reader nor to the character. The book is written in dialogue like a play, with stage directions in the present tense, and is witty, various, limpid and far too conscientious—like Catherine—to be unsympathetic.

Because of its symbolism, *Out of Life* is a puzzle also, but a very simple one. Symbolism should always be simple. Sam Baggot, who owns a delicatessen store in New York, hears late in life that his disagreeable wife has conceived a child. The novel then describes the emotional transfiguration which takes place in Sam during the next twenty-four hours. Every experience is illumined with transcendental meaning. He meets a sailor who is just the man he would have liked to be. They wander about the city together. A banker blows his brains out: that is Death. In a bar, Sam gets drunk and in an ecstacy knocks a man down. In a striker's riot he sees a pregnant woman trampled by a policeman's horse. He takes her to hospital and sees her new-born child: Life. With the sailor he goes to a luxurious cabaret and, returning to the flat of a beautiful woman, he experiences vicariously the sailor's delight in the woman: Love. The sailor goes back to sea; Sam returns to his wife, discovers the trouble is indigestion, not pregnancy. He staggers back to the docks in pursuit of the sailor—his wished-for self—and finding this one has already sailed, goes into the sea after him, to drown in a mystical union of liberation. *Out of Life* is a moving book, not because its scenes are moving, but because Mr. Brinig is writing about ideas which, placed in the drama of poetic symbolism, are moving and exciting. The depth of emotion is not, therefore, lasting or profound, for symbolism even when gracefully handled is a kind of artistic conjuring. But the sentiment—that curious " brotherly " American sentiment—which moves the narrative, is free from impurities. Mr. Brinig's five senses are marvellously delicate in their response to Sam Baggot and his world, so that New York tingles like the wires of an instrument to Sam's progressive awakening from dull homeliness into ecstasy, compassion, possession and liberation. In style, Mr. Brinig belongs to what may be called the poetic underworld of English prose, lacking suavity and fine rhythms; it is the home of the pathetic fallacy, the haunt of the *mot juste*, but alive with excellent metaphors which excite the reader as *hors d'oeuvres* excite the palate. The account of the strike meeting in Union Square, the police charge and the drive in the ambulance are exceptionally good pieces of descriptive narrative. Sam Baggot blows up and goes pop like the coloured balloon he really is, but Mr. Brinig's awareness remains, as keen as the feelers of a cat.

The tramp of Oskar Maria Graf's *The Wolf* is a type who is also on the point of becoming a symbol. It is because he never quite becomes one that he takes an increasing hold upon one's curiosity and sympathy, until one finds oneself regarding this man, who is robber, swindler, and callous murderer, as a social martyr. When, after his purposeless adventures all over Germany, he refuses to confess his identity to the police and hangs himself in gaol after scratching the words " War's over. Sick of Peace " on the wall, there is pity and indignation in one's horror. The war has taken from him every decent feeling, he hates peace, he wants to be alone. If society wishes to reabsorb him he attacks society. He can live only by the disease with which society has infected him. Subtlety is not Herr Graf's strong point, but he is one of those novelists who are beginning to be politically conscious. The tramp is not a private, particular case from which tunnellings into Dostoevskian psychology are made. Morbid psychology is left to make what it likes of the tramp; he is the social case of the politically conscious novel. The book is in consequence much more closely adjusted to the general life it portrays than are most psychological novels of similar quality,

Everywhere you go

YOU

CAN BE

SURE OF

SHELL

Herr Graf's success, in a not very profound book, is due to his technical skill. The curiously *heroic* effect of the tramp is obtained by his taciturnity, and by showing him taut with self-control. The phases in which this control begins to fail—first, in the carelessness of his second visit to a prostitute, whom he permits, against his judgment, to measure him for a suit of clothes; and, secondly, in his wanderings on the Austrian border—are written with penetration. Laconic realism is at its best in these passages. This same realism is more dubious in the calculated monotone in which *The Wolf* is written. A case is being reported, and cases do not develop; they just go on.

Monotone is a characteristic of the short-sentence English in which all the foregoing novels are written. Objectivity is the god. Perhaps, as Miss Laura Riding and Mr. Ellidge suggest, the typewriter with its immediate newspaper-rush into print, is to blame. But *Men Who March Away* is a reminder of all the horrors of style we have left behind. Mr. Andover has managed to bury the conventional lonely house full of peers and country gentlemen with a heap of *clichés* which must have been rifled from every romantic novel-with-scenery written during the last hundred years. It is a pleasure to return to the calculated contemporary monotone of *Black God*, which builds an interesting variety of episodes in the life of a Congo trading station around a negro's secret, thorough and lifelong preparation for vengeance upon a white man. There is no particular distinction in the drawing of the characters. They are types observed by a dry, ironical, sometimes knowing and sometimes sentimental mind. The author is soaked, without being drowned, in knowledge of the country, has a sharp eye for everything, and, if she is not equal to the passion of the negro's vigil, she has written an economical, readable, and not unsubtle book.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A FRENCH SCHOLAR ON IRELAND'S LAST STRUGGLE

The Irish Struggle and Its Results. Translated from the French of L. PAUL-DUBOIS, and revised by T. P. GILL. *Longmans.* 12s. 6d.

It is often said that the French and the Irish are as successful as the English and the Irish are unsuccessful in understanding each other. If this view is correct, M. Paul-Dubois must be about the best living interpreter of Ireland, for he is a scholar of genius, trained in the best school in Europe, who has taken infinite trouble to master Irish history and Irish problems. Certainly there is no book in the English language comparable to the study he published in 1907 with the title *L'Irelande contemporaine et la question Irelandaise*. The volume now translated was published in 1927, and it brought Irish history down to 1926.

M. Paul-Dubois's new volume raises once again a question that has often been debated.

In 1914 the Asquith Government discovered that the Ulster rebellion was serious. In what sense was it serious? It was serious in the sense that a political party had thrown over the tradition on which Parliamentary government rested in England. England had passed through the large changes of the nineteenth century without violence because there was a general understanding, going back to Peel and Wellington, that opposition to change should be kept within constitutional limits and that when a point was reached at which resistance became dangerous to order, resistance should cease. The Asquith Government was therefore confronted with an unprecedented situation. The Opposition was prepared to resist by disorder, including disorder in the Army.

M. Paul-Dubois thinks that the Government should have met this emergency by action against the rebellion. There were, however, two great difficulties. The Nationalist leaders were against this course, and therefore the Government would have been using force against Ulster without Irish sympathy. In the second place a great experiment was about to be made in Ireland. Was it fair to start Ireland on her new career with a chapter of bloodshed and quarrel? The Asquith Government believed that its Home Rule scheme was going to reconcile Ireland and England and give Ireland the chance of solving her own problems. To associate this experiment with such a beginning would surely discredit it hopelessly as a method of creating a peaceful Ireland. It is easy to see that a Government which refrained from the action that M. Paul-Dubois thinks was desirable might have other reasons than want of courage.

But if the Asquith Government had good reasons for its decision not to take action against the rebellion, those reasons were reasons for taking action of another kind. The position in the summer of 1914 was that the actual difference between the two sides was inconsiderable, but neither Redmond nor Lord Carson was strong enough to make the desired concession. Redmond was afraid of the new Nationalist movement, and Lord Carson was afraid of the Ulster movement. Most Englishmen supposed that Lord Carson could give orders to that movement, but the truth was that he could only give it the orders it wanted, and he dared not give it orders that it disliked.

In these circumstances a settlement had to be imposed, and, if the Asquith Government had drawn the line where it judged best, it is difficult to believe that either the Opposition could have continued with any effect to threaten civil war, or that the Nationalists would have thrown away their Home Rule Bill, just because half a dozen parishes were on one side of the line rather than the other. It is easier to understand the refusal of the Asquith Government to proceed against the Ulster rebellion than to understand how and why, when the Buckingham Palace Conference had narrowed the problem to such small dimensions, when later the War Office ruined Redmond's great recruiting campaign, and when again a scheme was agreed upon in the summer of 1916 as a result of Mr. Lloyd George's mediation, the Asquith Government let the control of Ireland pass into other hands. It was one thing to refuse to put Lord Carson in prison; it was another to abdicate. The Asquith Government abdicated, leaving it to the soldiers who were under the Ulster spell to make what they liked of Ireland. In the last crisis of all the Prime Minister seemed to think it more important to keep his Government intact than to settle the Irish question. The Lloyd George Government that succeeded was disabled for effective action by two weaknesses. In the first place its composition and its circumstances put it at the mercy of anti-Irish elements. In the second, Mr. Lloyd George was misled by a false historical parallel. He thought that the relations of Ireland to England were those of South and North at the time of the Civil War, and that fate had cast him for the part of Abraham Lincoln. Both countries paid dearly for that illusion.

M. Paul-Dubois contended in his earlier volume that it was O'Connell who taught the world the power of constitutional popular agitation. If this claim is just, it adds to the discredit that Mr. De Valera earned when he started a rebellion in Ireland after the Treaty had been accepted. M. Paul-Dubois gives a picture of "the imperious figure of De Valera; very tall; a small head, narrow profile sharp as his speech, smooth face, lined, troubled features even as his mind, flaming eyes, a great personal charm, with a vibrating eloquence which electrifies the crowds; a pure sophist as well, a mystical St. Just, the most fertile and cynical of casuists, of whom we know in advance that he will never be satisfied with anything or anybody." It is certainly difficult for anybody with any knowledge of history, Irish or other, to forgive the rebellion that followed the acceptance of the Treaty. It was a blow not at English rule nor English prestige but at Irish unity. Ireland had free speech and a democratic constitution. It was open to anybody to attack the Treaty by constitutional means, as Mr. De Valera himself has since shown, and the bloodshed organised by Mr. De Valera and his friends was wanton, the act of men, as M. Paul-Dubois says, possessed by the "madness of violence." Apart from the brutality of such methods, the case against such tactics was overwhelming. They were obviously the worst way of setting about a purpose that Mr. De Valera had greatly at heart: that of bringing Ulster into Ireland. Moreover, all experience shows that a people that gains its freedom by violence pays for it afterwards by the habits that violence breeds. Mr. De Valera had the history of Italy as a warning. A wise man, therefore, seeks to accustom a people, after revolution, as soon as possible to discipline, tolerance and self-control as necessary to effective self-government. Mr. De Valera behaved as if the lesson that a people needs most to learn after a guerilla warfare is the lesson of anarchy. M. Paul-Dubois doubts, as many will doubt, whether Ireland will remain a British dominion. But whatever her future, the men who worked the Treaty and started Ireland on her new career will deserve the tribute he pays them. "The men who took charge of the country in the course of the terrible drama were not supermen; being quite young they had had no preparation for a task as thankless as it was fruitful, they had everything to learn and had to become smiths through working in the smithy. With them civic courage equalled patriotic faith. Sprung from the revolution, they had the merit of bringing moderation into their policy. . . They served their country well."

J. L. HAMMOND

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Spring Announcements Supplement

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1934

CONCISE OXFORD

FRENCH-ENGLISH DICTIONARY

Compiled by the late Abel Chevalley

900 pages 7/6 net

A new dictionary, fully informative on such matters as technical phrases and modern idiom, compiled by a man whose life-long interest was the study of English

(*May*)

THE MODERN MUSE

An Anthology of Contemporary British and American poetry

5/- net

A HISTORY OF BOLSHEVISM

From Marx to the First Five Year Plan

By

ARTHUR ROSENBERG

(Author of "The Rise of the German Republic")

Translated from the German by

IAN MORROW

15/- net

(*March*)

A STUDY OF HISTORY

By

A. J. TOYNBEE

Vols. I—III

21/- net each

(*May*)

NATIONAL STATES AND NATIONAL MINORITIES

By

C. A. MACARTNEY

18/- net

(*March*)

THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE WAR TO GREAT BRITAIN

By

FRANCIS W. HIRST

10/- net

(*May*)

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

By ÉMILE LEGOUIS

Illustrated 5/- net

(*May*)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

By

JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES

8/6 net

(*April*)

ROUSSEAU

By J. J. HENDEL

25/- net

(*May*)

"COBBERS"

By THOMAS WOOD

7/6 net

The record of a journey through Australia and Tasmania

RECOMMENDED FOR MARCH BY THE BOOK SOCIETY

THE WORLD'S CLASSICS

2/- net each volume

A BOOK OF SCOTTISH VERSE

Edited by R. L. MACKIE

(*April*)

CRUMP FOLK GOING HOME

By CONSTANCE HOLME

(*April*)

RABELAIS. In Urquhart's and Motteux's translation

Three Volumes

(*May*)

INDIA'S SOCIAL HERITAGE

By L. S. S. O'MALLEY

5/- net

(*April*)

A PAGEANT OF ASIA

By K. J. SAUNDERS

18/- net

(A study of the civilizations of China—India—Japan)

(*May*)

YOGA AND WESTERN PSYCHOLOGY

By GERALDINE COSTER

(Author of "*Psycho-analysis for Normal People*")

5/- net

(*March*)

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

DENT BOOKS

Contemporary Verse

W. J. TURNER

Jack and Jill

" He stands apart. He keeps his own peculiar magic in phrase and craft. The new poem is symbolic—Jack, quintessent man; Jill, the everlasting she."—OBSERVER (Editorial).

" A fierce commentary on contemporary life. . . A poet of individual and shining genius—a genuine lyrical poet."—C. HENRY WARREN in *Everyman.* *2s. 6d.*

HERBERT PALMER

Summit and Chasm

" The power of communicating something which is beyond definition by means of the simplest and clearest idiom is perhaps his highest achievement. . . And he can whip hypocrisy with as clean a whip of scorn as ever."—THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT. *5s.*

General Books

CICELY HAMILTON

Modern Russia

" Of all books on Russia I trust hers most, because, a trained observer, she never thinks what she wants to think. A tireless intellect sifts the evidence."—CECIL ROBERTS (*Sphere*).

" The conversations have an unexpurgated ring; the descriptions a photographic clarity." —HOWARD SPRING in the *Evening Standard.* Illustrated. *7s. 6d.*

A. K. HAMILTON JENKIN

Cornish Homes and Customs

This companion volume to *Cornish Seafarers* and *Cornwall and the Cornish* discusses vividly such attractive subjects as the Helston Furry-Dance, the Padstow Hobby-Horse, Witches and May Music, Elizabethan diet, Hurling at St. Columb. Illustrated. *6s.*

VAN WYCK BROOKS : THE LIFE OF EMERSON

Nearly all the leading critics have discussed this book at length, praising its knowledge and originality, but often attacking its methods. Have you read it? Mr. Van Wyck Brooks is a leader of modern American criticism; Emerson is his superb subject. *10s. 6d.*

Coming Next Thursday

Ernst Henri

HITLER OVER EUROPE?

Every reader of the *New Statesman* and the *Week-End Review* will recall Mr. Henri's astonishing articles published last Autumn. *Hitler Over Europe?* presents his revelations of Nazi politics, origins, aims and personnel in full detail, carefully documented, and written with logic and restraint. No other book reveals such devastating secrets as this. Translated by Michael Davidson. *6s.*

A German Jewish Scientist

WHY I LEFT GERMANY

This is not a partisan book, but a simple human document, recording how a distinguished liberal-minded scientist, an enthusiast for German culture, who had fought for Germany in the War and won the Iron Cross, came to hate and leave the country which was his home. The narrative gives most vivid first-hand accounts of the rise of the Nazi state. Translated by Margaret Goldsmith. *6s.*

On Thursday, March 15, at 7.15 p.m., Mr. Ernest Rhys, Editor of Everyman's Library, will speak at Aldine House on " The Joyous Art of Reading." In the Chair: Mr. Richard Church. Free Tickets of Admission may be had on request from J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., Aldine House, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.2.

CONTENTS

Page
TURGENEV AND THE TOLSTOYS. By Edward Bernstein . 349
REVIEWS:
MISS CUNARD AND THE NEGRO. By Lord Olivier . 350
A REAL MAN 352
THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY. By Peter Quennell . 354
POET AND CRAFTSMAN. By Henry W. Nevinson . 356
GENIUS FOR ALL. By K. John 358
EXPLORATION. By A. W. Lawrence 360
THE MODERN PRISON. By Leonard Woolf . . . 362
TAINTED STOCK. By L. S. Penrose 362
IN MEMORIAM 364
SELECTED LIST OF SPRING BOOKS 364

TURGENEV AND THE TOLSTOYS

THE literary institutions of the Soviet Union have of recent years published several interesting volumes entitled *Memorials of Literary Life* and *Links with the Past* which throw a good deal of light on the relationship and friendship of Turgenev and Tolstoy. In the latter is a packet of sixteen letters from Turgenev to Count Valerian Petrovitch Tolstoy and his wife, Countess Maria Nikolaevna, who were neighbours living at Pokrovskoe, not far from Turgenev's country estate. That is all that remains of the correspondence. The letters are nothing much in themselves, but the circumstances which led to their being written are decidedly interesting. And fortunately our knowledge is supplemented from other sources.

In the British Museum there is available for readers a copy of the September-October issue of the *Sovremennik* for 1852, and a lover of Russian literature will handle its foxed leaves with a strange feeling. It circulated in the despotic reign of Nicholas I, and opens with a contribution entitled *The History of My Childhood*, 104 pages long and signed with the initials L.N. It was the first work of an unknown author, and Turgenev, who was a contributor to the *Sovremennik*, was deeply impressed by it, while Panaev, one of the editors, was in raptures. From the poet Nekrasov, the other editor, Turgenev learned that it was by a young officer stationed in the Caucasus, a certain Count Leo Nikolaevitch Tolstoy. "This young man," remarked Turgenev, "will go far if he continues as he has begun." It was natural that Turgenev should inquire whether his neighbours in the country were related to this young officer, about whom he was eager to know more, and Count Valerian Tolstoy was eagerly welcomed when he called at Spasskoe, Turgenev's estate in Orel, to which he had been banished by the authorities for having dared to write in praise of Gogol. The day after this visit Turgenev went over to Pokrovskoe to meet Maria Nikolaevna, Leo Tolstoy's sister, who had married her cousin. Turgenev was immediately attracted by her and wrote on October 29th, 1854, five days after his first meeting with her, to Nekrasov:

> The wife of my neighbour Count Tolstoy is the sister of the author of *Boyhood*, a gentle, intelligent, kind and most charming woman. I learned a good deal about her brother. It's a pity that they are twenty-five versts from me. I like her very much.

And then on November 1st, in a letter to Annenkov he says with greater intimacy:

> She is one of the most attractive beings I have ever met. Gracious, sensible, unaffected; I could not keep my eyes off her. At my age, I was thirty-six four days ago, I almost fell in love. I can picture you from here—your eyes rolling, your lips opening and Ha! Ha! Ha! bursting from them, which means that you are laughing at me. But it's no use, I can't hide it. I'm struck to the heart. It's a long, long time since I came across so much grace, so much tenderness and charm. . . . I am restraining myself lest I should talk nonsense. But I implore you to regard all this as a secret. They will be spending the winter in Moscow, so that if you are able to tear yourself from your Pushkin work for the jubilee of Moscow University, I will make you acquainted with them. . . . You'll think how amorous the old fellow is! But what can I say? Pavel Vasilevitch, Nature has made my heart terribly susceptible. I repeat with emphasis my request: keep the whole matter a secret. It is strange, but I always take you into my confidence. In *Youth* Tolstoy portrays his sister under the name of Lyubotchka. Only now her feet are not turned in and her figure is beautiful. *Ma basta! Ma basta! Per preta,* as Lablache sings in *Figaro.*

Leo Tolstoy soon heard of the acquaintanceship between Turgenev and his sister. On January 6th, 1855, writing from Simferopol to his aunt, T. A. Ergolsky, he says:

> Nikolenka (his brother Nicholas) writes to me that Turgenev has become acquainted with Mashenka and I am in raptures over it. If you should meet him there tell Varenka that I give her full powers to embrace him for my sake and to tell him that though I only know him from his writings I have a great deal to talk to him about.

And in his diary for the same year there is an entry on March 21st:

> Received an enchanting letter from Masha, in which she describes how she made Turgenev's acquaintance. A dear, charming letter raising me in my own opinion and urging me to go on writing.

Turgenev's letters to Count Valerian are very brief, little more than notes, and deal with such matters as shooting snipe, borrowing flasks of gunpowder, inquiries about their address in town and when they will be returning to the country. With Maria Nikolaevna, Turgenev had far more in common. There are several portraits of her in literature. She is the Lyubotchka of Tolstoy's *Boyhood* and the Vera Eltsov of Turgenev's *Faust*. She was radiant, serene, sincere, incapable of affectation, and unconscious of impressing others. All agree in their description of her very large dark grey eyes, which she fixed on the person she was speaking to. Madame Kuzminsky, Leo Tolstoy's sister-in-law, declared in her reminiscences that they had a "conquering" power over her. Tolstoy's picture of Lyubotchka is of a lovely, lovable creature, trustful, serene and brave. She wants to marry a hussar and when reproached for not being clever laughs good-temperedly and says: "There must be stupid ones, too." Turgenev says of Maria Nikolaevna: "She has the same composure, the same serenity, the same voice as Lyubotchka."

Thus Turgenev would go over continually to visit his neighbours, carrying with him magazines, books and music as well as his gun, and followed by his setter Bubulka, who would roll himself up on the cushion Maria Nikolaevna gave him and be covered with pages torn out of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* to keep the flies off him. Maria Nikolaevna describes this period of their friendship as follows:

> Yes, I was very friendly with I.S. (Ivan Sergeyevitch Turgenev). At one time we used to see each other every day. Then we wrote to each other for a long time and I had many of his letters, most interesting and in my opinion splendidly written. We, being family people, went less frequently to him than he, being a bachelor, came to see us, and I seem to recollect that not a day passed without our meeting. My husband was as passionately fond of shooting as I.S. After their day's sport they would generally come back to our place and we would spend the evening in reading or conversation. He preferred to read aloud books he liked, not his own writings. Of his own work he would read what he had just written but not quite finished. I remember his reading *Rudin* to us. It pleased both my husband and myself. Most frequently we used to argue about poetry. From childhood I never cared for poetry and never read it. It seemed to me, as I told him, invented work, worse even than fiction, which I hardly ever read and did not like. Once our discussion became so animated and insistent that it passed into recrimination and personal remarks. Turgenev got angry, declaimed, remonstrated, recited certain poems, shouted, implored. I contradicted him, did not budge from my position and made fun of it all.

It was on that occasion that Turgenev lost his temper with her completely, ran out of the room, leapt over the verandah and hurried away across the fields. He did not put in an appearance at the Tolstoys' for three weeks, but when he returned he brought with him the manuscript of *Faust*, in which he says of the heroine, Vera Eltsov: "Imagine my amazement, Vera Nikolaevna has never yet read a single novel, a single poem, in fact not a single invented work as she expresses it."

Turgenev and Maria Nikolaevna stood godfather and godmother to a child of one of Turgenev's servants, and in two of his letters to her he refers to the christening. In May, 1855, his friends Botkin, Druzhinin and Grigorovitch paid a visit to Spasskoe, and while they were there wrote a parody of Ozerovsky's *Oedipus* and performed it. The Tolstoys took a share in this gaiety and Maria Nikolaevna provided a dress for Antigone. But life was not all shooting, arguments and theatricals. That year cholera broke out in the provinces of Tula and Orel. The very word filled Turgenev with horror and he wrote as follows:

> Every morning we hear the funeral bell and wailing. You know that the cemetery is right under our windows. Three died of cholera to-day and four are likely to die to-morrow. You can imagine how delightful it all is. I trust A.S.'s indisposition will soon pass. My advice to you all at Pokrovskoe is this: Whilst you can, enjoy this brief life. Your devoted Iv. TURGENEV.

Count Valerian and his wife were, however, unable to do so since they were unsuited to each other, and their marriage was not a happy one. Count Valerian, who was several years older than his wife, had a mistress at the time of his marriage whom he kept on afterwards, and he was unfaithful. In the summer of 1857 Maria Nikolaevna left him and went to live with her brother Sergey on his estate. Her letter telling Turgenev of this step has not been preserved, but a large part of his answer exists. It is a letter full of sympathy and friendship, in which he advises her to make a complete break with her husband, but it is quite clear from it that he is no longer in the least in love with her. The infatuation which he had felt for her at first sight had burned itself out. The last of his letters to her was written many years afterwards when she happened to be in his neighbourhood and had expressed a wish to see him. Turgenev and Fet had intended to have a day's shooting, but this was put off and he wrote that he was eager to see her again and would bring Fet with him. "We'll talk of old times." Maria Nikolaevna ended by retiring to the convent of Shamardino, but she always treasured the memory of Turgenev's friendship and referred to that period as an enchanting time.

In the letter of comfort Turgenev wrote after her separation from her husband, he speaks of Leo Tolstoy as a poet "apt to take up things in a too hasty and lively manner. So far he has not shown much steadfastness," and Botkin, in a letter to Turgenev on the same occasion, refers to Tolstoy's hot-headedness and inclination for duelling. The relations between Tolstoy and Turgenev, a friendship first brought about by Maria Nikolaevna, were always tempestuous. Tolstoy first came to see Turgenev in his house in St. Petersburg towards the end of 1855, but he had not stayed with him long before he began to dislike him. It was not a deep dislike, of course, but sufficient to make him make a note of it in his diary, while Turgenev, on his side, remarked: "If I eat soup and like it, then that in itself makes me sure that Tolstoy will dislike it, and vice versa." Tolstoy regarded Turgenev and his literary friends as men devoid of real convictions, while Turgenev was astounded at Tolstoy's lack of critical discrimination and his remarks about George Sand and her works. Their wranglings were incessant. "This will mean an attack of bronchitis for me," exclaimed Turgenev when the argument became unendurable. "Bronchitis," jeered Tolstoy, "bronchitis is a metal." Again and again, when they were together for any length of time, their feelings of antagonism, their contradictory ideas and divergent aims, found vent in all manner of dissension. They quarrelled in London when they visited the Hertzens, who were more attracted by Turgenev, but the most disastrous of their quarrels was in the summer of 1861 when they were both staying at Fet's house in the country. The cause of the outburst was the way in which Turgenev's daughter was being brought up by her English governess, who had suggested that the child should spend some of her time in charitably mending the clothes of the poor. Turgenev described this in a perfectly simple and natural way, and Tolstoy broke in with the question, in a condemnatory tone: "And you consider that to be good?"

"Of course. It brings the charitably disposed person into touch with the poor," answered Turgenev. "Well, I think," Tolstoy went on, "that a well-dressed girl who takes dirty rags in her lap is acting an insincere and theatrical part." "I beg you not to say that," exclaimed Turgenev excitedly. "Why shouldn't I say what I am convinced of?" replied Tolstoy, and the storm burst which ended in Tolstoy's challenging Turgenev to a duel.

Though Turgenev's good sense prevented this, their friendship was broken off for a long while and was only renewed when Tolstoy had come to feel that he must not cherish feelings of hatred, or even of coldness, for anyone. Turgenev eagerly and joyously resumed their friendship at Tolstoy's request. When Turgenev was near his death he wrote in pencil a most touching letter to "the great writer of the Russian land," and in 1884 Tolstoy said of Turgenev: "I have always loved him, but only after his death did I attach a proper value to him. The chief thing in him is his *veracity*. Turgenev is a fine man who always says well what he thinks and feels."

EDWARD BERNSTEIN

MISS CUNARD AND THE NEGRO

Negro Anthology. Made by NANCY CUNARD. *Wishart* £2 2s.

Earl Grey, in 1866, in the House of Lords, declared his conviction that "there is no peculiarity in the black race which will prevent their improvement." Sir Harry Johnston and Sir G. Guggisberg, who, both as administrators and as explorers, had close and varied contact with Africans of every grade of civilisation put on record more expressly their judgment that there is no intellectual activity of the white man's brain of which black men are not, in the highest degree, capable. Johnston's book, *The Negro in the New World*, anticipated and within its scope contributed with warm sympathy to the purpose of Miss Cunard's *Negro Anthology*. Five-eighths of this huge quarto reflect America, 60 pages Europe, 362 Africa. It prints some 220 pieces, containing many hundreds of exhibits, from gifted black, brown and white writers, dealing predominantly with aspects of the relations between Europeans and African racials, from the point of view of the latter, and of the editor, who herself interpolates comments and some personal chapters. No review can do justice to such a volume. Many of the American items illustrate the same themes as Alain Locke's *The New Negro*. There is a section on Negro music which, at any rate, has affected the world as irresistibly as did Wagner's, and in the teeth of very similar protests. There is a delightful exhibit of sculptural and ceremonial art (the Dahomey God of War preternaturally anticipates Low's Mussolini).

Well, here is authentic original art! And yet in responding to it I find myself asking why, with such sensibility and such glyptic genius, do we have the accomplishment of Benin and Dahomey and not that of Etruria, China, Japan? There is a perhaps rather too pretentious advertisement of that department of virtuosity which first endeared the Negro to London in the capacity of a Christy Minstrel: and the literary exhibit, again, invites speculation as to why the Abantu never produced an Iliad or Abbeokuta an Aeschylus. I do not press these disquietudes—but, after all! Sir Harry Johnston propounds explanations.

I naturally pounced on the chapters dealing with ground I know best. First, Jamaica—"*The* Negro Island," as Miss Cunard calls it—which she visited, and whose black people she appreciates with much justice and sympathy. The result, alas! was absolutely dismaying in regard to her capability as a recorder of facts. She quotes, and italicises, a statement that "In Jamaica . . . the blacks . . . have no voice, politically or economically"—a thing wildly untrue. Not only do black electors immensely outnumber brown or white, but they choose conscientious and efficient representatives of their interests and their colour, both in local and Island government, who discharge their duties honourably on their behalf, not, indeed, as Negroes but as free people of equal rights who are as intelligent about their own politics as most English rural voters, and much more independent in status and spirit. Again—"One is apt," she says, "to think of 'slavery' as the name for the most frightful condition that can befall mankind—yet the economic condition of the mass of black Jamaicans

MACMILLAN

History and Economics

NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS *by A. G. MACDONELL*, author of "England, their England." 7s. 6d. "One of the most satisfying pageants of human nature I have ever read . . . this intensely moving, quite absorbing book."—*Compton Mackenzie (Daily Mail).*

THE JEWS IN THE MODERN WORLD *by DR. ARTHUR RUPPIN*, Lecturer in Jewish Sociology at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. With an Introduction by *PROF. L. B. NAMIER.* 15s. "Dr. Ruppin knows more about the Jews and their condition all over the world than anybody else, Jew or Gentile. . . . . It is admirably done."—*Birmingham Post.*

THE CHINESE: Their History & Culture *by KENNETH LATOURETTE, M.A., Ph.D.*, Professor of Missions and Oriental History in Yale University. 2 vols. 30s. "He brings his story down to the latest days of the Kuomintang, and dwells constantly on the immense changes from the old China of traditional, ripe culture to the new China of uncertain future." —*Morning Post.*

CHRISTIANITY AND ECONOMICS *by A. D. LINDSAY, LL.D.*, Master of Balliol College, Oxford. 5s. "A very interesting and searching little book."—*J. A. Spender (News-Chronicle).*
"It is much the wisest and most suggestive book which I know on this critically important subject." —*Spectator.*

THE THEORY OF UNEMPLOYMENT *by A. C. PIGOU, M.A.*, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge, author of "The Economics of Welfare." 15s. "It takes its place, as a contribution to the technical literature of unemployment, by the side of the volumes of Sir William Beveridge and Professor Clay."—*Sunday Times.*

THE ECONOMICS OF IMPERFECT COMPETITION *by JOAN ROBINSON, M.A.*, Girton College, Cambridge. 18s. "Marking a definite advance of economic science into new country."—*Times Literary Supplement.*
"It opens a new chapter in economic science."—*Cambridge Review.*

CIVITAS DEI *by LIONEL CURTIS.* 10*s.* 6*d.* A Search for a Guiding Principle in Public Affairs.

RECONSTRUCTION: A Plea for a National Policy *by HAROLD MACMILLAN, M.P.* Third impression. 3s. 6d. "This bold and thoughtful scheme of economic planning deserves close attention."—*New Statesman.*

THE FUTURE COMES: A Study of the New Deal *by PROF. CHARLES A. BEARD*, author of "The Rise of American Civilisation, etc., and *GEORGE H. E. SMITH.* 7*s.* 6*d.* An analysis of President Roosevelt's Recovery Programme, its principles, substance, philosophy, and tendency.

Books on Germany To-day

GERMANY'S DEFAULT: The Economics of Hitlerism *by DR. PAUL EINZIG*, author of "Behind the Scenes of International Finance." 7*s.* 6*d.*
"The book reveals the author at his best . . . One cannot feel anything but sympathy with the conclusions reached by Dr. Einzig."—*Bankers' Magazine.*

GERMANY ENTERS THE THIRD REICH *by CALVIN B. HOOVER*, author of "The Economic Life of Soviet Russia." 8*s.* 6*d.* "The most careful and comprehensive attempt yet made in English to explain and to understand the economic basis of the Nazi movement."—*Birmingham Post.*

Announcements for April

EGYPT SINCE CROMER *by LORD LLOYD of Dolobran, G.C.S.I.*, formerly High Commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan. Vol. II. With Maps. 21*s.*

THE RISE & FULFILMENT OF BRITISH RULE IN INDIA *by G. T. GARRATT* and *EDWARD THOMPSON.* About 21*s.*
A history of England in India by two men who muster unusual range and variety of experience. Both have lived and worked in India, and by their writings have had far-reaching influence upon British and Indian opinion.

STUDIES IN WORLD ECONOMICS *by G. D. H. COLE*, author of "British Trade and Industry," etc. About 12*s.* 6*d.*
Through most of these essays runs a common idea—that economic conceptions and theories need far-reaching revision in the light of the developing forces in the world to-day.

[All prices are net.]

MACMILLAN

is not far removed therefrom." That is gross nonsense. The Property Roll of 1930 showed 213,395 freeholders out of a population of 1,022,000—better than one holding to every five souls. Excluding mere house-plots, 184,444 owned agricultural holdings of half an acre to fifty acres, most of which can fully support a family. Money wages are low, and casual labourers are, no doubt, very poor; but Jamaica is a free and happy country for the vast majority of her agricultural workers. To support her assertion of the economic helplessness of the people, Miss Cunard declares she was offered a "keg" of "wet sugar" ("you could hardly carry") in Mandeville for a penny. Retail prices of sugar are fixed by law in Jamaica, and amply protect producers. The price of a keg of wet sugar in Mandeville market is seven shillings. "Who gets the profit on the bananas? *Never the Jamaican peasant!*" That is just what he does do if he is one of the 15,000 who belong to the Banana Co-operative, which markets one-third of the Island's crop, owns its own ships, sells its own fruit in Europe and distributes the profit on every bunch (about 11*d.* in 1932 on the local price of 2*s.*).

Miss Cunard's endowments of sympathy and friendly humanity are irresistibly endearing. She must have bewitched the old lady who gave her the keg of sugar and pretended it was worth only a penny. But after reading this book I should discount by at least 33 per cent. any statement she made on her own uncorroborated observation, by 33 per cent. more when it reflected on the virtues of black men—and by 33 per cent. more when it reflected on the vices of white men. To the services of the latter to Africans she naturally never alludes: they are not her theme.

Her prescription for what she believes to be the miseries of Jamaica is Communism and "Marxist missionaries." Tell that to the 180,000 Jamaica Kulaks!

Why are the children of Ham still to-day—as the early Semite anthropologist said they were always destined to be—the "servants of servants"? They have been and are maltreated by other races with a scoundrelism for which it would be idle to attempt to find epithets. This book is full of the record—the vileness of which defies exaggeration. But all that is but part of the mystery of human brutality, in which, after all, Judge Lynch has not much on Göring or the Ku Klux Klan on Nazi storm-troopers. The really crucial question of interest is—What have Africans been able to do, what are they doing and what can they do for themselves, in virtue of their human character and capacities, whether without or with alien contacts, and whether in spite of white oppression and injustices or (*pace* Miss Cunard) by reason of white assistance? Miss Cunard cries aloud that "the white man is killing Africa." The book is full of outcries, quite natural and justifiable, against iniquities familiar, at least, to readers of THE NEW STATESMAN. But no clamour of that sort tells us anything about the positive, as distinguished from the recessive, qualities of the Negro. Personally, on a survey of fifty years, I see no indication that the white man is killing Africa; even in Africa. The average vital human calibre appears to me to have increased; and notwithstanding the outrages of capitalist Imperialism, it does not look to me like a dying flicker. Miss Cunard herself takes Mr. Marcus Garvey to task for prejudice and limitation of view in not recognising that capitalist economy, and not colour-prejudice, is the root of oppression—which itself is only partially true—for colour-prejudice is a widely instinctive and powerfully active affliction independent of economic relations. But in her blacking-out of the whole of the other side of the case as between white humanity and the African, and allowing virtue only to Communists, she is more narrowly sectarian than the most ignorant of the Christian missionaries whom she pillories, and who, from no other impulse than pure brotherly recognition of the humanity they find in the Negro—"the indescribable affectionate kindness" of the African character, as Philippo, in Jamaica, spoke of it—have incurred persecution and mockery for treating him as "a man and a brother," and who did, in fact, destroy his West Indian slavery. Africans may well be excused for ignoring such factors as this, and many others that have been and are very vital in an exceedingly complex process of inter-racial adaptations towards social humanity. But if Miss Cunard desires to impress non-African judgment as a witness or as an advocate she must verify her own representations and discipline her sometimes rather characteristically negroid methods of controversy.

To return to the topic of which I have spoken as the most important crucial question. I know a good deal of what has been done, for example, in Jamaica and elsewhere towards establishing a tolerable racially mixed human society. Dr. Burghardt Dubois, who has devoted his life to that purpose contributes to this book a too brief, but very sane and pertinent chapter upon that subject. Miss Cunard devotes a longer chapter to furious denunciation of Dr. Dubois and the Association for the Advancement of Coloured People. I have read this tirade three times, very carefully, and I cannot recognise that Miss Cunard makes out any case whatever for judicial complaint against Dr. Dubois and his work or influence. Moreover, she identifies with his "treacherous spirit" the "treacherous hearts" of the "some 400 or 500 responsible editors" of Negro (non-Communist) newspapers in the United States, chiefly, it would appear, because he and they do not recognise that only Communism can do anything for the Negro. Miss Cunard does not convince me that all Negro editors who are not Communists have treacherous hearts, any more than she does of the worthlessness of Dr. Dubois. If it were true, and if I were the Negro's advocate, I think I would throw up my brief. On behalf of a race that could only produce such editors I should think it hardly worth while even to abuse its competing attorneys. If African humanity has to wait for the triumph of Communism before it can draw level with Europeans under corresponding economic afflictions, it has a long row to hoe. But it is not waiting. White repressionists might feel a good deal of relief if they thought it could be persuaded to do so. General Smuts warned General Hertzog that the "haystacks" might be fired in South Africa long before there is any such prospect.

My chief criticism of Miss Cunard is, in fact, that for many readers whom it may be presumed she would wish her book to impress (what else is the book for?) she impairs its credit by the character of her own editorial interventions. The indictment of colour prejudice and its operations in America and South Africa, the indictment of the white man as a slaver and a capitalist Imperialist is unanswerable, and the book might bring it home to fresh consciences. Plain statements of the facts, such as Mr. Johnson Kenyatta gives about Kenya, reinforce what has repeatedly been set forth in this journal and the *Manchester Guardian*. And when Africans speak for themselves their view of the facts affecting them cannot fail to be illuminative. Marcus Garvey, "Emperor of Africa," is grotesque, but he is intelligible: he has been judicially persecuted even in Jamaica—though there the Appeal Court reversed the scandalous illegalities of a negrophobist magistrate and awarded upwards of £3,000 for damages. But when Miss Cunard writes the manifest nonsense and displays the one-sidedness which cannot but appal any instructed sympathisers she prejudices the whole case of her clients.

OLIVIER

A REAL MAN

The Burning of the Reichstag. By DOUGLAS REED. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Those of us who have had any opportunity of observing Douglas Reed at work have inevitably been struck by his rapid grasp of any situation and by the brilliant precision of his narrative. It was, no doubt, impossible for his reports to appear every day in full in the *Times*, especially as the passage of time decreased the news value of the Leipzig story. We have been hungrily waiting, therefore, for this book. *The Burning of the Reichstag* has irritating stylistic faults, but they are the weaknesses of an overworked foreign correspondent. It is, moreover, a tremendous undertaking to compile, at one and the same time, a chronological account of a complicated trial and a political analysis of a revolutionary State, while preserving the dramatic quality of the interaction of remarkable individuals in quite phenomenal circumstances. Mr. Reed undoubtedly succeeds in providing an important contribution to history in the costume of an exciting detective story.

We are constantly hearing that the Leipzig Trial vindicated the integrity of German justice, which was only sullied by the prolonged captivity of the acquitted men. But if, after the verdict, Dimitroff had been allowed to take the first train to the frontier, the reader of Mr. Reed's book, with all due allowance for German procedure, would feel the greatest uneasiness on behalf of the blind goddess in Brown-Shirt Germany. The incredible assertions of Detective-Inspector Heisig, the refusal to allow outside medical examination of Van der Lubbe, the "shadow of the concentration camp," can receive only a sinister interpretation. No one could gainsay Dimitroff when he declared that the case for the prosecution rested upon the evidence of lunatics, thieves and morphinists. Even in the most technical sense the trial was wholly unsatisfactory. Dr. Vogt's behaviour over Van der Lubbe's alleged remark, "Yes,

THE HOGARTH PRESS HAS PUBLISHED ONLY SEVEN BOOKS THIS SPRING

Travel:	**From Moscow to Samarkand**	*6s. 0d*
Fiction:	**The Gentleman From San Francisco**	*3s. 6d*
Fiction:	**In a Province**	*7s. 6d*
Politics:	**An African Speaks for His People**	*3s. 6d*
Poetry:	**Poems of Rainer Maria Rilke**	*3s. 6d*
Education:	**Progressive Schools**	*6s. 0d*
Criticism:	**The Medium of Poetry**	*3s. 6d*

ALL OF THEM HAVE BEEN RECOGNISED AS REMARKABLE BY THE CRITICS.—THIS IS WHAT THEY SAY:—

From Moscow to Samarkand. By Y. Z. - 6s

"This is one of the best travel books I have read for years. It deserves to become a classic." *Sunday Times*

"I have not enjoyed a travel book more than this one for some time . . . Try it. It is not romantic—and yet it is." *Desmond McCarthy (broadcast)*

"The best kind of travel book, exciting, outlandish and unexpected." *Manchester Evening News*

In a Province. By LAURENS VAN DER POST. 7s. 6d

"That rare phenomenon, a novel with a purpose which is also a work of art . . . I think, during the five months I have been reviewing fiction, this is quite the best novel that has come my way." HERBERT READ, *Spectator*

"A very good first novel indeed, full of ideas and compassion, and well written throughout." *John o'London's Weekly*

"A highly original novel, possessing shapeliness and more than a suggestion of power in reserve." *Daily Herald*

An African Speaks for His People. By PARMENAS GITHENDU MOCKERIE - - - 3s. 6d

"Here, admirably put, we get almost for the first time, an authentic statement of the black man's view of the native problem in East Africa." *Yorkshire Post*

The Gentleman From San Francisco, and Other Stories. By IVAN BUNIN - - - 3s. 6d

"One of the greatest short stories in the world." *Manchester Evening News*

"A masterpiece of verbal economy and psychological chastity, reminiscent of Tolstoy's latest work." *Observer*

Poems. By RAINER MARIA RILKE - - 3s. 6d

"Rilke is one of the most significant of modern poets, and his importance is international . . . As English poems these translations are striking and beautiful." STEPHEN SPENDER, *Bookman*

Progressive Schools. By L. B. PEKIN - - 6s

"A stimulating and thoughtful book, written by a man who knows his subject and is in deadly earnest about the future of education." *Northern Despatch*

The Medium of Poetry. By JAMES SUTHERLAND 3s. 6d

"This work is the finest and most comprehensive on the art of poetry since Lessing's *Laocoon*. Mr. Sutherland possesses an enviable mastery of both the greater and the minor British poets." *Edinburgh Evening News*

THE HOGARTH PRESS
52, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1

the others must have done that," was wholly incorrect. And how can anyone have faith in the decision of a court which simply allowed the matter of the footsteps in the tunnel, and that of the remarkable exit of the young Nazi deputy, Dr. Albrecht, from the Reichstag at about 10 p.m. on the night of the fire, to drop without any real attempt to get to the bottom of these things ? It emerges quite clearly from Mr. Reed's account that Van der Lubbe was at most employed by others to create a diversion—with or without his own awareness—and that these incendiaries were excellently informed as to the smallest details of Reichstag domestic routine. They must have been very able or very influential men, for they have covered their tracks so that the Supreme Court did nothing but smooth away the last traces of their footprints, and Van der Lubbe is silent forever.

It is difficult not to share Mr. Reed's commiseration for Dr. Bünger, the presiding judge, who had to spend so much of his energy in trying to make Van der Lubbe speak, and in trying to keep Dimitroff quiet. If we can, to-day, after the events of the last twelve months, retain any confidence in our species, it is to Georgi Dimitroff, more than to any other individual, that we owe this inestimable solace. The glow of his courage and generosity, of his humour and vitality, lights up Mr. Reed's whole story. He was too much for both Göring and Goebbels, and he finally won the affection of the whole court, though he one day caused its confused dispersion by announcing in his irrefutable way, that " I am neither impotent nor homosexual, but a real man." And in the glory of Dimitroff, let us not forget the pale glimmer of Van der Lubbe, the " rebellious ragamuffin," the " shabby Faust " whose Mephistopheles had so diabolically vanished. Along with all the marks of schizophrenia, there was always a queer, inexplicable, dogged loyalty to something about him, and once he wept lest Torgler should die, though he seemed always indifferent for himself. " What had Van der Lubbe done ? " writes Mr. Reed. " He had not harmed human life. He had helped—if indeed he ever set foot in the session chamber—to destroy the wooden walls of one room in the Reichstag. A strange world, in which men who kill another are given triumphant receptions because their intentions were patriotic ; and a man who is used by others to burn inanimate timbers must be put to death."

It is impossible here to enumerate all the points of interest which emerge from Mr. Reed's book—Dr. Goebbels's attitude in court to the supposed Communist danger in Germany in February, 1933, for instance, or the important part played by world opinion, and especially by the findings of the London Commission, in spite of the stupidities of the Brown Book. Mr. Reed reminds us of the appalling harshness of the sentences passed at this time against Nazi enemies in whom the outside world took no direct interest. It can scarcely be too often remembered that Dimitroff could not have played his magnificent part before the world, nor the world have applauded Dimitroff, without the foreign journalists whose work Mr. Reed has now completed. The importance of foreign correspondents grows with the exploitation of propaganda media by Fascist Governments, for the best of the journalists seem to have become the only efficacious challengers of tyranny, and perhaps the liberators of some of its most innocent victims.

THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY

We Are the Living. By ERSKINE CALDWELL. *Secker.* 7s. 6d.

The Woman Who Had Imagination. By H. E. BATES. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

On the Volga. By PANTELEIMON ROMANOF. *Benn.* 7s. 6d.

After Such Pleasures. By DOROTHY PARKER. *Longmans.* 6s.

General Buntop's Miracle. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

The progress of the average novel is like that of a landslide. It may require a certain effort to set it going ; but, once the narrative is under way, accumulating as it rolls rapidly downhill more and more of the loose and stony material—memories, observations, scraps of personal fantasy, fragments of individual analysis—with which the minds of modern novelists are stored, the fiction usually supplies its own movement—a slithering, discursive, untidy rush—till it piles up, in monstrous shapelessness, on the plain below. The art of the short story is less unregulated ; over every short story broods a beginning, a middle and an end. The beginning must be concise and yet explanatory ; the task of setting a scene, of creating an " atmosphere," to which the novelist may devote fifty or a hundred pages, must be performed within the compass of five or six ; and no sooner has his story taken flight than the story-teller has to consider the problem of bringing that flight to a memorable and satisfactory conclusion. Even the longest story is all too brief ; and whereas the short story is a form that often appeals to aspiring amateurs because it strikes them as absurdly easy into so small a space to discharge their tiny load of unco-ordinated personal impressions, the skilled writer finds in it a source of difficulty, doubt and constant interest ; with the result that the short stories of really capable novelists —I need only mention D. H. Lawrence and Henry James—have a concentration that their novels sometimes lack. Balzac himself in the sphere of the *nouvelle*—*Les Secrets de la princesse de Cadignan* is a famous example—achieved a symmetry that has no place in his rambling epics.

There is such a thing, however, as the born story-writer. Mr. Erskine Caldwell has written a novel ; but I cannot help thinking it vastly inferior to his delightful collection of tales, *We are the Living*. Here are stories of many complexions and many types. Mr. Caldwell is in the experimental stage ; and one or two of his experiments—particularly when he is experimenting in a method derived from some other writer—are definitely, though never embarrassingly, unsuccessful. *After-Image*, for instance, is vague and diffuse. Here is Mr. Sherwood Anderson's characteristic prefatory stutter :

> I don't know how the thing came about. It just happened that way. One moment I was standing beside her with my hand on her arm, and the next moment she was gone. A thing like that can be an occurrence, an event, a tragedy, or merely the final act of living. I don't know what this was ; but she was gone.

And, henceforward, by means of various well-known and well-worn tricks, Mr. Caldwell attempts to reproduce the extreme confusion that prevails in his protagonist's mind. *Warm River* is a slightly sentimental anecdote ; but Mr. Caldwell has little tenderness in his composition, and is at his best either in a comic and grotesque vein—as in *Meddlesome Jack*, a brilliant Rabelaisian story, *Country Full of Swedes*, *The Medicine Man* and *The People's Choice*—or in his painful, tragic, vividly focused pictures of life among negroes and " poor white trash," south of the Mason-Dixon line, which recall—yet do not parody—the work of Ernest Hemingway and, in a lesser degree, that of William Faulkner. Mr. Caldwell's finest stories come from the south. *August Afternoon*, which must be counted one of his most successful efforts, breathes all the sleepiness, the moral stagnation, the somewhat degraded but unembittered ennui of the countryside where cotton and tobacco are grown and the dust blows up in clouds from the reddish earth, and human beings, white and black, lie sweating, snoring and scratching on the verandahs of dilapidated frame houses, through the intolerable oppression of midsummer noons. *We are Looking at You, Agnes* and *Mamma's Girl* might belong to any landscape and any climate. Each is a vivid reflection of a commonplace tragedy, but presented with a colloquial verve that is wholly American.

Mr. Erskine Caldwell, as I have indicated, owes a great deal to Ernest Hemingway, Sherwood Anderson and William Faulkner. His methods are occasionally derivative, but the effect they produce is usually sharp and original. He writes with care and with uncommon sensibility, alike in the choice of words and in the employment of dialogue. The impression they make being cumulative, it is not possible to quote from his stories at length ; and I must content myself with recommending that every reader who asks of the short story something more substantial than a literary pick-me-up, gulped down between solid meals, should buy the book and test its quality on his own account. For relief, he can afterwards turn to Mr. Bates ; *The Woman Who Had Imagination* displays his art at its clearest, simplest and most impressive—an art which, although it is expressed in a beautifully sober and unornamented prose style, is pitched very often in an almost poetic key. Its impressions are developed with lyrical smoothness ; about his successful stories—about the atmosphere, that is to say, not always about the material—there is a tenderness, a kind of moonlit mildness or drooping autumnal quietude, that proves consistent with a perfectly straightforward and matter-of-fact approach. His landscapes have the melancholy charm of a poem by Crabbe :

> The only sound in the air as Rose Vaughan hurried across the park was the thin glassy sound of the waterfall emptying itself into the half-frozen lake. . . . It was freezing hard, the air silently brittle and bitter, the goose-grey sky threatening and even dropping at intervals new falls of snow, little handfuls of pure white dust that

LIFE AND LETTERS

With its April number *Life and Letters* becomes virtually a new magazine. It will be under new editorial direction with a new cover, new format, new price

The new editorial direction will give LIFE AND LETTERS a new vitality and appeal, and closer association with everyday life without sacrificing its high literary standard. It will be in touch with the best of what is new and important in contemporary life and literature, and will seek to establish a mouthpiece for sound and relevant criticism.

The monthly form of a periodical of this kind is more satisfactory and elastic than the quarterly which LIFE AND LETTERS has been for the past two years. A monthly in its general articles is more able to keep abreast of current topics, and a monthly commentary will enable the new LIFE AND LETTERS to become within its own range an organ of considered opinion as well as a literary magazine.

In reviewing current literature, the magazine will not attempt to cover the whole output of new books—which are already plentifully reviewed in the Sunday and weekly papers—but will select books of particular importance, and offer fitting and mature criticism of these.

Contents for April number include

ARTICLES

War and Emotions
ALDOUS HUXLEY

The Dumb Ox [HEMINGWAY]
WYNDHAM LEWIS

An Experiment with Rhyme
BONAMY DOBRÉE

A Growing Tree [NATIONALISM]
ERIC LINKLATER

SHORT STORIES

The Burning Cactus
STEPHEN SPENDER

The Miracle
FRANK O'CONNOR

Saturnina's Destiny
JENNY BALLOU

AN IMPORTANT POEM

The Nuncio HERBERT READ
ETC.

REVIEWS & CROSS-SECTION

Ordinary Annual Subscription twenty-seven shillings

Special Offer to Original Subscribers
One guinea post free to any address

ORIGINAL SUBSCRIPTION FORM

To the Publishers, LIFE AND LETTERS, 10 Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2

Herewith the sum of one guinea, being payment for LIFE AND LETTERS for one year, beginning April, 1934

NAME AND ADDRESS ....

....

PUBLISHERS, LIFE AND LETTERS, 10 GREAT QUEEN STREET W.C.2

> never settled. Now and then the black trees and the tall yellow reed-feathers and the dead plumes of pampas grass fringing the lake would stir and quiver, but with hardly a sound. The winter afternoon darkness gave the new skin of ice across the lake a leaden polish in which the shadows of a few wild duck were reflected dimly.

This story itself, *The Waterfall*, which concerns a poor clergyman's daughter who marries a rich, vulgar, good-natured man and falls in love with a young engineer, might well have been treated by D. H. Lawrence; but it has none of the crudity, forcefulness and erratic energy that we should then have expected. It retains the quiet colouring of the first paragraph, its melancholy, subdued and allusive grace.

Mr. Bates and Mr. Caldwell are complementary. Mr. Caldwell is Rabelaisian, picturesque, a person of wry humour, whose work is multi-coloured and uneven, entirely unsuited to the English landscape; while Mr. Bates's stories have something of the neatness, smallness and softly modulated harmony of the backgrounds against which his characters move. Brevity and simplicity accord with his style. Thus, *The Lily*, which he has compressed into eleven exiguous pages, is very good indeed; and I look in vain for anything as good—or better—among the stories of Panteleimon Romanof, Miss Dorothy Parker or Mr. Martin Armstrong. Romanof is already well known in England; *Three Pairs of Silk Stockings* was an exquisitely funny and remarkably candid picture of modern Russian life, and in such stories as *A Mere Formality*—a tragi-comic anecdote—I seem to recognise the same half-reproachful, half-admiring accents—a frank acknowledgment of all that is honest in Soviet society, with a rather twisted smile at its more ludicrous and chaotic side.

On the Volga is a tragic episode of the civil war. In *One of Us* Romanof tells the often-told, and now rather tedious, story of the conservative peasant father and the forthright young Communist whom he admires, but cannot understand. Some of the tales in this volume are exceedingly slight; a few—for example, *Twin Souls*—might have been written before 1917, but behind the majority looms the bulk of a gigantic social experiment, in whose shadow the personages of literature live a scrambling and makeshift emotional life. . . . Miss Parker helps to justify that experiment. If anything can excuse the suppression of the individual, it is the squalid and ignominious stupidity evinced by most human beings who have the leisure and money to go their own individual way. How seldom is a personality worth cultivating! *Here We Are, Too Bad, Dusk Before Fireworks* are all founded upon a recognition of the unpleasant, but undeniable, fact that the pursuit of personal happiness demands far greater ingenuity than the ordinary human egoist can ever hope to acquire. Each exhibit is cleverly pickled in the brine of misery; *Here We Are* shows us the nerve-storms of a squabblesome honeymoon; *Too Bad* the prolonged agony of an "ideal" marriage; and *Dusk Before Fireworks* the dismal failure of a light-hearted and unhampered liaison. Miss Parker is an acute satirist in the modern manner, a moralist whose complete absence of moral indignation gives her satire a peculiarly deliberate thrust. Mr. Armstrong, on the other hand, aims at amusement. Now and then his whimsicality is a trifle exhausting, the Peacockian surnames seem a little overdone. Elsewhere, in his simpler and shorter stories—*Drink, Pretty Creature!* is one of the neatest—he does what he sets out to do with adroit elegance.

PETER QUENNELL

POET AND CRAFTSMAN

William Morris. By PAUL BLOOMFIELD. *Barker.* 10s.

No wonder that the centenary of William Morris's birth is now being widely celebrated, for he was one of the dominant figures in the great Victorian age, during which the English intellect reached extraordinary heights in literature, art, and science. His life was almost contemporary with Victoria's reign. His boyhood and youth were unconsciously passed under one of the most depressing periods of our history, dull in common life, hideous in common art, and for the vast majority of the common people most miserable. The causes of the dreariness and sufferings were the haphazard increase of ill-distributed wealth owing to machinery, the haphazard growth of industrial cities by the building of slums for workpeople, and the degradation of all the arts by the ignorance and vulgar display of the commercial classes. It was only rebellions, led by men of heart and genius, which kindled that glow of splendour by which the nineteenth century will be remembered, and in two respects William Morris will be counted among those leaders: he was a great craftsman and a self-sacrificing champion of the working people.

I can remember the time in Oxford when well-to-do and highly cultured people had just discovered Morris as a decorator of their houses with beautiful furniture and flowering wallpapers, which were pointed out with a certain solemnity. A new worship of beauty prevailed. Ruskin was lecturing in the Parks Museum, Rossetti's *Blessed Damozels* hung on our walls, Swinburne was known by heart, Pater was at Brazenose, Oscar Wilde at Magdalen. Only for beauty was life worth living. So when Morris came with Burne-Jones and William Richmond to speak in the Sheldonian, protesting against the restoration of St. Mark's in Venice, we all flocked to stare at those three queer figures, and were ready to declare war upon Italy in defence of ancient beauty. Even Beaconsfield signed a petition, and Ruskin intervened only just in time to prevent bloodshed by shifting the protest on to an Italian's head. That was all very well. All the cultured of Oxford could still admire Morris as the skilled artificer who designed pretty things for them, wove tapestries, wove poems so like tapestries, and had a lot to say about Icelandic stories and shadowy old gods and heroes. Even those who possessed a real sense of poetry remembered that this energetic craftsman had published twenty years earlier a small book called *The Defence of Guenevere*, which sounded a new note in poetry, and, indeed, contained what was to remain the poet's most beautiful verse.

Far different was the feeling in cultured and comfortable Oxford when three or four years later he was invited to lecture in the Hall at University on "Art Under a Democracy." Again there was a big crowd. Ruskin himself was in the chair. Dr. Bright, the historian, and Master of the College, was present, and all went well, as reporters say before a railway accident, until towards the end Morris suddenly declared, "I am one of the people called Socialists," and went on to propose an average wage for everybody from the Duke of Westminster downwards, and to call upon the undergraduates not to hold aloof, but "to help us now, you whom the fortune of your birth has helped to make wise and refined. Organised brotherhood is that which must break the spell of anarchical Plutocracy." No wonder Dr. Bright rose and stammered out a protest against such dangerous doctrines. Mr. Bloomfield, in his admirable book, tells the story thus, and adds that one who was present said that Ruskin got up "and, with the most exquisite tact, soothed all our nerves." Nerves may have been soothed, but what I remember of it is that Ruskin, no doubt with his usual exquisite tact, quietly insisted that Morris was entirely right.

That was disturbing, for Ruskin was justly accepted as one of the most influential and ennobling writers of the age. One cannot doubt that, in thus supporting the younger artist, he was remembering the great change, like a religious conversion, which had come to himself ten or twelve years before. In the first number of *Fors Clavigera* (January, 1871) he had written:

> For my own part, I will put up with this state of things, passively, not an hour longer. I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like, and the very light of the morning sky has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of, where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly. Therefore, as I have said, I will endure it no longer quietly.

The cruelty and sorrow of the world were driving Morris towards a similar transformation, and the influence of his master was here as great as had been the influence of the chapter upon Gothic art in *The Stones of Venice*. That was how it came about that the second time I saw Morris he was speaking to an undistinguished little audience in a depressing hall near the depressing Clerkenwell Green, nominally in connection with Hyndman's Democratic Federation, of which I had myself become one of the earliest members.

Morris threw himself into the cause of Socialism, as he understood it, with all his natural energy and disregard of self-interest. He lectured to small groups up and down the country. He spoke at street corners. He became the prey of hungry impostors. He sacrificed friendships. Rossetti parted from him entirely. His friendship with Burne-Jones continued uninterrupted, but the subject of Socialism was barred from their conversation. He parted from Hyndman on the question of methods, for he could not believe, like Hyndman, that the revolution might come round the corner at any minute. He believed in the education of the workers to Socialism, and he felt a free artist's repugnance to any form of State Socialism and government from above.

MARCH, APRIL, MAY BOOKS

WILLIAM HEINEMANN

NEW FICTION:

March Miss Ogilvy Finds Herself
RADCLYFFE HALL
Semi-Precious Stones
A. L. VOINOVA
Portrait of the Artist's Children
EDWARD CHARLES
A Man Stands Alone
J. D. NEWSOM
Rude Society
H. P. McGRAW
Swallows
ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY

April The People of a House
W. B. MAXWELL
The Captain Hates the Sea
WALLACE SMITH
Another Man's Wife
MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES
Presenting Lily Mars
BOOTH TARKINGTON
Thelma Svane
FLORA SANDSTROM

May Breakfast in Bed
SYLVIA THOMPSON
Dark Hazard
W. R. BURNETT
Eden River
GERALD BULLETT
Pelican Walking
G. B. STERN
The Silver Sutra
PUTNAM WEALE
Whispering Tongues
LAURENCE KIRK
Gay Hunter
LESLIE MITCHELL
Trina
H. S. HOFF
Midnight Hag
HUGH BROOKE

GENERAL BOOKS

English Journey

J. B. PRIESTLEY [March 26]

Published in association with Messrs. Victor Gollancz.

Recollections of SIR HENRY DICKENS, K.C.

Rossini: A Study in Tragi-Comedy: FRANCIS TOYE

It was the Nightingale: FORD MADOX FORD

Three Lives: The autobiography of STEPHEN FOOT

Cheapjack: PHILIP ALLINGHAM

Somerset Maugham: The collected Edition of the Plays—Vols. 5 and 6 now ready

The Tale of Your Dog by MITFORD BRICE
With a Preface by Sir Harry Preston and 40 "real-life" photographs. 5s.

The New Magic of Swimming by GILBERT COLLINS

FUN IN BED: Have you ordered your supply of the Convalescents' Handbook?

For fuller particulars, prices, etc., see the Spring List and Supplementary Spring List—ready shortly.

First Cheap Editions of these famous successes

TSCHIFFELY'S RIDE: Southern Cross to Pole Star, with all the original illustrations and a new jacket. 5s.

WAYS OF ESCAPE by SIR PHILIP GIBBS. One of Sir Philip Gibbs' most popular books. Ready April 9. 5s.

THE WORK, WEALTH AND HAPPINESS OF MANKIND. Mr. H. G. Wells has thoroughly revised his famous book and added forty pages of original material for the cheap edition. 6s.

SELECTED LIST OF NEW TITLES AT 3/6

MARGARET KENNEDY, A Long Time Ago; MAURICE BARING, Friday's Business; KATHLEEN WALLACE, Without a Stair; W. B. MAXWELL, This is My Man; W. R. BURNETT, The Giant Swing; MARGERY ALLINGHAM, Sweet Danger; CLAUDE HOUGHTON, Julian Grant Loses His Way; NOEL STREATFEILD, Parson's Nine; BOOTH TARKINGTON, Mary's Neck; MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES, Jenny Newstead; JUSTIN M'CARTHY, If I Were King; JOSEPH SHEARING, Forget-me-Not; H. G. WELLS, The War of the Worlds.

● SOMERSET MAUGHAM (*Ready Shortly*) The Collected Edition at 3s. 6d.: Cakes and Ale. Ashenden. The Painted Veil. Liza of Lambeth.

3/6 A NEW WAY TO BETTER GOLF 3/6

By Alex Morrison. 27,000 Copies sold at 7/6. With all the original photographs.

When the meeting in Trafalgar Square to protest against the Government's Irish policy was forbidden (November, 1887) he led a large body of Socialists from Clerkenwell for the cause of free speech, though they arrived too late for the violent disturbance in which John Burns, Hyndman, and Cunninghame Graham were arrested, and young Linnell was mortally wounded. At great trouble and expense he ran *The Commonweal* for his own Socialist League, until he was turned out by the party of violent anarchists. In that paper he wrote his two main Socialist works, *The Dream of John Ball* and *News from Nowhere*, in which he drew the lovable and alluring picture of his ideal Utopia.

In that Morrisian community there would be no Government, no Courts of Justice, no class distinctions, and no mass-production by mechanical means, though machines might be used to get over merely irksome and monotonous labour. The real secret of life, as in all Morris's own teaching, was the "work-pleasure" which is the reward and highest happiness of all artists and craftsmen. Morris recognised that the ultimate problem of the modern age is the restoration of the worker's personal pleasure in his own work. He believed he found traces of that artistic pleasure in the relics of the three or four centuries preceding the Renaissance, and so he was driven to his mediaeval ideal of life in happy agricultural villages and cities small and clean. It was natural for him to conceive an ideal fitted for artistic craftsmen and manual workers like himself, for he found his happiness in the personal exercise of the many arts and crafts which he practised, as may be seen in the present exhibition of his work.

His Socialism was pervaded or prompted by his love of all beauty—his admiration for all artistic work, and his passionate love of natural beauty, such as he found especially in the English scenery of the southern counties and the wide valley of the Thames. The love sprang from his early home in Epping Forest, his school by Savernake Forest, his University in Oxford, his house at Hammersmith, and his natural home at Kelmscott near Lechlade. There he found the deep-green waters, the water-mills, the lashers, the grey stone bridges, the bending reeds, the osier beds, the willows and solemn elms, with here and there an ancient church, a small village, a manor, farm, or mill where red brick mingled in the stone. On the lichened wall of his own beautiful gabled house at Kelmscott, as described in *News from Nowhere*, the handsome, lightly clad woman lays her sun-browned arm and cries:

> O me! O me! How I love the earth, and the seasons, and weather, and all things that deal with it, and all that grows out of it—all this has done!

It was Morris's own passionate cry—the more passionate because he knew that this beauty was vanishing, and that across the sundial in the beautiful garden a shadow moved, relentlessly recording the passage of beauty and of life. Even to this happiest of poets and craftsmen it foretold an end.

Mackail's *Life* must remain the authority on Morris, but Mr. Bloomfield's is an excellent piece of work. Only one objection I might urge. Why should Burne-Jones be almost always spoken of as "Ned," and Lady Burne-Jones as "Georgie," and Rossetti as "Gabriel," and Morris as "Top" (short for Topsy, a nickname due to his mass of hair)? Intimacy is all very well, but that sort of playfulness puzzles people who were not so intimate.

HENRY W. NEVINSON

GENIUS FOR ALL

The Technique of Novel Writing. By BASIL HOGARTH. *Lane.* 3s. 6d.

Short Stories: How to Write Them. By CECIL HUNT. *Harrap.* 5s.

Anyone who thinks he thinks that aesthetic judgments are quite arbitrary ought to read these books: they will probably make his head spin. For they are the work of men who *really* hold that theory, without even being aware that they hold it—who make success their standard without the least discrimination between kinds, or apparent consciousness of anything to discriminate. Louis Golding and James Joyce will be mentioned together quite calmly under the heading of "such stylists as—"

Mr. Hunt (fiction editor of the *Daily Mail*) is sympathetic. All short stories published in the daily papers are to him good and "splendidly right," but at the same time he has bursts of enthusiasm over Milton's prose, and urges his readers to make a study of great literature, not least of "such old-time masters as Laurence Sterne." Mr. Hogarth, one would think on less provocation, strikes a different note. "There is," he says, "scarcely any necessity to read as models any writers farther back than Stevenson and Gissing": the "investigation" of earlier periods should be left to "petty university dons"—and he cleverly cites Mr. E. M. Forster in support of this view. One method is "outmoded" and another "obsolete"—and that disposes of them. But it is not the mere language of a fashion-book: he really believes that all early writers were incompetent besides being early. "To-day," he says, "an impeccable technique is imperative. . . . Any suggestion of platitude, of theatrical rhetoric, of mealy-mouthed clap-trap, is fatal nowadays." He really believes it: he believes that if you have any of those faults you *won't sell*. Perhaps he would think better of Victorian novelists if he were to read them: this he can't have done so far, for he tells us that they were "restricted for characters and events to one rank, the upper classes."

The well-known writers of to-day all write good books, then: and, what is more, we could all do it. "There is nothing in the practice of writing fiction which is not capable of being acquired . . . a congenital lack of genius or talent will in the end succumb." (And Mr. Hunt quite agrees with him here, pithily saying: "Nobody can be taught to write. Anybody . . . can be taught to write saleable stories.") How is it done, then? Mr. Hunt, writing almost professedly for nitwits, does not go much beyond the ABC: you must learn to spell, or at least buy a dictionary, and "to make a sporting character Lord Lonsdale, or your criminal the Earl of Warwick, just shows lack of common sense." Mr. Hogarth, flying in some ways higher, draws for advice on the novelists themselves: which provides the enlivening spectacle of experts flatly contradicting each other upon every point, quite unable to agree on how a novel should be written, or even upon what it is. They are the last persons to consult, in fact: they have all a tendency to assume that their way of working is the only possible, or the only *right* way, and no examples of a contrary practice seem to shake their theory. The tyro consulting Mr. Hogarth's book has a wide choice: he can believe that in all novels plot is the main thing, that in all great novels plot is negligible, that what really counts is character, or a dramatic situation, or even a philosophy, that all novelists regard writing as a grind, that working against the grain is worse than useless, that nothing done in a hurry is well done, that the best work is done rapidly and not rewritten, that all work should be revised again and again—he can adopt any of these views, with the backing of a distinguished and successful novelist. Nor do they contradict each other more assiduously than Mr. Hogarth contradicts himself.

And yet it is easy to see what he is driving at. He fails to see it himself—he is not clear-headed—but he does manage to keep one model pretty steadily before our eyes: the suspense novel, whose only test is that one should be eager to finish it, and not dissatisfied with the conclusion. And, that being what he likes, he is right in saying that it has never been done, in its purity, so well as now. It is, properly, the thriller or detective type, in which at least we have made progress, but which has lost the name of art as it disentangled itself from the old novel, and at the same time done the old novel some good, but much more harm. By "technique" Mr. Hogarth means devotion to the tale, continual movement, and the absence of loose ends or obstacles: and perhaps Mr. H. G. Wells, talking of the "shape, symmetry and directness" of the modern novel, means no more than that. If so, the merit he claims for it is merely negative: but his words suggest that distinctly highbrow quality known as Form, whose thrill is not in looking forward but in looking back. This is a very different thing, a real cult with a special appeal to the intelligence, but suffering rather from any glimpse at the writers who have done without it—Shakespeare, for instance, Dickens, Balzac, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. And it seems to me a very, very rare plant on English soil. How many living novelists have produced a shapely book in this sense? I can think of one only—Mr. Forster—but that is an under-estimate, I dare say.

However, "technique" in the other sense can be learnt, no doubt, and new writers with no particular bent of their own would probably find either of these books a great assistance. And the commercial side of both is full of charm. "It is," says Mr. Hogarth almost in conclusion, "in the selling of the MS. to some publisher that the young writer will hit up against the greatest difficulty." Yes, indeed.

K. JOHN

CAMBRIDGE

RUSSIAN MEDIAEVAL ARCHITECTURE

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE TRANS-CAUCASIAN STYLES AND THEIR INFLUENCE IN THE WEST

By D. R. BUXTON

This is the first English book dealing with the mediaeval architectures of Russia and Transcaucasus. It enables the English reader to obtain a clear outline of the whole development of those styles from the earliest times to the eighteenth century. The novelty of the author's photographs is a feature of the book.
109 *plates.* 25*s. net*

REALISM IN THE DRAMA

By H. SYKES DAVIES

By a survey of the theory and practice of the drama from Greece to the present day Mr Davies attempts to show that the category of realistic drama developed as a result of the gradual disintegration of the Aristotelian categories of Tragedy and Comedy. Realism itself, he concludes, has now suffered the same fate, and is no longer of importance to the dramatist. 4*s.* 6*d. net*

A HISTORY OF THE GERMAN NOVELLE

FROM **Goethe** TO **Thomas Mann**

By E. K. BENNETT

The author investigates the origin of the genre, as it appears in German literature, and accounts for its emergence and most successful treatment as a specifically German form at the hands of a group of writers, including Gottfried Keller, in the middle of the nineteenth century. 12*s.* 6*d. net*

THE ECLIPSE OF CHRISTIANITY IN ASIA

FROM THE TIME OF MUHAMMAD TILL THE 14TH CENTURY

By L. E. BROWNE

'Mr Browne's book is a useful and welcome addition to the literature of the subject, summarizing the latest studies with thoroughness and in a convenient form. There is much to fascinate and to surprise in the story which he has to tell.' THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT 10*s.* 6*d. net*

LATIN IN CHURCH

EPISODES IN THE HISTORY OF ITS PRONUNCIATION, PARTICULARLY IN ENGLAND

By F. BRITTAIN. 3*s.* 6*d. net*

CAMBRIDGE STUDIES IN ECONOMIC HISTORY

Edited by J. H. CLAPHAM

THE TREATMENT OF POVERTY IN CAMBRIDGESHIRE, 1597-1834

By E. M. HAMPSON. 15*s. net*

The county presents distinctive problems of administration due to the wide stretches of fen inviting squatter settlement, the late date of enclosure, the connection of Cambridge with London which made it dependent upon metropolitan vagrancy policy, the presence of Stourbridge Fair, and its vital significance as a University Town.

ASPECTS OF THE RISE OF ECONOMIC INDIVIDUALISM

A Criticism of Max Weber and his School

By H. M. ROBERTSON. 10*s.* 6*d. net*

THE ESTATES OF CROWLAND ABBEY

A Study in Manorial Organisation

By FRANCES M. PAGE. 4 *plates.* 21*s. net*

THE HADRIANIC SCHOOL

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF GREEK ART

By J. M. C. TOYNBEE

Miss Toynbee has sought by a study of the extant monuments to re-interpret the Hadrianic School in relation to its environment instead of dubbing it an academic revival of Classicism. The book will appeal to the student of Ancient History, to the lover of Ancient Art, and to all collectors of Roman Coins.
60 *plates.* 42*s. net*

UNIVERSITY PRESS

EXPLORATION

A History of Exploration. By SIR PERCY SYKES. *Routledge.* 25s.

Late Tudor and Early Stuart Geography. By E. G. R. TAYLOR. *Methuen.* 15s.

Niger. By L. G. GIBBON. *Porpoise Press.* 12s. 6d.

Sir Percy Sykes is himself a disinterested explorer and traveller; it is for this reason, perhaps, that he gives more prominence in this history of exploration to events than motives. He has packed into his space as much information as possible, in most cases verified by experts on those countries with which he himself is not familiar; the earlier chapters need revision, since he does not always know where to say "perhaps."

Only general criticism is possible. The tone of his writing is so level that one forgets how spasmodic the progress was, and his summaries do not stand out clearly from his narrative. Before beginning the section on oceanic exploration, a chapter on navigation, cartography, instruments and ships would have been enlightening; one sometimes wishes to know *how* as well as *why* and *when* things are done. If the great motive for exploration had been allowed to shape the narrative instead of being embedded in it, the book would have made easier reading.

He might, for example, have taken for his text Herodotus's remark: "It seems as if the extreme regions of the earth were blessed by nature with the most excellent productions, just in the same way as Greece enjoys a climate more excellently tempered than any other country." It explains first why the peoples of the Mediterranean and Europe have made more consistent efforts to extend their knowledge than those of the East. The climate is suitable for the growth of civilisation, but the precious metals and luxuries essential to civilised people are not as accessible as they are in the East, for the goldfields of Asia lie in the centre; spices and silk are indigenous. Therefore the West has always needed more from the East than the East has from the West. Immediate contact with the countries producing the things they desired was not always sought by the inhabitants of Europe. At various times communications were organised like a relay race, in which each intermediary jealously guarded his own sphere. For centuries the Greeks were ignorant of the source of their amber, which was handed on from tribe to tribe till it reached the Adriatic or the Black Sea. From the sixth century B.C. onwards, a Breton tribe deposited tin from the Scillies and Cornwall at Ushant, whence the Carthaginians carried it on to the Mediterranean; it is said that a Carthaginian captain once sank his ship rather than allow an intruder who was following him to find the way. At the same time spices were brought from India by the Arabs; except under the Roman Empire, Europe was divided from Southern Asia until the fifteenth century by a belt of Semitic-speaking people who acted as go-betweens. The Chinese silk came to the eastern edge of the Trans-Caspian plain, to Farghana, where the Persians picked it up; later, the Chinese themselves conquered Farghana and tried to reach the Romans directly, but Persia prevented them.

From about the sixth to the thirteenth century Europeans added nothing to the economic boundaries of the Roman Empire. A social organisation prevailed in which little money was used; therefore the internal supplies of gold were sufficient. When two Nestorian monks succeeded in bringing silkworms to Justinian, they removed the chief motive for intercourse with China, as well as the greatest cause of the drain of gold to the East. Thus Europe became self-sufficient except for spice and sugar.

When the relay system fails—from shortage of supplies, excessive demands, or the shifting of populations—efforts are made to find the sources of supply or to discover new ones. Amber was scarce in the first century A.D., therefore a Roman agent went to discover its source: he succeeded and, incidentally, reached the Baltic. The Romans desired luxuries and gold in excess: "Desire of trafficking drags a man headlong over every country and sea in the hope of gain," complained Seneca.

After the thirteenth century Europe gradually came to an end of its own resources, and by the early fifteenth century conditions were acute. In 1455 Benedetto Centurione, the head of a Genoese banking house, called a council to decide a means of paying for their eastern cargoes, since the goods of the West were too bulky for export; he invented the gold standard and forced it upon his colleagues. A few years earlier the same House had sent an agent to the Sahara to seek the origin of the Sudanese gold, and in 1470 Dei, the agent of a Florentine banking house, was sent on the same quest; he, not Caillé in 1828, was the first European to reach Timbuktu. Earlier in the fifteenth century, Henry the Navigator, with the help of Genoese seamen, began to send expeditions down the coast of West Africa to seek gold, amongst other things. With the rounding of the Cape and the discovery of much more gold in the New World, interest in the interior of Africa ceased.

Lack of gold and menace to the eastern trade routes, caused by the conquests of the Ottoman Turks, forced Europeans to change their attitude to the Atlantic. Atlantic voyaging had ceased with the improvement of the overland route across Gaul. Viking voyages were too far north to make any impression in Europe, and Arabs and Christians alike regarded this ocean with superstitious fear. Masudi, an Arab of the tenth century, called it the "Green Sea of Darkness, the unnavigable." Dante, in his unclassical version of the voyage of Ulysses, makes him pass the Pillars of Hercules and, after catching a glimpse of the Earthly Paradise, sink into the ocean as a punishment for his presumption in ignoring the limits set by God to the habitable world: possibly Dante had in mind the rediscovery of the Canaries in 1271, and the Genoese expedition under Vivaldi, which set out in 1291, nine years before he conceived his Divine Comedy, to round Africa, and was never heard of again after passing the Straits of Gibraltar. Towards the end of the fourteenth century the pseudo-travels of Mandeville, which were widely read, show a great change towards freedom of mind. "And men may well prove by experience and subtle encompassment of wit that if a man found passages by ships that would go to search the world, men might go by ship all about the world and underneath. A man may environ all the earth of all the world as well under as above and turn again to his country. . . . And always he should find men, lands and isles as well as in this country." It must be emphasised that theology never completely suppressed the opinion that the world was spherical; amongst others, Bede maintained it, and Roger Bacon, whose estimate of its size was only one-fourteenth too little, though that was no encouragement to mariners. No doubt the rediscovery of ancient opinions by Cardinal d'Ailly and Aeneas Silvius (Pope Pius II) and the translation into Latin of Ptolemy's *Geography* in 1410, hastened exploration by the miscalculation that the world was exactly half its size. Columbus thus set out with the conviction that with a good wind he could reach Japan in a few days; following Aristotle, he believed that the coast of India could not be far from the west coast of Africa, "since in both countries elephants are found." The legends of Atlantis and of the Earthly Paradise came so much nearer the truth that many believed them to be based on knowledge. Comparing the difficulties of English seamen in the North Atlantic with the easier voyages of the Spaniards in the South, Hakluyt writes: "Was not divine Plato (who lived so many ages ago, and plainly described their West Indies under the term Atlantis) instead of a cosmographer to them?"

Thus the needs of commerce, both in the ancient and in the modern world, were the prime motive for true exploration, while pilgrimages and the tours of the curious were important for maintaining communications along beaten tracks; Sir Percy Sykes should have placed them in a special category. By the end of the eighteenth century the size of the world was known, with the general distribution of land and water; the voyages in the South Seas, so frequent in that century, ended the only remaining misconception inherited from the Roman geographers—that of a large *Terra Australis*. The nineteenth century penetrated the interior of the continents, the twentieth has mapped them; the Polar Regions were penetrated before the war and are now being mapped.

Since it deals with a limited period, *Late Tudor and Early Stuart Geography* was an easier book to write, but this does not detract from its merits. The full bibliography of contemporary documents would alone give it value. The writer makes it clear that the advance of geographical knowledge, both practical and mathematical, depended on England's position. The rich tropical lands of the New World were now held firmly by Spain, therefore Hakluyt wished the English to abandon piracy for exploration in the temperate zones; his collection of Voyages dominated the imagination of the period of this book. He believed that any country in a Mediterranean latitude would produce Mediterranean crops; hence the colonisation of the eastern seaboard of America in that latitude would make England independent of Europe. Discovery of N.W. and N.E. passages would give England a route of her own to the Spiceries, and find a market for her wool in the cold places on the way (English landlords were still converting plough-lands into sheep-runs).

H. E. the French Ambassador in London says:

"This is an indispensable work of reference to which I shall have frequent recourse and which will undoubtedly be appreciated by all who deal with the two languages."

Harrap's Standard French and English Dictionary

Edited by J. E. MANSION. **Part I. French—English**

11 × 8 *in.* 928 *pages.* 58,332 *entries.*

Buckram, 42/- *net (with thumb-index,* 45/- *net). Half Morocco (with thumb-index),* 63/- *net.*

- **Prof. Saurat (Professor of French in the University of London; Directeur de l'Institut français du Royaume-Uni):**

"It gives us at last a long-needed instrument for the study of both languages. There is nothing in any way like it on the market. It will be an indispensable book, not only to students, but also to literary men, diplomats, and business men."

- **Prof. Martin (University of Glasgow):**

"A fine production . . . much more comprehensive in breadth of vocabulary than any other French dictionary I know. There is a wealth of idiomatic expressions and familiar phrases, and also of technical terms of all kinds, which will prove to be a great boon to all readers of French modern publications. No home where French is read should be without it."

- **Rev. H. J. Chaytor, Litt.D. (Master of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, and Chairman of the Modern Language Tripos):**

"I am convinced it is the best dictionary available for general use and reference. It contains as much technical information as the average reader can possibly require. On the literary side it fully reflects modern usage, and the treatment of idiom is especially commendable."

- **Prof. E. Weekley (in "Observer"):**

"Perhaps the most striking feature is the skill with which French phraseology is turned into live and vigorous English. Instead of archaic equivalents handed down from time immemorial, we find here happy, modern renderings."

- **Prof. Roe (University of Aberdeen):**

"This dictionary seems to me to make a very decided advance on any of the French-English dictionaries I have seen so far. It is more complete, it is up to date, and it gives help at a good many points where other dictionaries fail. I like the arrangement of the various meanings of each French word—it is lucid, and there is no jumbling up of different French words which happen to be spelt in the same way. The examples are well chosen and really helpful—and the English renderings of French expressions crisp and idiomatic."

- **Prof. Kastner (University of Manchester):**

"An epoch-making work in the history of lexicography. It replaces all other French-English dictionaries and will be indispensable to all teachers and advanced students of French."

- **Prof. Boillot (University of Bristol):**

"I am quite confident that this magnificent piece of scholarship will earn you the gratitude of thousands of teachers, writers, diplomats, business men, industrialists—in fact all those who have any dealings with the two languages. The publication of the dictionary is truly an event of international importance."

- **"Times Literary Supplement":**

"A very great achievement. Nothing so all-embracing, so accurate, so entertaining, so well produced has been available before. For many years to come it is likely to be worthy of its proud title, a 'standard' and indispensable dictionary."

Detailed prospectus with specimen pages on application to

George G. Harrap & Co. Ltd. (Dept. N.S.), 39 Parker Street, London, W.C.2

In a chapter on mathematical geography and navigation, theory and experiments are kept in touch with the actual voyages. To the English especially the invention of a method of fixing longitude was essential because they travelled eastward and westward in unknown northern waters; quacks drove a brisk trade in useless instruments.

After the honesty and industry of Sir Percy Sykes and Miss Taylor, *Niger* seems empty and windy. Its avowed intention is to interpret the personality of Mungo Park, not to give a history of the search for the river, which it would have been better to ignore altogether than to treat in the sketchy manner of Mr. Gibbon. Since he mentions so few authorities, he might have quoted correctly the opinion of the earliest of them, Herodotus, who describes a river beyond the Sahara, flowing eastwards; the mistake of supposing the Niger ran westwards first appears sixteen hundred years later in Idrisi's map, and was repeated by the last traveller before Park to see the river; this was Leo the African, whom Mr. Gibbon does not mention.

Mungo Park was drowned in the rapids of Busa, 800 miles below Timbuktu (which he did not visit). Mr. Gibbon ends here, but in justice to the explorer he should have pointed out that he had made it evident that the Niger flowed into the Atlantic, somewhere in the Gulf of Guinea. The Landers, therefore, instead of making the painful journey from the Gambia, were able to cross overland from Lagos, on the same coast, to Busa and pick up the trail. From there they successfully reached the Delta in 1831.

The bulk of the book is Park's own *Journal* diluted with the author's remarks, smart and sometimes salacious. It is unfortunate that a Life which claims to be "definitive" should treat him as a psychological case rather than an explorer: Mr. Gibbon is unjust both to the man and the river. Park himself says: "I had a passionate desire to examine into the productions of a country so little known, and to become experimentally acquainted with the modes of life and character of the natives." Unlike the rivers of the New World, the Orinoco, the Amazon, the Mackenzie, which were being traced about the same time, the existence of the Niger had been known for centuries. Cut off from the north and east by desert, from the south by dense forest, and from the west by a great extent of broken, and politically chaotic, country, rumours of its size, and of the richness and antiquity of the cities lying on its banks, had been brought to Europe by Moslem travellers and a few Christians. It had acquired a fascination beyond that of a mere river.

More emphasis should have been laid on Park's friendship with Scott, and less on his lack of sympathy with his parents; he was a typical product of the Romantic Age, not an individual warped in childhood. The thought of the Niger and Timbuktu has turned other heads besides that of Mungo Park.

A. W. LAWRENCE

THE MODERN PRISON

The Modern English Prison. By L. W. Fox. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Fox has been Secretary of the Prison Commission for nine years and is Assistant Commissioner and Inspector of Prisons. The views expressed in his book are his own, but it is published with the approval of the Home Office and the Prison Commission, so that it may be taken to reflect the "policy and views of the responsible authorities." That makes it, in some respects, the more welcome, since it is not only an informative and well-arranged manual of information about the whole prison system, but indicates a humane and enlightened point of view in its author, and therefore, we may assume, in the authorities. No one who reads it with attention and an open mind will feel that our methods of dealing with crime are satisfactory or the modern English prison just what it should be, but there can be no doubt that at no other period of history has authority held such sensible and civilised opinions with regard to crime and prisoners as those of Mr. Fox. In this at least there is ground for hope and encouragement.

The extraordinary change that has come over the general and official attitude towards crime and criminals during the last hundred years is one of the things which Mr. Fox's book will bring home to the ordinary reader, particularly in the first chapter, which deals with history. It is a remarkable fact that that chapter is divided into three sections: the first is entitled "Primitive—to 1774"; the second "Development from 1774 to 1877"; the third "Transition to Modern, 1878 to 1898." It will be seen that in Mr. Fox's view the modern prison system began only thirty-six years ago and that even fifty years ago there was still much that was "primitive" in the system. Until the third decade of the nineteenth century the criminal law, the punishments inflicted, and the methods of dealing with convicted prisoners were barbarous, imbecile, and chaotic. The attempt to introduce order into the chaos began in 1823 with Peel's Act; but the first period in the development of a civilised and rational system of dealing with crime and prisons was really between 1835 and 1877. The two most important achievements of that period were the establishment of central control and the general acceptance of the view of "reformers" that society should regulate the lives of those in prison on some intelligible principle, e.g., it should endeavour by imprisonment either to deter the criminal or reform him. In these days, when democracy has so few defenders, it is worth while remarking that this achievement was the direct result of democracy. The earliest move for prison reform came from humanitarians and democrats. Under the *ancien régime* of the eighteenth century there was no sense of public responsibility for the condition of prisoners, no recognition of a social problem in the prison system, no method of public investigation and discussion. It was only after the reformed Parliament by the Acts of 1835 and 1844 established the beginnings of central control, inspection and reports that the foundations for a rational system could even be laid—as one may see from the following remark of Mr. Fox: "With these appointments" (under the Act of 1844) "a new administrative era began. There was now at the Home Office a permanent body of administrators, active and pertinacious, whose published reports exercised a growing influence on official and Parliamentary opinion, and played a considerable part not only in framing policy but in forcing its adoption on local authorities."

The subsequent history of the prison system has been dominated by the controversy between deterrence and reform. In the nineteenth century the advocates of deterrence carried all before them, and the Home Office view was that in its nature a prison could not be reformatory and that therefore the prison system should be "simply punitive and deterrent." Solitary confinement, silence, and "hard, dull, useless, uninteresting, monotonous labour" were the methods universally adopted for achieving this end. The nineteenth century ended and the modern prison system began with the Gladstone Commission of 1895, which resulted in The Prison Act, 1898, and the Statutory Rules, 1899. The Commission found that the deterrent system had not deterred, and they came to the conclusion that "prison treatment should have as its primary and concurrent objects deterrence and reformation." The modern system, as described in this book, is an attempt to apply this principle in practice. Those who desire to understand it must read the book itself. If they do so, they will observe that considerable progress has been made in the direction of making reformation in fact primary and deterrence secondary. It must, however, be noted that effective reformation is, after all, the most effective method of deterrence—a fact that is not properly recognised even to-day by many judges, prison authorities, and reformers.

LEONARD WOOLF

TAINTED STOCK

The Chances of Morbid Inheritance. Edited by C. P. BLACKER. *H. K. Lewis.* 15*s.*

"The word *eugenic* here has the double sense of the English *well-bred*, goodness of nature and goodness of nurture." This sentence is quoted by Sir Humphrey Rolleston in his introduction to a symposium on the subject of the inheritance of diseases. As eugenists often point out, attempts to improve the condition of mankind have hitherto usually been directed towards the improvement of environment. Now it is time to think about the possibilities of improving man's hereditary equipment. There are certain clearly defined diseases where the scientific evidence in favour of hereditary causation is overwhelming. These conditions are mostly very rare. There are others where the evidence for the influence of heredity is incomplete and the conclusion open to doubt; common diseases mostly belong to the latter group. This symposium has gathered together eminent members of the medical profession, and each writes a chapter on his own special subject. The first chapter, on genetic principles, and the last chapter and the appendix, on the analysis of pedigrees, are written by biologists. As indicated by the title of the work and by Dr. Blacker's preface, the object of the contributors is to

METHUEN

LOUISE REDFIELD PEATTIE
WIFE TO CALIBAN

7s. 6d. net

"Mrs. Peattie's novels are memorable, because she nothing common does or mean. Read her beautiful story,"—*News Chronicle*

"Likely to charm all sorts of readers."—Howard Spring in the *Evening Standard*

ORDER THESE NOVELS FROM YOUR BOOKSELLER OR LIBRARY

Each 7s. 6d. net

THE MOTHER
PEARL S. BUCK

WHO CALLED MEN FREE
K. FARRAR PICKEN

THE TIDE
VINCENT SHEEAN

THEY WERE NOT AMUSED
HYLTON CLEAVER

THE POISON DUEL
PETER DINGWALL

COMET "Z"
GEORGE WESTON

LORD EUSTACE PERCY
GOVERNMENT IN TRANSITION

7s. 6d. net

"Lord Eustace Percy has a very living and supple mind, which can throw new and practical lights even upon well-worn problems."—*Observer* "Full of thought and suggestion."—*Yorkshire Post*

THE NINE MAGAZINES OF KODANSHA

The Autobiography of a Japanese Publisher

Illustrated. 10*s.* 6*d. net*

With an Introduction by J. Robertson Scott

A remarkable book which takes the reader right into the Japanese mind and into Japanese domestic and business life

JEAN ROSTAND

TOADS AND TOAD LIFE

Translated from the French

Illustrated. 7*s.* 6*d. net*

The much maligned toad has found an eloquent advocate in M. Jean Rostand. His fascinating book deals with every phase of toad life

THE MEANING OF THE GROUPS

A Symposium edited by
Dr. F. A. M. SPENCER

5*s. net*

"The fairest account of the Group Movement which has yet appeared."—*The Bishop of London*

A. C. EWING, M.A., D.Phil.

IDEALISM

A Critical Survey

21*s. net*

An attempt to evaluate the characteristic doctrines of the idealism which dominated philosophy during the last century

PROFESSOR E. G. R. TAYLOR

Vol. I. TUDOR GEOGRAPHY, 1485-1583

Vol. II. LATE TUDOR AND EARLY STUART GEOGRAPHY, 1583-1650

Vol. III. LATE STUART GEOGRAPHY, 1650-1714 (*In Preparation*)

Each Volume 15s. net

METHUEN & CO., LTD., 36 ESSEX STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

provide data for the answers to the questions "Ought I to get married?" "If I get married, ought I to have children?" "If I get married and have children, what are the chances of their inheriting my disease or a disease which occurs in my family?" The book will, no doubt, be very useful to the general physician to whom these questions may be addressed. He will be able, by reference to the instructions provided in the schedule for recording pathological pedigrees combined with the advice given by the various contributors, to form an opinion as to the liability of recurrence of a disease in the children of a prospective parent. The chances can be roughly assessed whether or not the mode of inheritance is clearly defined: and, in many instances, even where environment plays a large part in the causation (as in mental diseases) some answer can be given. For example, it is found that, of the children of a person suffering from schizophrenia (dementia praecox), eight to ten per cent. will probably be themselves schizophrenic. The proportion is found to be greater when both parents are affected than when one only suffers from the disease. The limits of error in these estimates are, however, large.

Thus far it is easy to follow the purpose of the symposium. When it comes to answering the question "Ought I to have children?" an ethical judgment has to be made. The difficulty in answering this question, even when the probabilities of morbid inheritance are known, is sometimes considerable, and even eugenists themselves are not clear about the answer. "In giving a genetic prognosis one commonly advises the healthy member of a tainted family to marry a healthy person in whose family the same taint is not discoverable." The trouble is that this advice leads to the "scattering broadcast of abnormal predispositions throughout the hitherto healthy population." Thus, eugenic advice given to the individual for his own benefit, or for the benefit of his immediate offspring, may not be sound eugenics at all. There is also always the difficulty that only those with a strongly developed eugenic conscience will be likely to seek for or act upon such advice.

Many of the diseases in which heredity plays an important part are not dangerous to health but may disable the individual from the point of view of his wage-earning capacity: colour-blindness and some other eye defects are examples. As Professor Hogben points out in the appendix, marriage is a lottery and the natural history of lotteries, more usually called the theory of algebraic probability, can be applied here. When eugenic prognosis becomes thoroughly standardised, an individual, who contemplates having a family and who fears to reproduce tainted stock, may be able to take out an insurance policy against the financial losses which he is liable to sustain in consequence of carrying a given matrimonial experiment to its logical conclusion. Concerning the answer to the question "Ought I to get married?" the contributors to the symposium, with one or two exceptions, preserve a discreet silence.

L. S. PENROSE

IN MEMORIAM

In Memoriam. *The Nonesuch Press.* 10s. 6d.

Everyone knows that there is no pleasanter way of reading an English classic than in a Nonesuch edition, and this is one of the pleasantest of Nonesuch editions. Unlike too much fine printing, the pages are both agreeable to look at and easy to read. Mr. John Sparrow's introduction is an intelligent criticism of Tennyson, and for once in a way serves the ostensible purpose of introductions—it should be extremely useful to anyone reading *In Memoriam* for the first time without particular knowledge of the history of the poem and unaccustomed to the Tennysonian style.

The chief difficulty about *In Memoriam* is one common to most of the classics of English poetry—its length. There is far too much competent verse exercise on mildly philosophical themes, far too much gentle reflection and rumination, and in a poem with no particular argument or narrative to carry it forward these are fatal obstacles to the serious reader who wishes to begin at the beginning and go on to the end.

None the less, *In Memoriam* holds its place as a major work, and holds it very largely by its originality. The slow but vigorous and weighted metre, the almost static, drugged intensity of the descriptions and their combination with vague, simple and common emotions of melancholy and depression, produce their effect. And so does the extraordinary "verbal felicity," the choice of unexpected and precise words in description which give the reader the half-conscious pleasure of recognising the perfect accomplishment of a highly skilled action. And the effect is unlike anything else in English poetry, less sensuous and more personal than Keats, plainer and more direct than the late romantics. With all its faults the poem is still one that most amateurs of poetry will need to have available, and will wish to read on occasion. Such readers could find no better edition for the purpose.

Selected List of Spring Books

Most of the books in this list have not yet been published, but will appear in the course of the spring and early summer; a few books are already out but are included because they have not yet been reviewed in these columns.

ANTHROPOLOGY, ARCHÆOLOGY

PROF. J. GUNNAR ANDERSSON. Children of the Yellow Earth. *Kegan Paul.* 21s.

STANLEY CASSON. Archaeology up to Now. *Bell.* 6s.

COM. ATTILIO GATTI. Old Man Gorilla. *Hodder.* 18s.

G. F. HUDSON. Nomads of the European Steppe. *Kegan Paul.* 12s. 6d.

GEZA ROHEIM. Riddle of the Sphinx. *Hogarth Press.* 18s.

C. G. SELIGMAN. Egypt and Negro Africa. *Routledge.* 2s. 6d.

ART AND FINE EDITIONS

CLIVE BELL. Enjoying Pictures. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.

WILLIAM BLIGH'S Despatch, and JOHN FRYER'S Journal: Voyage of the Bounty's Launch. *Golden Cockerel Press.* £2 2s.

DION CLAYTON CALTHROP. English Dress. *Chapman and Hall.* 25s.

A. W. CLAPHAM. English Romanesque Architecture after the Conquest. *Oxford Press.* 30s.

R. H. CLAPPERTON. Paper: a Historical Account of Its Making by Hand. *Blackwell.* £6 6s.

WILL FARROW. How to Draw Cartoons and Caricatures. *Lane.* 5s.

CHARLES BRADLEY FORD. The Old Cathedrals of England. *Batsford.* 7s. 6d.

JOHN GLOAG. English Furniture. *Black.* 7s. 6d.

JOHN GLOAG, JAMES LAVER, ETC. Design in Modern Life. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s.

H. S. GOODHART-RENDEL. Fine Art. *Oxford Press.* 3s. 6d.

RENÉ GROUSSET. The Civilisations of the East: III. China. *Hamilton.* 25s.

HILAIRE HILER. Notes on the Technique of Painting. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

RAYMOND MCGRATH. Twentieth Century Houses. *Faber.* 15s.

G. E. PEARSE. Eighteenth Century Architecture in South Africa. *Batsford.* £2 10s.

JAN POORTENAAR. The Technique of Prints and Art Reproduction Processes. *Lane.* 12s. 6d.

SIR JOHN SQUIRE. The Old Villages and Hamlets of England. *Batsford.* 7s. 6d.

J. M. C. TOYNBEE. The Hadrianic School. *Cambridge Press.* 42s.

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS, LETTERS

C. COLLEER ABBOTT, Edited by. Letters of Gerard Manley HOPKINS. *Milford.* 30s.

GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA. Recollections of a Grand Duke. *Grayson.* 10s. 6d.

IRVIN ANTHONY. Ralegh and His World. *Scribner's.* 10s. 6d.

H. C. ARMSTRONG. Lord of Arabia. *Barker.* 9s.

HENRY BAERLEIN. Belmonte the Matador. *Thornton Butterworth.* 10s. 6d.

LIEUT. A. BAUERMEISTER. Spies Break Through. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

THEODORE BESTERMAN. Mrs. Annie Besant. *Kegan Paul.* 10s. 6d.

THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD. Frederick Edwin, Earl of Birkenhead. *Thornton Butterworth.* 21s.

EDMUND BLUNDEN and EARL LESLIE GRIGGS, Edited by. Coleridge Memorial Volume. *Constable.* 12s.

EDMUND BLUNDEN, Compiled by. Charles Lamb: His Life Recorded by His Contemporaries. *Hogarth Press.* 7s. 6d.

HECTOR BOLITHO. Victoria, the Widow and Her Son. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 21s.

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD

Mr. Justice McCardie

A Biography by

GEORGE POLLOCK

Mr. George Pollock, a barrister, has had access to the judge's private papers, and deals fully with the judge's life as well as giving expression to the opinions he held on such subjects as divorce, the prison system, the position of women, abortion, sterilisation of the unfit, etc. The book also includes accounts of all McCardie's principal cases—the Ronald True case, the Jacoby case, the Malcolm case, the "Helen of Troy" case, etc.

Illustrated. 15s. net

I Was a German

The Autobiography of

ERNST TOLLER

Winifred Holtby:

"Profoundly moving and significant. A human document and literary work of first-rate importance." 5s. net

Earth Memories

By LLEWELYN POWYS

With Woodcuts by Gertrude Powys.

Compton Mackenzie:

"A collection of essays, many of which are of great beauty. Not a book to borrow, but to buy. I fancy it will wear well."

7s. 6d. net

The Naked Truth

By LUIGI PIRANDELLO

A second volume of stories by the most famous short-story writer of the day. Translated by Arthur and Henrie Mayne.

7s. 6d. net

The Pleasure Cruise Mystery

By ROBIN FORSYTHE

A new detective story by the author of "The Polo Ground Mystery," etc.

7s. 6d. net

THORNTON BUTTERWORTH BOOKS

SOME SPRING BOOKS

A PAGEANT OF ENGLAND'S LIFE

Presented by her Poets JOHN DRINKWATER

England's life and story through the centuries as described by the poets, with a running commentary by Mr. Drinkwater to link the whole together.

10s. 6d. net

THE WHEELS OF IND

JOHN W. MITCHELL

An unusual book about India, written by a railway official who is concerned more with the peasant people and with industry than anything else.

Illustrated, 12s. 6d. net

THE COMPLEAT CROOK—IN FRANCE

FRANCIS GRIERSON

This serious study of the French C.I.D. and the men it has to fight is written by a well-known crime novelist and has a *Foreword by Xavier Guichard, the great French detective.*

7s. 6d. net

BELMONTE THE MATADOR

HENRY BAERLEIN

A life of the most famous matador now living. Mr. Baerlein is well known for his treatment of Spanish subjects and this is a worthy addition to his list.

10s. 6d. net

SPIES IN CONFLICT

RICHARD WILMER ROWAN

Mr. Rowan's book differs from the usual in that it is not about spies of the Great War. These are the spies of to-day, those who, in time of peace, each constitute an indictment against the nation for whom they work.

10s. 6d. net

THE HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

RICHARD WAGNER SIR W. H. HADOW

"Comes as near as possible to being the ideal thing of its kind. I should not have thought it within anyone's power to get so much that is really vital in connection with a subject of this vast scope into some 250 pages."—

ERNEST NEWMAN, Sunday Times

POST-WAR FRANCE PAUL VAUCHER

THE HUGUENOTS A. J. GRANT

2s. 6d. net each

These are Nos. 169, 170, 171 respectively of the Home University Library. A 32-page list giving details of all volumes will be sent free on request.

MODERN WRITERS & PLAYWRIGHTS

W. H. DAVIES THOMAS MOULT

Previous Volumes

JAMES JOYCE *4s. 6d. net* LOUIS GOLDING
GEORGE MOORE HUMBERT WOLFE

3s. 6d. net

JOHN MASEFIELD ANDRE MAUROIS ALFRED NOYES
Gilbert Thomas David Glass Larg Walter Jerrold

Send for Complete Spring List

15 BEDFORD ST. TB LONDON W.C.2

Marjorie Bowen. Mary, Queen of Scots. *Lane.* 15*s.*

Kenneth I. Brown. Character Bad: the Letters of Harold S. Gray. *Harper.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Osbert Burdett. Sydney Smith. *Chapman and Hall.* 18*s.*

Roy Campbell. Broken Record. *Boriswood.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

E. H. Carr. Karl Marx. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Donald Carswell, Edited by. Trial of Guy Fawkes. *Hodge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

J. Douglas Chamier. Fabulous Monster: A Biography of the Ex-Kaiser. *Arnold.* 15*s.*

Isabel C. Clarke. Shelley and Byron. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

E. Thornton Cook. What Manner of Men? *Heath Cranton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Count Corti. The Wizard of Monte Carlo. *Thornton Butterworth.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

M. Coryn. The Acquirer. *Barker.* 9*s.*

Sidney Dark. Newman. *Duckworth.* 2*s.*

Bernard Darwin. W. G. Grace. *Duckworth.* 2*s.*

J. D. Griffith Davies. Owain Glendwr. *Partridge.* 6*s.*

Norman Douglas. Looking Back. *Chatto and Windus.* 16*s.*

Charles Dutton. The Samaritans of Molokai. *Williams and Norgate.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

St. John Ervine. God's Soldier. *Heinemann.*

E. M. Forster. Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson. *Arnold.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Lady Gordon. The Winds of Time. *Murray.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Lord Gorell. Unheard Memories. *Murray.* 5*s.*

Philip Gosse. Memoirs of a Camp Follower. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Stephen Gwynn. Mungo Park and the Niger. *Lane.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Francis Hackett. Francis the First. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Sir W. H. Hadow. Richard Wagner. *Thornton Butterworth.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

J. L. Hammond. Life of C. P. Scott. *Bell.* 15*s.*

Jimmie the Barman. This Must be the Place: Memoirs of Montparnasse. *Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Joan Haslip. Lady Hester Stanhope. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

M. R. Hopkinson. Anne of England. *Constable.* 15*s.*

"A Japanese Publisher." The Nine Magazines of Kodansha: Autobiography. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

F. Tennyson Jesse, Edited by. Trial of Sidney Harry Fox. *Hodge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Harry, Count Kessler, The Memoirs of. *Faber.* 18*s.*

Charles A. Kincaid. Forty Years a Public Servant. *Blackwood.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Aladar Kuncz. Black Monastery. *Chatto and Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Rom Landau. Paderewski. *Nicholson and Watson.* 18*s.*

Marquis of Lansdowne, Edited by. The Queeny Letters. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

David Larg. Garibaldi. *Davies.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Eric Linklater. Robert the Bruce. *Davies.* 5*s.*

R. H. Bruce Lockhart. Retreat from Glory. *Putnam.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Alice Roosevelt Longworth. Crowded Hours: Reminiscences. *Scribner's.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Emil Ludwig. Masaryk. *Nicholson and Watson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

E. W. McBride. Huxley. *Duckworth.* 2*s.*

J. Lewis May. Memoirs of Ernest Renan. *Bles.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

T. F. Milne. This World and That: The Autobiography of a Diver. *Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

J. Chartres Molony. Ireland's Tragic Comedians. *Blackwood.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Louis Trenchard More. Life of Sir Isaac Newton. *Scribner's.* 18*s.*

J. L. Morison. Lawrence of Lucknow. *Bell.* 15*s.*

Thomas Moult. W. H. Davies. *Thornton Butterworth.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

William Murdoch. Chopin: His Life. *Murray.* 16*s.*

Sir Henry Newbolt. Yesterday: Memoirs. *Faber.* 18*s.*

Harold Nicolson. Curzon, the Last Phase: 1919–1925. *Constable.* 18*s.*

Sylva Norman. After Shelley: Letters of T. J. Hogg to Jane Williams. *Milford.* 6*s.*

Liam O'Flaherty. Shame the Devil. *Grayson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Edith Olivier. Alexander the Corrector. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Hermon Ould. John Galsworthy. *Chapman and Hall.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Sylvia Pankhurst. For Woman's Citizenship. *Werner Laurie.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Giovanni Papini. The Real Dante. *Lovat Dickson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

George Pollock. Mr. Justice McCardie. *Lane.* 15*s.*

Edith Gittings Reid. Woodrow Wilson—The Caricature, The Myth and The Man. *Milford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Queen of Roumania. The Story of My Life. *Cassell.* 2 Volumes. 36*s.*

Hugh de Sélincourt. Studies from Life. *Unicorn Press.* 6*s.*

Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah. Kamal, Maker of Modern Turkey. *Joseph.* 15*s.*

Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah. Nadir Shah. *Archer.* 15*s.*

Sacheverell Sitwell. Liszt. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Helen Simpson. Henry VIII. *Davies.* 5*s.*

J. G. Snead-Cox. Life of Cardinal Vaughan. *Burns, Oates and Washbourne.* 5*s.*

Viscount Snowden: Autobiography. *Nicholson and Watson.* 2 Vols. 21*s.* each.

A. M. W. Stirling. Life's Mosaic. *Unicorn Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

F. G. Stokes, Edited by. Waterbeach Diary of the Rev. William Cole, F.S.A. 1768–1769. *Constable.* 16*s.*

John Summerson. John Nash, Architect to King George IV. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Valerian Svetloff. Diaghilev: His Life and Work. *Archer.* 9*s.*

B. Van Thal. Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland. *Barker.* 10*s.*

J. M. Thompson. Select Letters of Napoleon. *Blackwell.* 10*s.*

Mariano Tomás. The Life and Misadventures of Miguel de Cervantes. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Sergei Tretiakov. Young Man in China. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Antonia Valentin. Heine. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Derek Walker-Smith. Lord Reading and his Cases. *Chapman and Hall.* 15*s.*

Rev. R. Somerset Ward. Maximilien Robespierre. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

Alfred Wareing. Enter Shakespeare. *Dent.* 6*s.*

Edith Wharton. A Backward Glance. *Appleton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Count Wilczek. Happy Retrospect: Reminiscences. *Bell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Roland Wild. "Ranji." *Rich and Cowan.* 15*s.*

Clennell Wilkinson. Prince Rupert the Cavalier. *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Charles Williams. James I. *Barker.* 10*s.*

Martha and Catherine Wilmot: Russian Journals. Edited by the Marchioness of Londonderry and H. Montgomery Hyde. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

David Alec Wilson and D. Wilson Macarthur. Carlyle in Old Age. *Kegan Paul.* 15*s.*

R. McNair Wilson. The Gipsy Queen of Paris. *Chapman and Hall.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Douglas Woodruff. Charlemagne. *Davies.* 5*s.*

Sir Evelyn Wrench. Uphill. *Nicholson and Watson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

COUNTRY, TRAVEL, SPORT

Sir Edward Anson. The Owner-Gardener. *Murray.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Reginald Arkell. A Cottage in the Country. *Rich and Cowan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Reginald Arkell and Bert Thomas. Bridge Without Sighs. *Jenkins.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

J. Angus Beckett. Iceland Adventure. *Witherby.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Joan Begbie. Walking in the New Forest. *Maclehose.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

W. S. Berridge. All About Birds. *Harrap.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A. P. F. Chapman, P. F. Warner, etc. Bat and Ball. *Barker.* 18*s.*

A. E. Cooper. Sea Fishing. *Seeley Service.* 15*s.*

Roger Courtney. Claws of Africa. *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

T. W. Cubbon. The Wizard Dee. *Witherby.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Eric Fitch Daglish. How to See Insects. *Dent.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Eric Fitch Daglish. How to See Pond-Life. *Dent.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Eric Fitch Daglish. Name This Bird. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

M. N. Elliadi. Crete. *Heath Cranton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Comte Serge Fleury. The French and Ourselves. *Bell.* 6*s.*

Uffa Fox. Sailing and Seamanship. *Davies.* 25*s.*

Attilio Gatti. Black Mist. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Meredith H. Gibson. Gran Chaco Calling. *Witherby.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Geoffrey Gilbey. The Life Story of Gordon Richards. *Hutchinson.* 1*s.*

Douglas Goldring. In Pursuit of Portugal. *Rich and Cowan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Sir Wilfred Grenfell. The Romance of Labrador. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Viscount Grey of Falloden. Fly Fishing. *Dent.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Stephen Gwynn. The Charm of Ireland. *Harrap.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Henning Haslund. Tents in Mongolia (Yabonah). *Routledge.* 15*s.*

Maude Haworth-Booth. My Garden Diary. *Murray.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Maurice Headlam. A Holiday Fisherman. *Christopher.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

L. Mitchell Henry. Tunny Fishing. *Rich and Cowan.* 21*s.*

T. Geoffrey W. Henslow. Gardening Do's and Do Not's. *Rich and Cowan.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

J. Melville and Francis Herskovitz. Rebel Destiny. *McGraw Hill.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Selections From
SCRIBNER'S
Spring List

Ready

THE DAWN OF CONSCIENCE
By James H. Breasted

The sources of our moral heritage in the Ancient World with particular reference to Ancient Egypt.

Illustrated 12s. 6d. *net*

CROWDED HOURS: REMINISCENCES
By Alice Roosevelt Longworth

Recollections of social, diplomatic and political life in Washington during the last thirty years by the daughter of the late President Theodore Roosevelt.

Illustrated 12s. 6d. *net*

REUNION IN VIENNA
By Robert E. Sherwood

London's **great play success** now running at the Lyric Theatre. "I am **always being asked** what is the best play in the West End. I have been **waiting to give the palm** to *Reunion in Vienna* by miles, streets, or **any other dimensions."** JAMES AGATE in *The Sunday Times.*

Paper 3s. 6d. *net: Cloth* 5s. *net*

THE CONQUEST OF A CONTINENT
By Madison Grant

Author of *The Passing of the Great Race.*

A **history of the North American continent written in terms of** its racial **elements.**

With Maps 12s. 6d. *net*

REFLECTIONS ON THE END OF AN ERA
By Reinhold Niebuhr

The **author of *Moral Man and Immoral Society*** advances a catastrophic interpretation of history, explained not only in economic and social, but in religious and moral terms. 10s. 6d. *net*

Ready Later

LIFE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON
By Louis T. More

In **preparing this work the author has had free access to the great** collection of **Newton's personal and unpublished papers which have** not **been used for a hundred years.** 18s. *net*

THE LIFE OF CARDINAL MERCIER
By John A. Gade

Written with the assistance and co-operation of the Cardinal's sister-in-law Madame Leon Mercier, and of his nephew and literary executor the **Abbe Joseph Mercier.**

Illustrated 10s. 6d. *ne*

THE SAGA OF THE COMSTOCK LODE
By George D. Lyman

The **story of the "ghost city,"** Virginia City, Nevada, **in the days** of **its glory.**

Illustrated 12s. 6d. *net*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Constable Books

SENSE AND POETRY: Essays on the Place of Meaning in Modern Verse

by JOHN SPARROW 7s. 6d. *net*

GERALD BULLETT (*Time and Tide*): "A timely and salutary book. This critic is not among those who fly into a rage whenever they encounter oddness or obscurity in verse; he is prepared to take any amount of trouble and to discriminate carefully between what is difficult and what is meaningless.
"Mr. Sparrow's draught of sound critical reasoning should clear many a head of its vapours. He does his job very skilfully and very thoroughly."

SPIES BREAK THROUGH: Reminiscences of a German Secret Service Officer

7s. 6d. *net*

Translated, with an Introduction, by HECTOR C. BYWATER

Birmingham Post: "A very good book of its sort. Not lacking in sensational and sometimes gruesome episodes. Books on spy work on the Russian front are not numerous, and Mr. Bywater is to be congratulated on discovering, and translating very competently, a most interesting personal narrative."

BETH: A SHEEP DOG

7s. 6d. *net*

by ERNEST LEWIS, author of "The High Mettled Racer"

Hugh Walpole *writes:* "I have just read 'Beth' and am enchanted by it. It seems to me it should be a sheep-dog classic. It is better than 'Owd Bob' because it's truer . . . It is one of those grand first-hand things that turn up now and again."

A cheap edition

PUBLIC FACES

by HAROLD NICOLSON 3s. 6d. *net*

Eric Linklater (*The Listener*): "Brilliant comedy . . . . it would be comedy and nothing else were not the politicians so deplorably lifelike . . . Witty and graceful."

FIRST CHILDHOOD

Punch: "Entertaining and rather irreverent reminiscences . . . Lord Berners paints himself in vivid colours. Both his candour and his humour are irresistible."

DAVID GARNETT (*New Statesman*): "An extremely funny and charming book. We should be grateful to everyone who makes us laugh, and Lord Berners makes us laugh a great deal. It is one of the most amusing books that one could hope to pick up and read."

by LORD BERNERS

Illustrated 8s. 6d. *net*

coming shortly

ANNE OF ENGLAND: The Biography of a Great Queen

[*April*

by M. R. HOPKINSON 16 *gravure plates About* 15s. *net*

CURZON, THE LAST PHASE: 1919-1925

by HAROLD NICOLSON *About* 18s. *net* [*May*

THE BEGONIA BED

[*March* 15

by ELISABETH KYLE 7s. 6d. *net*

A new novel by a new author. It is essentially civilised, well-bred, distinguished and restrained.

10 Orange St. W.C.2

CLIVE HOLLAND. In and About the Mediterranean. *Jenkins.* 5s.
ALDOUS HUXLEY. Beyond the Mexique Bay. *Chatto and Windus.* 12s. 6d.
DAVID JACK. Soccer. *Putnam.* 3s. 6d.
C. E. M. JOAD. The Future of the English Countryside *Hutchinson.* 2s. 6d.
ELIZABETH KNOWLTON. The Naked Mountain. *Putnam.* £1 1s.
R. C. LYLE. The Story of the Horse. *Maclehose.* 12s. 6d.
S. P. B. MAIS. A Modern Columbus. *Putnam.* 7s. 6d.
RAWDON MALET. When the Red Gods Call. *Witherby.* 12s. 6d.
H. J. MASSINGHAM. Country. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 10s. 6d.
DONALD MAXWELL. Unknown Buckinghamshire. *Lane.* 8s. 6d.
C. H. MIDDLETON. Outlines of a Small Garden. *Cassell.* 3s. 6d.
CHAS. W. MILES, Edited by. They're Off! A Sports Symposium. *Archer.* 10s. 6d.
WILLIAM MOFFATT. Shetland. *Heath Cranton.* 7s. 6d.
PATRICK MONKHOUSE. On Foot in North Wales. *Maclehose.* 5s.
PAUL MORAND. A Frenchman's London. *Cassell.* 8s. 6d.
AUGUSTUS MUIR. Scotland's Road of Romance. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.
G. ORIOLI. Moving Along. *Chatto and Windus.* 10s. 6d.
R. D. PECK. Fly-fishing for Duffers. *Black.* 3s. 6d.
SIR MAX PEMBERTON. Sport During Fifty Years. *Hutchinson.* 18s.
FRED J. PERRY. My Story. *Hutchinson.* 18s.
MARJORIE POLLARD. Cricket for Women. *Hutchinson.* 4s. 6d.
ELLA PONTEFRACT. Swaledale. *Dent.* 6s.
J. B. PRIESTLEY. English Journey. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.
A. J. REYNOLDS. By Desert Ways to Indian Snows. *Archer.* 15s.
W. RILEY. The Yorkshire Pennines of the North-West. *Jenkins.* 7s. 6d.
CECIL ROBERTS. Gone Rustic. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.
LOUIS ROULE. Fishes and Their Ways of Life. *Routledge.* 12s. 6d.
HUGH RUTTLEDGE. The Mount Everest Expedition. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 25s.
COL. REGINALD SCHOMBERG Between the Oxus and Judus. *Hopkinson.* 15s.
PHILIP W. SERGEANT. A Century of British Chess. *Hutchinson.* 12s. 6d.
FREYA STARK. The Valleys of Assassins. *Murray.* 12s. 6d.
HERBERT STEVENS. Through Deep Defiles to Tibetan Uplands. *Witherby.* 10s. 6d.
"TORQUEMADA." Crossword Book. *Methuen.* 5s.
JAMES TURLE. The England I Love Best. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.
M. CONWAY TURTON. Cassiar. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.
STANLEY UNWIN and SEVERN STORR. Two Young Men See the World. *Allen and Unwin.* 18s.
EDMUND VALE. Shipshape. *Dent.* 5s.
ERIC ANDERSON WALKER. The Great Trek. *Black.* 15s.
REV. W. H. MURRAY WALTON. Scrambles in Japan and Formosa. *Arnold.* 18s.
P. F. WARNER. The Book of Cricket. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.
FRANCES, COUNTESS OF WARWICK. Nature's Quest. *Murray.* 7s. 6d.
EVELYN WAUGH. Ninety-two Days. *Duckworth.* 12s. 6d.
HENRY WILLIAMSON. The Peregrine's Saga. *Putnam.* 5s.
LT.-COL. H. J. WOOD. Shikar Memories. *Witherby.* 10s. 6d.
MISS J. R. YOUNG. Fox-Hunting. *Longmans.* 3s. 6d.
Y. Z. From Moscow to Samarkand. *Hogarth Press.* 6s.

CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES

E. A. BAKER. The History of the English Novel. *Witherby.* 16s.
H. W. BELL, Edited by. Baker Street Studies. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.
E. K. BENNETT. A History of the German Nouvelle from Goethe to Thomas Mann. *Cambridge Press.* 12s. 6d.
EDMUND BLUNDEN. The Mind's Eye: Essays. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
JAMES S. H. BRANSOM. The Tragedy of King Lear. *Blackwell.* 15s.
NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER. Between Two Worlds. *Scribner's.* 10s. 6d.
LORD DAVID CECIL. Victorian Novelists. *Constable.*
CECIL DAY-LEWIS. A Hope for Poetry. *Blackwell.* 7s. 6d.
J. D. DENNISTON. Greek Particles. *Oxford Press.* 25s.
J. EARNSHAW. Selections from Keats. *Methuen.* 3s. 6d.
MALCOLM ELWIN. Victorian Wallflowers. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.
EDMUND G. GARDNER. Italy: Companion to Italian Studies. *Methuen.* 12s. 6d.
ERIC GILL. The Lord's Song. *Golden Cockerel Press.* 12s. 6d.
HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER and G. B. HARRISON. A Companion to Shakespeare Studies. *Cambridge Press.* 12s. 6d.
HORACE GREGORY. Pilgrim of the Apocalypse. *Secker.* 5s.
STEPHEN LEACOCK. Humour. *Lane.* 5s.
EMILE LEGOUIS. A Short History of English Literature. *Oxford Press.* 5s.
WYNDHAM LEWIS. Men Without Art. *Cassell.* 10s. 6d.
LOW AND TERRY. *Hutchinson.* 5s.
K. K. MEHROTRA. Horace Walpole and the English Novel. *Blackwell.* 12s. 6d.
EDWIN MUIR. Variations on a Time Theme. *Dent.* 2s. 6d.
JOHN PALMER. Ben Jonson. *Routledge.* 10s. 6d.
M. GALLAGHER PARKS. Introduction to Keyserling. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
VIVIAN DE SOLA PINTO. Peter Steny, Platonist and Puritan. 1613–72. *Cambridge Press.* 12s. 6d.
LLEWELYN POWYS. Glory of Life. *Golden Cockerel Press.* £3 3s.
R. F. RATTRAY. Bernard Shaw. *Duckworth.* 5s.
VERNON RENDALL. Wild Flowers in Literature. *Partridge.* 12s. 6d.
PROF. W. L. RENWICK. Spenser's A View of the State of Ireland. *Partridge.* 10s. 6d.
GEORGE SHERBURN. The Early Career of Alexander Pope. *Oxford Press.* 15s.
DENYS THOMPSON. Reading and Discrimination. *Chatto.* 3s. 6d.
E. M. W. TILLYARD. Poetry, Direct and Oblique. *Chatto and Windus.* 8s. 6d.
ARTHUR WALEY. The Way and Its Power. *Allen and Unwin.* 8s. 6d.
I. A. WILLIAMS. Points in Eighteenth Century Verse. *Constable.* 21s.
STANLEY J. WILLIAMS. An Hour of American Literature. *Lippincott.* 4s. 6d.
J. DOVER WILSON. The Manuscript of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and the Problems of its Transmission: an Essay in Critical Bibliography. *Cambridge Press.* 2 vols. 15s.
HUMBERT WOLFE. When Soft Voices Die. *Methuen.* 5s.

DRAMA

LIONEL BRITTON. Animal Ideas. *Putnam.* 5s.
CECIL CHISHOLM. The Rise of the Repertory Theatre. *Davies.* 7s. 6d.
HUGH SYKES DAVIES. Realism and the Drama. *Cambridge Press.* 4s. 6d.
JAMES JOYCE. The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.
D. H. LAWRENCE. The Collier's Friday Night. *Secker.* 5s.
K. M. LEA. Italian Popular Comedy. *Oxford Press.* 2 Volumes. 40s.
T. W. MARRIOTT, Selected by. The Best One-act Plays of 1933. *Harrap.* 5s.
A. A. MILNE. More Plays. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.
HOULDSWORTH PITT. Wings to Tigers. *Partridge.* 7s. 6d.
J. B. PRIESTLEY. Laburnum Grove. *Heinemann.* 5s.
ALFRED SANGSTER. Charles the Butcher. *Constable.* 2s. 6d.
J. T. SHEPPARD, Translated by. Greek Plays Performed at Cambridge. *Bowes and Bowes.* 3s. 6d.
PRISCILLA THOULES. Modern Poetic Drama. *Blackwell.* 15s.
ERNST TOLLER. The Blind Goddess. *Lane.* 3s. 6d.
PROF. C. F. TUCKER BROOKE and PROF. N. B. PARADISE, Edited by. English Drama 1580–1642. *Harrap.* 12s. 6d.
IVAN TURGENEV. Three Plays. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

EDUCATION

SIGNORINA COSTANZA BAYON. Brighter Italian. *Bles.* 5s.
HÉLÈNE COUSTENOBLE and LILIAS E. ARMSTRONG. Studies in French Intonation. *Heffer.* 10s. 6d.
W. J. GLOVER. The King's Highway: English Literature, Grammar and Composition. *Philip.*
L. B. PEKIN. Progressive Schools: Their Principles and Practice. *Hogarth Press.* 6s.
JOAN H. VAN THAL. Cleft Palate Speech. *Allen and Unwin.* 3s.

FICTION

ANTHONY ARMSTRONG AND HERBERT SHAW. Ten Minute Alibi. *Methuen.* 3s. 6d.
HARRIETTE ASHBROOK. The Murder of Steven Kester. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 2s. 6d.
H. C. BAILEY. A Shadow on the Wall. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
VICKI BAUM. Falling Star. *Bles.* 7s. 6d.
ADRIAN BELL. The Balcony. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 7s. 6d.

H. F. & G. WITHERBY'S
Spring Books

SPORT AND TRAVEL

WHEN THE RED GODS CALL

Being the Biography of a Shikari in the making. By RAWDON MALET. Demy 8vo. Photographs. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

THROUGH DEEP DEFILES TO TIBETAN UPLANDS

The Travels of a Naturalist from the Irrawaddy to the Yangtse. By HERBERT STEVENS. Demy 8vo. Photographs and Map. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

GRAN CHACO CALLING

A Chronicle of Travel and Sport in Paraquay and the Chaco. By MEREDITH H. GIBSON. Demy 8vo. Photographs and Map. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

ICELAND ADVENTURE

The Double Traverse of Vatnajökull by the Cambridge University Expedition. By J. ANGUS BECKETT. Demy 8vo. Photographs and Map. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

SHIKAR MEMORIES

A Record of Sport and Observation in India and Burma. By Lieut.-Col. H. S. WOOD, I.M.S. Demy 8vo. Photographs and Text Figures. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE HEART OF SCOTLAND BY WATERWAY

Canoe Adventure by River and Loch. By R. ANGUS DOWNIE. Demy 8vo. Photographs. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE WIZARD DEE

A June Voyage from Bala to the Sea. By T. W. CUBBON (Author of "Only a Little Cockboat"). Demy 8vo. Photographs and Map. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SPLIT CANE

Some Fishing Casts, Practical and Otherwise. By JOCK SCOTT (Author of "The Art of Salmon Fishing"). Demy 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

GENERAL

THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL Fifth Volume. (New Vol.)

The Novel of Sentiment and the Gothic Romance. By E. A. BAKER, D.Litt., M.A. Demy 8vo. 16*s.* net.

ISLAND DAYS

A sequel to "Dream Island." By R. M. LOCKLEY, Author of "Dream Island." Demy 8vo. Photographs, and Sketches by D. Lockley. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

BIRD-LIFE IN THE ISLE OF MAN

By Colonel H. W. MADOC, C.B.E., M.V.O. Crown 8vo. Photographs. 6*s.* net.

326, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

ERSKINE CALDWELL'S

We are the Living

Brief stories by the author of "God's Little Acre." "He has an amazing technique; his power of allusive emotion and suggestion is tremendous." Manchester News. "I regard this author as one of the most significant in modern fiction. These stories are immense." Sunday Dispatch. *At all Libraries.*

7s. 6d.

JULIAN HALL'S

The Senior Commoner

"A school-story which has the great charm and merit of being quite unlike other school-stories." GERALD GOULD in The Observer. "Written with a sincerity and moderation unusual in books of this *genre.*" Times Literary Supplement. "There must be many who will read it with as much interest as myself." COMPTON MACKENZIE in The Daily Mail. *Second Printing.*

7s. 6d.

E. & A. BREWSTER'S

D. H. Lawrence: Reminiscences and Correspondence

Upwards of one hundred letters written by Lawrence to the authors are given in this book for the first time. "So spontaneous and sensitive a record of living, that through them we are able to approximate at least to the personal knowledge of Lawrence which his friends valued so much." Times Literary Supplement. "Well-nigh perfect specimens of easy, friendly writing." Daily Telegraph.

10s. 6d.

HORACE GREGORY'S

Pilgrim of the Apocalypse

This essay is for the many readers who will welcome a key to Lawrence's writings, either because of gaps in their own reading or because they want to supplement their own interpretation with the original views of a keen and perceptive critic. *Next Thursday.*

5s. 6d.

SECKER

Theodora Benson. Concert Pitch. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
S. L. Bensusan. Maurice Dravidoff. *Heritage.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Marjorie Bowen. The Mirror of the Triumphant Beast. *Lane.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Mary Hastings Bradley. Unconfessed. *Appleton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
John G. Brandon. Murder in Mayfair. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Ann Bridge. The Ginger Griffin. *Chatto and Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
M. E. Brothers. Just Impediment. *Longmans.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Beatrice Curtis Brown. The Sancroft Sisters. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
John Buchan. The Free Fishers. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
David Burnham. Wedding Song. *Davies.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Struthers Burt. Entertaining the Islanders. *Lovat Dickson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Tom Clarke. Marriage at 6 a.m. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Dion Clayton Calthrop. Shad's Oak. *Chapman and Hall.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Isabel Cameron. The Adventures of Elizabeth Gray. *R.T.S.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
Joanna Cannan. Under Proof. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Karel Čapek. Hordubal : a Novel. *Allen and Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Far Road at Night. *Chatto and Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Robert W. Chambers. Secret Service Operator 13. *Appleton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Clara Longworth de Chambrun. Two Loves Have I : The Romances of William Shakespeare. *Lippincott.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Agatha Christie. The Listerdale Mystery and Other Stories. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
J. Storer Clouston. The Chemical Baby. *Jenkins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
G. D. H. and M. Cole. Death in the Quarry. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
John Collier. Defy the Foul Fiend. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Murray Constantine. Proud Man. *Boriswood.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Stella Martin Currey. Paperchase End. *Arrowsmith.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Means Davis. The Hospital Murders. *Bell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
E. M. Delafield. The Provincial Lady in America. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Maud Diver. The Singer Passes. *Blackwood.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Baroness Katharina Dombrowski. The Land of Women. *Putnam.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
O. Douglas. Taken by the Hand. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Portrait of Ellen. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Georges Duhamel. News from Havre. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Katherine Dunning. The Spring Begins. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Hugh Edwards. Crack of Doom. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Velia Ercole. Dark Windows. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Caradoc Evans. The Way to Heaven. *Rich and Cowan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Margiad Evans. Turf or Stone. *Blackwell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Francis Everton. Insoluble. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Ronald Fangen. Duel. *Lovat Dickson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Ronald Firbank. The Artificial Princess. *Duckworth.* 6*s.*
C. S. Forester. The Peacemaker. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Pamela Frankau. Tassell Gentle. *Lane.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Roger Martin du Gard. The Thibaults (Vol. II). *Lane.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Stella Gibbons. Bassett. *Longmans.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Lewis Gibbs. Parable for Lovers. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Louis Golding. Five Silver Daughters. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Herbert Gorman. Jonathan Bishop. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Robert Graves. I, Claudius. *Barker.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Walter Greenwood. His Worship the Mayor. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Cecil Freeman Gregg. Inspector Higgins Sees It Through. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Carmel Haden Guest. Scent of Magnolia. *Harrap.* 7*s.* 6*d*
Phoebe Haggard. Red Macaw. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Radclyffe Hall. Miss Ogilvy Finds Herself. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Patrick Hamilton. All Out, Please ! *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Ian Hay. David and Destiny. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
A. P. Herbert. Unholy Matrimony. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
John Heygate. Talking Picture. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Introduced by James Hilton. More O. Henry. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Alice Tisdale Hobart. Oil for the Lamps of China. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Joseph Hocking. And Grant a Leader Bold. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
Henry Holt. Calling All Cars. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Margaret Bell Houston. Magic Valley. *Appleton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Sidney Howard. Isles of Escape. *Bell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
V. Ilyenkov. Driving Axle. *Lawrence.* 5*s.*
Margaret Irwin. Black Swan. *Chatto and Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Wallace Jackson. The Zadda Street Affair. *Sampson Low.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Naomi Jacob. Four Generations. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d*
Storm Jameson. Company Parade. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Edgar Jepson. The Grinning Avenger. *Jenkins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Sheila Kaye-Smith. Superstition Corner. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Alan Kennington. See How They Run. *Lovat Dickson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Richard Keverne. Artifex Intervenes. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Ronald Knox. Still Dead. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Elizabeth Kyle. The Begonia Bed. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Dorothy M. Large. The Onlooker. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
D. H. Lawrence. Tales. *Secker.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Sinclair Lewis. Work of Art. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Ludwig Lewisohn. An Altar in the Fields. *Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Philip Lindsay. London Bridge is Falling. *Nicholson and Watson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Alun Llewellyn. The Deacon. *Bell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. The Chink in the Armour. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 2*s.* 6*d.*
Victor MacClure. The Spanish River Mystery. *Harrap.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Patrick MacGill. Tulliver's Mill. *Jenkins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Denis Mackail. Chelbury Abbey. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Stephen McKenna. The Undiscovered Country. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Agnes Mure Mackenzie. Single Combat. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Compton Mackenzie. The Darkening Green. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Jeffery Marston. Andromeda. *Bles.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Duncan McLellan. Crown and Covenant. *Murray.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Thomas Mann. The Tales of Jacob. *Secker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Paul Martens. The Truth about my Father. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
W. B. Maxwell. The People of a House. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Susan Miles. Blind Men Crossing a Bridge. *Constable.* 10*s.*
Patrick Miller. Port Polli. *Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Sarah Gertrude Millin. Three Men Die. *Chatto and Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Gladys Mitchell. Death at the Opera. *Grayson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
R. H. Mottram. Bumphrey's. *Murray.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Whittlesey House
Spring Books

•

THE RACIAL MYTH
by Paul Radin 6/- net

Is the Aryan superior to the Jew? If so, why? Professor Radin answers these questions effectively and provocatively.

Ready March.

REBEL DESTINY
by M. J. & F. Herskovitz 12/6 net

In the heart of the Dutch Guiana bush the descendants of a band of runaway slaves have built an African civilisation of a unique character. This is the story of the strange community.

Ready April.

ECONOMICS OF THE RECOVERY PROGRAM
by seven Harvard Economists 6/- net

Now ready.

McGRAW-HILL PUBLISHING CO. LTD.,
Aldwych House, London, W.C.2.

Just Published

LORD READING AND HIS CASES

THE STUDY OF A GREAT CAREER

By DEREK WALKER-SMITH

LORD MACMILLAN writes:—

"Plenty of human and dramatic interest for the general reader. The volume seems to me an excellent companion to Marjoribanks' book on Lord Carson,"

LORD CARSON writes:—

"Your book brings back to my mind many scenes of friendly forensic battles."

LORD DARLING writes:—

"I have read it with much interest."

Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S JEWEL

Days in the Life of a Sixteenth Century Squire

Edited by

MARCUS WOODWARD

This is a very unusual and fascinating book which will surely delight all those who have experienced the lure of rural England, its simplicities, its beauties and its recompenses.

SIR JOHN SQUIRE (*Daily Telegraph*) says: "I am completely delighted. The book is a mixture of historical novel and antique book of instructions."

"One reads with continual pleasure."—*Morning Post*

Demy 8vo, 15s. net.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

By HERMON OULD

"Galsworthy was not an easy man to know; but Mr. Ould knew him well for ten years. In this book he uses his personal knowledge to rediscover the author in his own works . . . an interpretation of a personality known in intimacy to very few."—*John o'London's Weekly.*

Large Cr. 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.,
11, HENRIETTA STREET, W.C.2

RICH & COWAN

SELECTED SPRING BOOKS

TWELVE JEWS

EDITED BY

HECTOR BOLITHO 15s. net

"An extremely interesting volume."—*Manchester Evening News.*

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN IN "CHARMINA"

BY

E. KEBLE CHATTERTON 12s. 6d. net

"Undoubtedly one of the most charming books published in the last few years."—*Yachtsman.*

AMATEUR ADVENTURE

BY

K. C. GANDAR DOWER 5s. net

A thrilling account of a record-breaking flight from England to Madras.

A COTTAGE IN THE COUNTRY

BY

REGINALD ARKELL 7s. 6d. net

The best book yet written by a countryman for the guidance of the townsman going into the country to live.

HERE'S ENGLAND

BY

DOROTHY HARTLEY 9s. net

A full book about the English land, its people, crafts and customs.

FICTION

GOD AND THE RABBIT

BY

MICHAEL HOME 8s. 6d.

"This is a fine performance."—GERALD GOULD in *Observer.*

DEATH AT BROADCASTING HOUSE

BY

VAL GIELGUD & HOLT MARVELL 7s. 6d.

"Altogether remarkable."—*Manchester Guardian.*

SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS

BY

AXEL BRACEY 7s. 6d.

"One of the most interesting novels I have read."
—COMPTON MACKENZIE.

MARRIED MEN

BY

F. G. HURRELL 7s. 6d.

A first novel which treats originally of a theme of wide human interest.

LONDON

R. H. Mottram. Strawberry Time. *Golden Cockerel Press.* 21*s.*
Michael Murray. The Noblest Prospect. *Duckworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Irina Odoevtzeva. Out of Childhood. *Constable.* 5*s.*
Laurence Oliver. Family Parade. *Nicholson and Watson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Conal O'Riordan. Soldier's Wife. *Arrowsmith.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Seton Pacey. The Chronicle of Caroline Quellen, Centenarian. *Grayson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Anne Parrish. Sea Level. *Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Phyllis Paul. The Children Triumphant. *Secker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Roland Pertwee. Morosco. *Nicholson and Watson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Nis Petersen. Spilt Milk. *Lovat Dickson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Eden Phillpotts. The Oldest Inhabitant. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Luigi Pirandello. The Naked Truth. *Lane.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
John Cowper Powys. Weymouth Sands. *Lane.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Ernest Raymond. Child of Norman's End. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
G. J. Renier. Three Men of Sin. *Davies.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Naomi Royde-Smith. The Queen's Wigs. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
C. and M. Scharten-Antink. Happiness. *Grayson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. Refugee. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Edward Shanks. Tom Tiddler's Ground. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Michael Sholokhov. And Quiet Follows the Don. *Putnam.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Upton Sinclair. Love's Pilgrimage. *Werner Laurie.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
K. Sproul. Death Among the Professions. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Netta Syrett. Judgment Withheld. *Bles.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Booth Tarkington. Presenting Lily Mars. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Paul Trent. The Island Minder. *Ward Lock.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Jean Toussaint-Samat. Shoes that Walked Twice. *Lippincott.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Peter Traill. The Angel. *Grayson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
G. E. Trevelyan. As It Was in the Beginning. *Secker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Helen Trevelyan. Right Foot Forward. *Heritage.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Katharine Tynan. The Scotch Son. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Horace Annesley Vachell. The Disappearance of Martha Penny. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Doreen Wallace. Even Such is Time. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
J. M. Walsh. The Man from Whitehall. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
J. M. Walsh. Spies in Pursuit. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Alec Waugh. The Balliols. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

MARCH PUBLICATIONS

WINGS TO TIGERS

A story of the International Crisis.
By **Houldsworth Pitt.** **7/6 net**

In the framework of a play the author stages discussions of the economic and industrial problem by a group of people of the most varied character, and presents a dramatic and sensational solution. The work is as simple as a school book, as exciting as a "thriller."

WILD FLOWERS IN LITERATURE

By **Vernon Rendall,** sometime editor of *The Athenæum* and *Notes and Queries.* **12/6 net**

Scholar, botanist and man of letters, Mr. Rendall has unique qualifications for this labour of love, on which he has been engaged for many years.

OWEN GLYN DŴR

By **J. D. Griffith Davies, M.A., Oxon.**
Author of "England in the Middle Ages," "A New History of England," etc. **6/- net**

An authoritive account of the greatest heroic figure in Welsh history.

ERIC PARTRIDGE LTD.
At The SCHOLARTIS PRESS, 30 MUSEUM STREET,
LONDON, W.C.1

Mary Westmacott. Unfinished Portrait. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Christa Winsloe. The Child Manuela. *Chapman and Hall.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
P. G. Wodehouse. Thank You, Jeeves. *Jenkins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
S. Fowler Wright. David: a Historical Romance. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
I. A. R. Wylie. Prelude to Richard. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Dornford Yates. Storm Music. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

GASTRONOMY

Dr. M. O. Bircher-Benner. Health-Giving Dishes. *Arnold.* 6*s.*
Elizabeth Craig. Wine in the Kitchen. *Constable.* 5*s.*
Stephen Gwynn. Burgundy. *Constable.* 5*s.*
Maurice Healy. Claret and the White Wines of Bordeaux. *Constable.* 5*s.*
Ambrose Heath. Good Drink. *Faber.* 5*s.*
Ambrose Heath. Good Savouries. *Faber.* 2*s.* 6*d.*
Catherine Ives. Cookery Book. *Duckworth.* 5*s.*
A Lifetime Collection of 688 Recipes for Drinks. *Jenkins.* 2*s.* 6*d.*
Rachel and Margaret Ryan. Dinners for Beginners. *Hamilton.* 6*s.*
André L. Simon. Champagne. *Constable.* 5*s.*
Susan, Duchess of Somerset. The Duchess Cookery Book. *Grayson.* 2*s.* 6*d.*
Florence White. Flowers as Food. *Cape.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

HISTORY

H. Clive Barnard. Madame de Maintenon and Saint-Cyr. *Black.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Hilaire Belloc. A Shorter History of England. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
L. Elliott Binns. The Decline and Fall of the Medieval Papacy. *Methuen.* 16*s.*
Baron Michael Budberg. Russian Seesaw. *Hopkinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
G. Constant. The Reformation in England. *Sheed and Ward.* 15*s.*
Robert Dell. Germany Unmasked. *Hopkinson.* 5*s.*
G. T. Garratt and Edward Thompson. The Rise and Fulfilment of British Rule in India. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*
Marion Gibbs and Eleanor Lang. Bishops and Reform, 1215–1272. *Oxford Press.* 10*s.*
S. R. K. Glanville. Bible History. *Methuen.* 6*s.*
A. J. Grant. The Huguenots. *Thornton Butterworth.* 2*s.* 6*d.*
Gerald Heard. These Hurrying Years. *Chatto and Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Konrad Heiden. A History of the Nazi Movement. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Ernst Henri. Hitler Over Europe? *Dent.* 5*s.*
Paymaster-Commander Lloyd Hirst. Coronel and the Falklands. *Davies.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Gerald W. Johnson. Secession of the Southern States. *Putnam.* 6*s.*
Sir Reginald Johnston. Twilight in the Forbidden City. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*
H. A. Jones. The War in the Air. Vol. IV. *Oxford Press.* 17*s.* 6*d.*
Sir Roger Keyes. The Narrow Seas to the Dardanelles, 1910–1915. *Thornton Butterworth.* 18*s.*
R. H. Kiernan. The First War in the Air. *Davies.* 5*s.*
Stephen Leacock. Lincoln Frees the Slaves. *Davies.* 5*s.*
G. Lenotre. The Tuileries. *Jenkins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Compton Mackenzie. Marathon and Salamis. *Davies.* 5*s.*
Prof. R. B. Mowat. The Age of Reason. *Harrap.* 6*s.*
E. F. Orton. Links with Past Ages. *Heffer.* 21*s.*
W. H. Quarrell and Margaret Mare. London in 1710: From the Travels of Zacharias Conrad von Uffenbach. *Faber.* 5*s.*
A. L. Rowse. A History of Socialism. *Hogarth Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
K. J. Saunders. A Pageant of Asia. *Milford.* 18*s.*
W. T. Selley. England in the Eighteenth Century. *Black.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Arnold J. Toynbee. A Study of History. Vols. I—III. *Milford.*
J. B. Trend. Origins of Modern Spain. *Cambridge Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Prof. Trevelyan. England under Queen Anne: The Peace and the Protestant Succession. *Longmans.* 21*s.*
Paul Vaucher. Post-war France. *Thornton Butterworth.* 2*s.* 6*d.*
Arthur Weigall. A Short History of Ancient Egypt. *Chapman and Hall.* 9*s.*

JUVENILE

A. G. M. Bayliss, Edited by. Junior One-Act Plays of To-day. *Harrap.* 2*s.* 6*d.*
I. O. Evans. The World of To-morrow. *Archer.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Eleanor Farjeon. Ameliaranne's Washing Day. *Harrap.* 2*s.*

STERILIZATION

The Report of the Departmental Committee on Sterilization discusses means of dealing with the social problem of the mentally and physically unfit. Cmd. 4485. 2*s.* (2*s.* 2*d.*).
" An authoritative document of first-class medical and social importance." (*Daily Telegraph*).

HOUSING

Remarkable evidence of the progress which can be made in providing economically planned houses of satisfactory design for the working classes is given in the illustrated brochure on the subject issued by the Department of Health for Scotland. 1*s.* (1*s.* 1*d.*).
Report of the Scottish Departmental Committee on Housing. Cmd. 4469. 1*s.* 6*d.* (1*s.* 8*d.*).
" Typical Plans of Tenement and other Dwellings " have been issued by the Ministry of Health. 1*s.* (1*s.* 1*d.*).

THE TARIFF

The Customs and Excise Tariff of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland in operation on 1st January, 1934, shows the rates of duty imposed on a large class of imports. 9*d.* (1*s.*).
The Classification of goods for customs purposes whether dutiable or not is contained in the Import and Export List. (1st January, 1934). 9*d.* (11*d.*).
The Annual Report of the Commissioners of H.M. Customs and Excise, for the year ended 31st March, 1933. 3*s.* (3*s.* 3*d.*).

COOKING MEAT

In its Report on " the Chemistry of Flesh Foods and their losses on Cooking," the Medical Research Council presents the results of a pioneer scientific study of the utmost importance. The fallacious nature of many popular beliefs on the best ways of cooking meat is fully exposed. 2*s.* 6*d.* (2*s.* 9*d.*).

THE GROWTH OF CHILDREN

The Medical Research Council has issued a report containing the results of observations made over a series of years relating to the physical and psychological growth of a group of children. 1*s.* 6*d.* (1*s.* 8*d.*).

INDIA

The Moral and Material Progress and Condition of India during 1931-32 is reviewed in the new report now ready. It is the 67th in the series. 2*s.* 6*d.* (2*s.* 10*d.*).
The Annual Statistical Abstract containing information in handy form relating to every aspect of Indian Social economic and public life for the years from 1921-22 to 1930-31. Cmd. 4428. 7*s.* 6*d.* (8*s.*).

PRISON LABOUR

The important problem of social welfare involved in finding suitable work for prisoners is discussed in a Report by the Committee on the Employment of Prisoners. 1*s.* 6*d.* (1*s.* 8*d.*).

WILLIAM MORRIS

An attractive illustrated catalogue of the Centenary Exhibition celebrating the work of William Morris has been prepared by the Victoria and Albert Museum. 1*s.* (1*s.* 1*d.*).

All prices are net. Those in brackets include postage.

H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE

LONDON: Adastral House, Kingsway, W.C.2.
EDINBURGH: 120 George Street. MANCHESTER: York Street.
CARDIFF: 1 St. Andrew's Crescent. BELFAST: 80 Chichester Street.
Or through any Bookseller.

THE HOUSE OF THE APRICOTS

THE HOUSE OF THE APRICOTS

By HUGH IMBER,

Author of " The Spine " and " On Helle's Wave." 6*s.* net.

" This story is well written and constructed, and is to be recommended both as a thriller and as a work of art."
—*Times Literary Supplement.*
" Interesting and capably written."
—*Manchester Guardian.*
" This is a work distinguished by descriptive power and quiet and excellent style, sureness of characterisation, and unusual plot."—*Aberdeen Press and Journal.*

THE WAGGONER ON THE FOOTPLATE

By LIONEL BIRCH

4*s.* 6*d.* net.

" Mr. Birch's lucid and well-arranged . . . exposition of the intellectual and spiritual dilemmas of modern youth."
—*Adelphi.*
" Many people are pressing for realisation through Social Credit, and this expression, when as sincere and personal as Mr. Birch's and expressed with such vigour and freedom, is a welcome addition to the literature of the movement."—*New English Weekly.*

In Preparation:

THE BUDDHISM OF TIBET, or LAMAISM

With its Mystic Cults, Symbolism and Mythology, and in its Relation to Indian Buddhism.

By L. AUSTINE WADDELL, M.B., F.L.S., F.R.G.S.

Second Edition. Illustrated. 25*s.* net.

A reprint of this standard work on the subject, long out of print and scarce. The Author studied Buddhism in Burma and Ceylon, Sikhim, Bhotan and Japan, studied and excavated in India, learned the Tibetan language, and then spent several years in Tibet studying the religion and the people. The result was this book, which has never been, nor is likely to be, superseded. Dr. Waddell has added a new important preface.

MODERN HANDBOOKS ON RELIGION

By A. C. BOUQUET, D.D.

Stanton Lecturer in Philosophy of Religion in the University of Cambridge.

Vol. I. A STUDY OF THE ORDINARY ARGUMENTS FOR THE EXISTENCE AND NATURE OF GOD. Sewed. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.
Vol. II. RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE, ITS NATURE, TYPES, AND VALIDITY. Sewed. 3*s.* net.
Vol. III. PHASES OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. A Short View of its History. Sewed. 4*s.* net.
Vol. IV. THE WORLD WE LIVE IN, AND THE ORIGIN, STATUS AND PROSPECTS OF THE HUMAN RACE. Sewed. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.
Vol. V. MAN AND DEITY. An outline of the Origin and Development of Religion; with extracts from Sacred Books. Cloth. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.
Vol. VI. JESUS: A NEW OUTLINE AND ESTIMATE. Cloth. 6*s.* net.

In Preparation:

Vol. VII. THE DOCTRINE OF GOD. Final studies in the Divine Nature and attributes. Cloth. 5*s.* net.

W. HEFFER & SONS LTD.
CAMBRIDGE

And of all Booksellers

George Godwin. Discovery. *Heath Cranton.* 2s. 6d.
Marie Hamson. A Norwegian Farm. *Lippincott.* 8s. 6d.
William Heyliger. The Silver Run: A Story of the Sardine Industry. *Appleton.* 6s.
G. Gibbard Jackson. Railways of Great Britain. *R.T.S.* 2s. 6d.
Phyllis Kelway. Widow Hedgehog. *Black.* 5s.
Com. Stephen King-Hall. Here and There. *Sidgwick and Jackson.* 2s. 6d.
W. B. Little. General Elementary Science. *Pitman.*
John Clair Minot. Best Animal Stories I Know. *Lovat Dickson.* 7s. 6d.
C. A. Sims. British Aeroplanes Illustrated. *Black.* 3s. 6d.
G. Trease. Bows Against the Barons. *Laurence.* 5s.
H. G. Vaughan-Phillips. Major Events in History for Young People. *Heath Cranton.* 3s. 6d.
Dorothy Wall and Jan Struther. Bridget and the Bees. *Methuen.* 6s.
George Wright. The Adventures of Dan, the Dog-Detective. *Allen and Unwin.* 4s. 6d.

LAW, POLITICS, ECONOMICS

Roger W. Babson. Washington and the Revolutionists. *Harper.* 10s. 6d.
Sir Wm. Barton. The Princes of India. *Nisbet.*
John Bauer and Nathaniel Gold. Permanent Prosperity: And How to Get It. *Harper.* 12s. 6d.
Prof. Charles A. Beard. The Future Comes. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.
Prof. Charles A. Beard. The Idea of a National Interest. *Macmillan.* 12s. 6d.
Robert Bernays. The Boiling Cauldron. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.
George Bilainkin. Within Two Years! *Sampson Low.* 5s.
R. Borregaard. Concise Handbook of the Law Affecting Landlord and Tenant. *Pitman.* 7s. 6d.
H. N. Brailsford. Property or Peace. *Gollancz.* 5s.
Moeller van den Bruck. Germany's Third Empire. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.
E. Burns and F. M. Roy. The Roosevelt Illusion. *Lawrence.* 2s.
G. E. G. Catlin. A Preface to Action. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.
G. D. H. Cole. Studies in World Economics. *Macmillan.* 12s. 6d.
G. D. H. Cole. What Marx Really Meant. *Gollancz.* 5s.
George Cuttle. The Legacy of the Rural Guardians. *Heffer.* 15s.
Major C. H. Douglas. Warning Democracy. *Archer.* 7s. 6d.
Professor Albert Einstein. The World as I See It. *Lane.* 7s. 6d.
Dr. Paul Einzig. The Economics of Re-armament. *Kegan Paul.* 7s. 6d.
Dr. Paul Einzig. Exchange Control. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.
E. H. Freshfield. Roman Law in the Late Roman Empire. *Bowes and Bowes.* 3s. 6d.
Otto Gierke. Natural Law and the Theory of Society from 1500–1800. *Cambridge Press.* 25s.
J. A. J. Agar-Hamilton. South Africa. *Arrowsmith.* 3s. 6d.
E. M. Hampson. The Treatment of Poverty in Cambridge—1597–1834. *Cambridge Press.* 15s.
S. Pascoe Hayward. Preparation of Schemes and Orders under the Town and Country Planning Act. *Pitman.* 7s. 6d.
J. F. Horrabin. An Atlas of Current Affairs. *Gollancz.* 3s. 6d.
Alexander Kerensky. The Crucifixion of Liberty. *Barker.* 15s.
Alun Llewellyn. Confound Their Politics. *Bell.* 6s.
Rt. Hon. Lord Lloyd of Dolobran. Egypt Since Cromer. *Macmillan.* Vol. II. 21s.
Prince Hubertus Loewenstein. The Tragedy of a Nation: Germany 1918–1934. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.
Katherine Mayo. Soldiers What Next! *Cassell.* 8s. 6d.
Alwyne Meade. The New Modern Gasworks Practice, Vol. I. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 42s.
Ludwig von Mises. The Theory of Money and Credit. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.
Parmenas Githendu Mockerie. An African Speaks for his People. *Hogarth Press.* 3s. 6d.
J. T. Murphy. Preparing for Power. *Cape.* 6s.
The Hon. Francis Pakenham. The Irish Treaty. *Davies.* 12s. 6d.
R. Palmedutt. Fascism and Social Revolution. *Lawrence.* 5s.
Drew Pearson and Constantine Brown. The American Diplomatic Game. *Harper.* 12s. 6d.
Harry Pollitt, Compiled by. Lenin on Britain. *Lawrence.* 8s. 6d.
Hugh Quigley and Ismay Goldie. Housing and Slum Clearance in London. *Methuen.* 10s. 6d.
Percy Ripley. Short History of Investment, A. *Pitman.* 7s. 6d.
Erich Roll. About Money. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.
A. Rothstein. Britain Prepares for War. *Lawrence.* 5s.
Bertrand Russell. Principles and Politics in the Nineteenth Century. *Allen and Unwin.*
Charles Sandford. India: Land of Regrets. *Fenland Press.* 8s. 6d.
William O. Scroggs. The United States in World Affairs in 1933. *Harper.* 12s. 6d.
Dr. Fritz Seidler. The Bloodless Pogrom. *Gollancz.* 5s.
Hugh Sellon. Democracy and Dictatorship. *Lovat Dickson.* 2s.
Oswald Spengler. Decisive Years: Pt. I. Germany and the Development of World History. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.
Wickham Steed. A Way to Social Peace. *Allen and Unwin.* 4s. 6d.
A. G. Taylor, Translated and Edited by. The Laws of Plato. *Dent.* 10s. 6d.
Prof. A. S. Walker. Canada. *Arrowsmith.* 3s. 6d.
Doreen Wallace. The Tithe War. *Gollancz.* 2s. 6d.
Francis Yeats-Brown. Dogs of War! *Davies.* 6s.

MEDICAL

Frederic H. Bartlett. Infants and Children: Their Feeding and Growth. *Cassell.* 6s.
Frances Bruce Itram. New Patterns in Sex Teaching. *Appleton.* 7s. 6d.
I. Newton Kugelmass. Growing Superior Children. *Appleton.* 8s. 6d.
Thomas Legge. Industrial Maladies. *Oxford.*
Josef Löbel. Progress of Medicine. *Sidgwick and Jackson.* 7s. 6d.

MUSIC

Marion Bauer. Twentieth Century Music. *Putnam.* 12s. 6d.
H. C. Colles. Oxford History of Music, 1850–1900. Vol. VII *Milford.* 17s. 6d.
Sir Walford Davies. Music and Worship. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 5s.

Student Christian Movement Press

JOHN R. MOTT WORLD CITIZEN *Just Out*

By **BASIL MATHEWS.** 500 pp. with 40 pp. illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.

Dr. Mott has been one of the most influential and creative figures in the history of the world during the past forty years. This book tells something of the inspiring story of his life.

The famous Broadcast Talks *Just Out*

GOD AND THE WORLD THROUGH CHRISTIAN EYES

Series II. Uniform with Series I. 4s. net.

Taken together the two volumes form a unique exposition of the Christian faith and its modern meaning by responsible and representative writers.

TOWARDS REUNION *Just Out*

What the Churches Stand For. 1s. 6d. net.
Contributors: S. C. Carpenter, Townley Lord, Bernard L. Manning, Hugh Martin (Editor), A. Victor Murray, W. D. Niven, H. G. Wood.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

Twenty-five Sermons on Christianity To-day.

By H. E. Fosdick, D.D. Second Edition. 6s. net

"They are admirable in their virility of thought and expression . . . Very practical in their counsels."
Scots Observer.

Write for new Spring List

58, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1

The autobiography of A Liverpool Irish Slummy

By PAT O'MARA

'A document of real value . . . a terrifying and obviously honest record of conditions which obtain even to-day . . . an uncommonly fine piece of work, which no one to whom our social conditions are of concern can afford to miss.'—L. A. G. STRONG (*Spectator*)

'The frankest and most completely convincing account of life in the slums that I have ever read. . . . Read this book if you would see the facts about the very poor presented without the draping of polite sentimentalities.'—HOWARD SPRING (*Evening Standard*)

'Exciting and well written . . . a book which all types of reader will appreciate and enjoy.'—HAROLD NICOLSON (*Daily Telegraph*)

10s 6d net

The Tolpuddle Martyrs

By MARJORIE FIRTH and ARTHUR HOPKINSON

FOREWORD BY THE RT. HON. WALTER ELLIOT M.P.

'Thoughtful and interesting . . . a good account of the case and of the treatment and later fortunes of the men.'—*The Times*

'Particularly interesting.'—*Listener*

'A curious and revealing story . . . will be very widely read.'—*Morning Post*

3s 6d net

Russian Seesaw

By BARON MICHAEL BUDBERG

'One of the best adventure stories written. Books about Russia are legion, but this is one not to be missed.'—*Scotsman*

7s 6d net

*

Ready late Spring

Germany Unmasked

By ROBERT DELL

Mr. Dell recently spent several months in Berlin as Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*

Probably 5s net

An Oxonian Looks Back

By LEWIS R. FARNELL

Formerly Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University

Illustrated 16s net

Between the Oxus and the Indus

By COL. REGINALD SCHOMBERG

Author of *Peaks and Plains of Central Asia*

Illustrated About 15s net

MARTIN HOPKINSON 23 SOHO SQUARE

THE BOND

by

John Sorsky

Recommended by the Book Guild

This first novel is a thrilling tale of the Jews in old Russia; with moving simplicity it paints a picture that will stay long in the reader's mind. [7*s*. 6*d*.

STUDIES FROM LIFE

by

Hugh de Sélincourt [6s.

Five essays, 'portraits in words,' by an artist in writing and living. "His paper on the late A. H. Gilkes, Headmaster of Dulwich, is a moving tribute." *Observer*

"The psychological penetration, vivid description, and power of creating a memorable atmosphere which one associates with Mr. de Sélincourt's work are here shewn to fresh advantage." *The Times*

MAURICE DRAVIDOFF

by

S. L. Bensusan

"This (novel) is a serious and sensitive study of the musician's temperament." *The Times*

"Its message is a brave one and many of its details have a real beauty." *Observer*

A sequel to *Joan Winter* [7*s*. 6*d*.

GIVE ME MY ROBE URSULA LEIGH

A tale of Western Canada. "A fine study of feminine character." *New Britain* [7*s*. 6*d*.

FULL MOON BAY WILLIAM PENGREEP

Rivals race for Pacific island treasure. "Certainly a very exciting story." *Northern Echo* [7*s*. 6*d*.

UNDER THE LABEL J. B. TOMBLESON

Adventures with a thought-reading invention. "Of gripping interest." *Nottingham Journal* [7*s*. 6*d*.

THE UNICORN PRESS & JOHN HERITAGE

4 Featherstone Buildings, W.C.1

Dr. E. J. Dent, Edwin Evans, Julius Harrison, etc. The Musical Companion. *Gollancz.* 5s.
Lord Derwent. Rossini. *Duckworth.* 12s. 6d.
John Foulds. Music To-day. *Nicholson and Watson.* 10s. 6d.
Julius Harrison. Brahms and his Four Symphonies. *Chapman and Hall.* 15s.
Basil Hogarth. Sir Thomas Beechan. *Lane.* 5s.
Constant Lambert. Music Ho! *Faber.* 10s. 6d.
Kaikhosru Sorabji. Around Music. *Archer.* 15s.

PHILOSOPHY AND PSYCHOLOGY

J. W. Cox. Manual Skill, its Organisation and Development. *Cambridge Press.* 16s.
J. W. Dunne. The Serial Universe. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.
J. C. Flugel. Men and Their Motives. *Kegan Paul.* 10s. 6d.
Werner Jaeger. Aristotle: Fundamentals of the History of His Development. *Oxford Press.* 25s.
T. E. Jessop. A Bibliography of George Berkeley. *Oxford.* 7s. 6d.
W. M. Kranefeldt. Secret Ways of the Mind. *Kegan Paul.* 6s.
W. D. Lamont. Introduction to Green's Moral Philosophy. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s.
Max Loewenthal. Life and Soul. *Allen and Unwin.* 8s. 6d.
John Rickman. The Psychology of Crime. *Nisbet.* 5s.
L. Austine Waddell. The Buddhism of Tibet. *Heffer.* 25s.

POETRY

Alec Brown. Cranes at Sunrise. *Boriswood.* 5s.
John Drinkwater. A Pageant of England's Life: Presented by Her Poets. *Thornton Butterworth.* 10s. 6d.
G. Rostrevor Hamilton. John Lord, Satirist. *Heinemann.* 3s. 6d.
W. G. Hole. Listenings-In. *Allen and Unwin.* 5s.
Horace Horsnell. The Horoscope. *Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.
D. H. Lawrence. Selected Poems. *Secker.* 6s.
Hugh McDiarmid. First Hymn to Lenin and Other Poems. *Unicorn Press.* 10s. 6d.
Don Marquis. archys life of mehitabel. *Faber.* 6s.
John Mavrogordato. Elegies and Songs. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 2s.
Robert Nichols. Fisbo. *Heinemann.* 5s.
Edward B. Powley, Selected by. The Laurel Bough. *Bell.* 5s.
C. H. O. Scaife. Towards Corinth, O Englishman. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 3s. 6d.
Sylvia Townsend Warner and **Valentine Ackland.** Whether a Dove or Seagull. *Chatto and Windus.* 5s.
Maurice Wollman. An Anthology of Modern Verse. 1922–1934. *Macmillan.* 6s.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

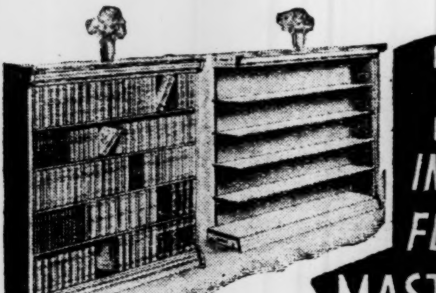
C. F. Andrews. Sadhu Sundar Singh. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 3s. 6d.
Rev. **P. M. Barry.** Some Adventures of Faith. *Heffer.* 2s. 6d.
Rev. **F. G. Belton.** Christian Ideals in Daily Life. *Mowbray.* 3s. 6d.
Rev. A. Chisholme. Conscience: Its Nature and Authority. *Nisbet.* 3s. 6d.
Herman Hagedom. History of the Group Movement. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 3s. 6d.
R. A. E. Holme. The Oxford Group. *Archer.* 6d.
Fr. Jerome. A Catholic Plea for Reunion. *Williams and Norgate.* 3s. 6d.
Roger B. Lloyd. The Religious Crisis. *Lovat Dickson.* 5s.
William McDougall. Religion and the Sciences. *Methuen.* 8s. 6d.
H. McLachlan. The Unitarian Movement in the Religious Life of England. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.
C. C. Martindale. Some Broadcast Sermons. *Sheed and Ward.* 2s. 6d.
S. H. Mellone. Western Christian Thought in the Middle Ages. *Blackwood.* 7s. 6d.
Alfred Noyes. The Unknown God. *Sheed and Ward.* 7s. 6d.
W. G. Peck. The Social Implications of the Oxford Movement. *Scribner's.* 7s. 6d.
Vivian Phelips. Modern Knowledge and Old Beliefs. *Watts.* 2s. 6d.
F. A. M. Spencer, Edited by. The Meaning of the Groups: A Symposium. *Methuen.* 5s.
Ray Strachey. Group Movements of the Past. *Faber.* 5s.
Very Rev. Francis Underhill. Christian Life in the Modern World. *Mowbray.* 6s.
Clement C. J. Webb. Religion and Theism. *Allen and Unwin.* 4s. 6d.

SCIENCE

Handbook of Aeronautics. *Pitman.* 15s.
Paul Russell Anderson. Science in Defence of Liberal Religion. *Putnam.* 12s. 6d.
C. H. Douglas Clark. The Electronic Structure and Properties of Matter. *Chapman and Hall.* 18s.
J. G. Crowther. The Progress of Science. *Kegan Paul.* 12s. 6d.
A. H. Davis. Modern Acoustics. *Bell.* 30s.
Dr. Auguste Forel. The Social World of the Ants. *Putnam.* 25s.
T. H. Gillespie. Is It Cruel? A Study of the Condition of Captive and Performing Animals. *Jenkins.* 6s.
William King Gregory. Man's Place Among the Anthropoids. *Oxford Press.* 6s.
Charles W. R. Hooker. What is the Fourth Dimension? *Black.* 5s.
Prof. Julian Huxley, Prof. Sir W. H. Bragg, etc. Scientific Research and Social Needs. *Watts.* 7s. 6d.
Dr. Leopold Infeld. The World in Modern Science. *Gollancz.* 5s.
Prof. Sir Arthur Keith. The Construction of Man's Family Tree. *Watts.* 1s.
Morton Mott-Smith. The Story of Energy. *Appleton.* 6s.
D. Stark Murray. The Laboratory: Its Place in the Modern World. *Fenland Press.* 2s.
J. H. Reyner. A Book on Television. *Chapman and Hall.* 10s. 6d.
E. S. Russell. The Behaviour of Animals. *Arnold.* 10s. 6d.
Arnold Sommerfeld. Atomic Structure and Spectral Lines. *Methuen.* 32s.
Sir J. Arthur Thomson (Planned and arranged by). Science To-day. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 8s. 6d.
C. M. Yonge. The A.B.C. of Biology. *Kegan Paul.* 4s. 6d.

SOCIOLOGY

Arthur Bryant. The National Character. *Longmans.* 5s.
Julius Hecker. Russian Sociology. *Chapman and Hall.* 8s. 6d.
Julian Huxley. We Europeans. *Cape.* 5s.
C. E. M. Joad, H. G. Wells, etc. Manifesto: Book of the F.P.S.I. *Allen and Unwin.* 6s.
Paul Radin. The Racial Myth. *McGraw Hill.* 6s.
D. Westermann. The African To-day. *Milford.* 7s. 6d.



3 IMPORTANT FEATURES OF MASTERCRAFT PORTABLE SHELVING

① **PORTABLE & EXTENSIBLE**
It grows with your needs and additional bays may be added at any time.

② **ADJUSTABLE SHELVING**
All shelves are adjustable to suit the varying heights of your books.

③ **EASILY ERECTED**
An initial bay can be put together in a few minutes without technical skill. The shelving is handsome in appearance, durable and inexpensive.

DWARF HEIGHT
Initial Bay, 4′ 6″ × 3′ 2½″ × 8″
£3 : 3 : 0
(Back 8/-)

FULL HEIGHT
Initial Bay, 7′ 6″ × 3′ 2½″ × 8″
£4 : 0 : 0
(Back 15/-)

Also made in Oak.

Carriage Paid in Great Britain

OTHER DESIGNS FROM 35/-

USE THIS COUPON NOW

LIBRACO LTD., 62, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4
Please send me POST FREE a copy of your Illustrated List No. 31
NAME
ADDRESS

STALIN REPORTS ON THE SOVIET UNION

80 pages 1/- cloth

Full review and perspective by the leading authority. Dramatic and detailed—very clear and simple language.

FROM THE 1ST TO THE 2ND 5-YEAR PLAN

J. Stalin and other leaders. 485 pages. 6/-

COLONIAL POLICY OF BRITISH IMPERIALISM

Ralph Fox. 5/-

WAR FOR THE LAND IN IRELAND

Brian O'Neill. 5/-

"A new experience. A contemporary document."
—*New Statesman.*

COMING:

LENIN ON BRITAIN (March 21st) 8/6

FASCISM R. P. Dutt. (May) 5/-

THE ROOSEVELT ILLUSION

E. Burns and F. Roy. (March 28th) 2/-

MARTIN LAWRENCE, 33 Gt. James St., London, W.C.1

HEINE: A LIFE BETWEEN PAST & FUTURE

By LUDWIG MARCUSE,

translated by L. M. Sieveking and Ian F. D. Morrow.

With 6 Illustrations. Square 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

"The most interesting life of HEINE that we remember to have read"—*The Times.*

THE MAKING OF VERSE: A GUIDE TO ENGLISH METRES

By ROBERT SWANN and FRANK SIDGWICK.

Desmond MacCarthy, broadcasting, said:

"Get 'The Making of Verse.'" 3s. 6d. net.

THIRD SERIES OF

HERE AND THERE

The Only Version in Book Form of

Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL'S

Famous Broadcast Talks for Children on Great World Movements, Current Events, etc. 2s. 6d. net.

"Brilliant little sketches"—*Week-End Review.*

STOBART'S THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE

New Edition, Brought Up to Date and Profusely Illustrated. At Half Former Price. 10s. 6d. net.

SIDGWICK & JACKSON, LTD.
44, MUSEUM ST., LONDON, W.C.1

A SEQUEL TO
"The Churches and Modern Thought"
(1s. net, by post 1s. 3d.)
of which 50,000 copies have been sold.

Modern Knowledge and Old Beliefs

By VIVIAN PHELIPS

A suggestive and informative study, written in a clear and attractive style, of the consequences of the impact of modern knowledge upon orthodox religious views.

JUST WHAT THE PLAIN MAN WANTS

CLOTH BOUND 2/6 NET by post 2s. 10d.

of all Booksellers or by post from:

PAPER COVER 1/- NET by post 1s. 3d.

WATTS & CO., Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

THE STAR PUBLISHING AGENCY

FOR ALL BOOKS BY:—

KRISHNAMURTI

— AND BOOKS ABOUT HIM

Popular Edition of

LIFE IN FREEDOM

In distinctive paper cover

1/9, post free 2/-

Write for price list. New address:

Crown House, 147, Regent St.,
London, W.1. Tel.: Reg. 6581

Important New Books

FRANCES MOCATTA

YESTERDAY'S DAUGHTER — *7′6 net*

'Mother and daughter stand out in monumental perspective.' — *Daily Telegraph.*
'An excellent reconstruction of a common domestic tragedy.' — *Glasgow Herald.*
'It is a brave book. I can strongly recommend it.' — *Edward Crickmay in the Sunday Referee.*
'It is a candid and remorseless study.' — *Sphere.*

READY NEXT FRIDAY

IS IT CRUEL?

A Study of the Conditions of Captive and Performing Animals

By *T. H. GILLESPIE* — *Illustrated* — *6′- net*

Mr. Gillespie is the Director of the Zoological Park, Edinburgh, and is the author of several well-known books.

REAL LIFE STORIES

By *"CHEIRO"* — *Illustrated* — *8′6 net*

This is a book of reminiscences of the world-famous seer, "Cheiro." He describes some extraordinary experiences which he has encountered all over the world.

EDGAR JEPSON

THE GRINNING AVENGER — *7′6 net*

'Packed full of thrills . . . an exciting chase from first to last shot.' — *Dorothy L. Sayers.*
'Mr. Jepson assuredly writes a thrilling thriller . . . the story is packed with action.' — *Scotsman.*
'Has those gripping qualities which mark a genuine thriller.' — *Glasgow Evening News.*
'Thrilling glimpses of the American Underworld.' — *Glasgow Herald.*

READY NEXT FRIDAY

P. G. WODEHOUSE — **Thank You, Jeeves**
ROY BROOKS — **David Gilderfield**
CHARLES RUSHTON — **Another Crime**

7′6 net

WYNDHAM MARTYN

DEATH BY THE LAKE — *7′6 net*

Wyndham Martyn, whose Anthony Trent stories are world famous, describes in this novel the latest of Trent's stirring adventures. For high-power thrills and sustained excitement this narrative will commend itself to many thousands of readers.

HERBERT JENKINS, LTD.

ZIONISM AND THE JEW

The Jews in the Modern World. By ARTHUR RUPPIN. *Macmillan.* 15s.

Palestine. By NORMAN BENTWICH. *Benn.* 21s.

The Jew To-day. By SIDNEY DARK. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 8s. 6d.

Of these three books the most solid is Dr. Ruppin's, the most readable is Professor Bentwich's, and the most arresting is, perhaps, Mr. Dark's. Dr. Ruppin has taken infinite pains in assembling all the available facts about the Jews, so far as they are the kind of facts which can be illustrated by statistics. His array of figures is impressive, and the only criticism to be made of it is that he does not always indicate his sources. He has done his work with an almost bleak objectivity, but an illuminating commentary is provided by Professor Namier in his brilliant, provocative and rather pessimistic introduction. Professor Bentwich's book is not about the Jews, but about Palestine. It is not addressed to specialists; it is a plain, straightforward narrative for the general reader, and as such it fulfils its purpose admirably. Professor Bentwich does not attempt—why should he?—to disguise his Zionist sympathies, but he has been scrupulously fair, as well as singularly skilful, in his selection of facts. The facts, however, speak for themselves; from whatever standpoint the history of Palestine may be written, the Jewish motif must inevitably predominate.

It might be as well if no one were allowed to read Mr. Dark's book until he had mastered the other two. He would find them a useful corrective. He would realise, for example, that when Mr. Dark speaks of "the Jews," he is really thinking in the main of that small fraction of the sixteen million Jews of the world which inhabits Western and Central Europe, and among these of the 300,000 Jews of the British Isles, and among these, again, of the still smaller group of middle-class Jews of English birth. He has little or nothing to say either of the seven million Jews of Eastern Europe—the real core and kernel of the Jewish tragedy—or of the four million Jews of the United States. Of the whole sixteen millions these two concentrated masses represent some 70 per cent.

Nevertheless, Mr. Dark's book is not, indeed, the most valuable, but in one sense the most arresting of the three, because of its unspoken and unintended implications. Take a passage like this. Mr. Dark's point is that the persons behind the Armaments Ring are not Jews. He mentions Sir Basil Zaharoff and observes that "if Sir Basil were a Jew, the anti-Semites would have a case indeed, but, fortunately, he is not." Suppose, unfortunately, he were? Mr. X is an English Jew who has as much control over Sir Basil Zaharoff as he has over the man in the moon. He is just an ordinary respectable citizen. Is he really in this position—that if a few unpopular and prominent individuals at the other end of Europe should turn out to be Jews, he must not be surprised to be told that "the anti-Semites have a case"; in other words, that his whole status depends on his being able to satisfy someone or other that so-and-so is not a Jew after all? There might be some sense in it if the Jews formed an organised society with its own economic and social life. It might then conceivably be suggested that if the institutions of that society are such as to produce unattractive characters, those who created or tolerated such institutions must share the blame. But even this austere theory has no application to the Jews. And yet, "if Sir Basil Zaharoff were a Jew, the anti-Semites would have a case." What is a Jew to make of it?

Take, again, Mr. Dark's main contention. Nearly a fourth of his book is occupied by a chapter entitled "Does the Jew Matter?" The conclusion reached is that he does not. Mr. Dark seeks laboriously to demonstrate that there is no important sphere of human activity in which Jews do not play a relatively insignificant role. "Don't be afraid of the Jews," is the argument; "there is nothing to be afraid of; with a few exceptions, Jews are really quite second-rate." Once again, what is a Jew to make of it? Is he to conclude that the Jews' sure shield is their obscurity, and that they must at all costs hide their light under a bushel? Is he being warned that it is almost as dangerous to all the other Jews for any Jew to be brilliant and successful as it is for him to be disreputable and unpopular? Why should the Jews be singled out for the humiliation of such a defence? Why should they suffer the humiliation of having to be defended at all? I, for one, am not aware that I need to make excuses for existing—still less to have my existence excused by someone else on the ground that I am, after all, a nonentity. Yet Mr. Dark is a cultivated and liberal-minded man, and he, at any rate, seems to think otherwise. Speaking of the Jews as a whole, and not merely of the tiny minority which is familiar to Mr. Dark, I remarked in a book which Mr. Dark does me the honour of quoting that "the Jews are hardly anywhere at ease." I thought this was a platitude. Mr. Dark calls it "a rhetorical exaggeration." Suppose he belonged to a group about which someone had written, in the friendliest spirit, the kind of book which he has written about the Jews. Would it make him glow with satisfaction?

LEONARD STEIN

A GUIDE-BOOK TO GREECE

From Olympus to the Styx. By F. L. and PRUDENCE LUCAS. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.

There is an instructive, but at moments somewhat painful, pastime which consists of imagining just what one would do if a hundred pound note suddenly dropped from a clear sky at one's feet. Dissipation at home or travel abroad? In Sicily, round the limestone plateau whence the yellow temples of Agrigentum look towards the sea, the almonds are already in flower and have filled the volcanic rutted plain with explosions of pink and white blossom. Or perhaps it would be more adventurous to go to Greece? Mr. and Mrs. Lucas have written a charming guide-book that provokes these and other questions in their most acute and exasperating form, a narrative that brings back the austerity of the Attic landscape, the richness of Peloponnesian valleys, the sleepy and luxurious charm of Sparta, its red-purple mountains rising beyond, the naked beauty of Arcadian hillsides and the somniferous pine groves of Olympia, with frogs ceaselessly quacking from the bed of Alpheius, all on the further side of a financial chasm.

One reader, at least, must take refuge in memory. As far as I have been able to check the various stages of Mr. and Mrs. Lucas's prolonged and discursive expedition—from Athens to Mycenae and Tiryns, from Nauplia to Sparta (a journey which can be made by crossing the Gulf of Nauplia in a sailing boat and travelling on foot, from Astros, on the western shore, by way of those

WILLIAM MORRIS
Paul Bloomfield
10/- net

The Bookman:
'Mr. Paul Bloomfield's full and first-rate biography'

●

ARTHUR BARKER LTD.
21 GARRICK STREET
COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2

beautiful villages Hagios Petros and Hagios Joannis), from Sparta through the Kalamata Gorge and, by train, from Kalamata to Olympia, or alternatively from Sparta to Megalopolis, Karýtaena and Bassae—they seem to possess all the qualifications of well-informed, intelligent and sympathetic guides. They have a weakness, it must be admitted, for guide-book jargon. One could wish, for instance, that the Emperor Caligula was not inevitably "the mad Caligula," and that a certain stiffness, indeed primness, of phraseology—" . . . As the water of the Alpheius is chalky and little fit to drink, the aqueduct of Herodes must have been doubly acceptable. True the philosopher Peregrinus, according to Lucian, denounced such luxury on the ground that the spectators should religiously endure their thirst, till death if necessary; but he was only stoned for his pains"—did not give their prose a slightly pedagogic flavour.

As a practical guide, however, the book is excellent. It is always annoying to learn, after a lapse of several days, that a blear-looking, stagnant sheet of water, glimpsed from the train, has its place in mythology as the lake into which a nymph plunged or from which a monster, killed by Heracles, rose to devastate the surrounding regions; and with the help of this informative and lively handbook such omissions will seldom overtake the romantic sightseer. Here are frequent references to modern poetry. Greece, for Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, is not only the country of Alcibiades and Sophocles; it is also the poetic stamping-ground of Byron and Chateaubriand. It is a visionary landscape in Milton's brain:

Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more
  By sandy Ladon's lillied banks,
On old Lycaeus or Cyllene hoar
  Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
  A better soil shall give ye thanks.

From Olympus to the Styx is not a "travel-book," in the broader or more ambitious sense of the term—but then, modern travel-books are disappointing. It is a sensible, clearly written admirable guide, which should be reprinted at five shillings, with a good index.

H. G.

Good printing *can* cost more than poor printing, and poor printing as much as good printing. When all's said and done, composing and printing with good types costs no more than with bad ones. You have only to find a printer who has the good ones and then it is up to you, generally, to know how to use them. And this is where printers *can* charge extra for good printing—if they are expected to supply the taste as well as the types.

This is precisely where Richmond Towers can and do come in. They will lay out a job, combining sound business judgement with technical knowledge and good taste, yet you will find that their estimate for good printing is no more, and probably less, than you have often paid before for jobs that have not satisfied you.

How do they do it? Well, let them come along and tell you. Ten minutes may save you many pounds on your printing bills.

ESTIMATES AND ADVICE FREE

RICHMOND TOWERS
12 HENRIETTA STREET, W.C.2
Temple Bar 3651-4

GEORGE LANSBURY

My Father. By EDGAR LANSBURY. *Sampson Low*, 8*s*. 6*d*.

There are some people one can get to know better in books than one could in life—in their own books or books about them. Close people like these, secret people, give the great chance to a biographer. He deals in revelations, not in repetitions. George Lansbury does not give this chance. His life is as wide open as that of American movie stars, though for much better reasons. When I say, then, that Mr. Edgar Lansbury's book is in some ways like the "stories" good journalists provide for film fans, I mean it as unqualified praise. These others ferret out and force upon us irrelevant intimacies about clothes and shaving and food, and the likes and dislikes of their heroes; but Mr. Edgar Lansbury's not dissimilar intimacies are inevitable in any graphic account of George Lansbury. The fact is that the subject of this book, a kind of memory-jogging scrap-book, has no private life; not because of the intrusion of journalists but because from the early morning visit to the barber's shop in Bow (where you pay an extra halfpenny for a reserved mug, soap and brush) to the evening "Monster Demonsteration" in a provincial town, and the even later gathering of unknown friends in the house of his host, he is living a continuously public life—or rather is living his private life continuously in public. That is essential Lansbury; and this book is essential Lansbury.

My Father is not a continuous story; and the swift changes of time and subject matter will probably annoy the man who simply "likes biographies." But this method, if it is a method, definitely succeeds in presenting a kind of moving picture (moving in both senses of the word) of a great man who could never sit still.

If the arrangement is only fortuitously effective, the material itself is well gathered and the writing-up excellent. Mr. Edgar Lansbury finds the proper word to redeem even a *cliché*: George Lansbury at a drawing-room party would be "like a bear in a china shop." That is nicely observed. I have never seen George Lansbury look like a bull—but often like a bear. His son says: "Walk with him one day across London and you will hear him greeted intimately by scores of people whom he had never seen in his life." The just word here is "intimately." Again,

> If you saw George Lansbury in the tube or on a bus, or just walking along the road one morning, and felt inclined to talk, you would start right away without bothering about an introduction. You might open with "Hullo, George," and it's ten to one his response would be "Hullo, brother, how's the war?" (quite irrelevant to any war in particular yet subtly relevant to affairs in general). Or if it suited your style (and it would if you were a politically minded workman) you might venture: "How goes it, George, you didn't half give old Churchill a caning last night!"
>
> Such openings as these or any others even remotely indicating a knowledge of or interest in public affairs would serve to establish a friendship that would last until he got off the bus, out of the tube, or arrived at the barber's shop or the House of Commons or wherever it was he was going to. He would open his heart and his mind and boom out his ideas with enthusiasm and sincerity whether your subject was politics, the dole, Gandhi, De Valera, the leg-theory, anti-vaccination, your wife's bad temper, the Loch Ness Monster, or the vague obsessions and apprehensions of humanity at large.

Here, the knowing phrase is "establish a friendship." Other men can condescend, or be polite, or be genuinely interested, or be plain "hearty" for the few minutes of a bus ride, but George Lansbury will offer friendship; and you may well know as much about him, if you are the kind he takes to, in half-an-hour as you will learn by years of close contact. He has nothing to hide, and he doesn't hide it.

Mr. Edgar Lansbury repeats here what must be one of the prettiest phrases ever to appear in an official report of the old Local Government Board. The L.G.B. Inspector had been investigating a Poplar "scandal." Only ten of twenty-four Guardians were Labour, yet Lansbury's policies were consistently adopted. "Mr. Lansbury explains this by saying that he and Mr. Crooks overawed the other Guardians by their sweet reasonableness."

Not the least satisfying portions of Mr. Edgar Lansbury's book are those in which the writer is himself, and not his father's biographer. His account of the Poplar councillors' prison-going (for which he was largely responsible) is both brief and meaty; his passages about the ex-Labour "National" Ministers shows a wise discrimination even in his contempts; and his views on "the system" of Capitalist exploitation are not made sterile by the jargon of controversy. I should have liked more of these; indeed,

from JONATHAN CAPE'S LIST of new books

Life in the United States

'Scribners Magazine offered a prize for the best first-hand experience of contemporary life in the United States. The resulting book has the exuberance and sweep of a poem of Whitman's. Individually the stories are admirable, but the effect of the book as a whole is better still, for it succeeds in giving a vast and varied picture of the whole country, and the reader becomes aware of teeming worlds of human life, almost as isolated from each other as planets are in space.'

DAVID GARNETT in the STATESMAN

Winner Take Nothing

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

'. . . I find only extreme vividness and extreme beauty. Hemingway seems to me like a Dutch painter: a master of still life . . . every one of these stories has something beautiful in it for which one must be grateful.'

DAVID GARNETT in the STATESMAN

'He is the most brilliant story-writer of his generation. At his best he is as good as the best of Maupassant.'

GERALD GOULD in the Observer

The Woman who had Imagination

H. E. BATES

'Mr. H. E. Bates is, to the critically minded reader, a continuously exciting writer, for with all his accomplishment he has not yet ceased to grow. He remains primarily an objective writer, and when method and matter meet in a perfect marriage the triumph is absolute. There is one such story here, "The Gleaner." There are other stories only less lovely, which display more plainly Mr. Bates's richly varied talents and his technical virtuosity.'

THE TIMES [Literary Supplement]

Crack of Doom

HUGH EDWARDS

'The pattern of "Crack of Doom" is subtle, original, and in three dimensions. It is compounded of pirate ancestry, crossed blood, West Indian skies, passionate love and cataclysm. It is an arresting pattern, and Mr. Edwards's pen fills it lovingly. At his best he conveys atmosphere and character like a master, and his work, in subject, approach and manner, is all his own.'

L. A. G. STRONG

Preparing for Power

A Critical Study of the History of the British Working Class Movement.

J. T. MURPHY, with a foreword by SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, K.C., M.P.

'Mr. Murphy's hope lies in a revolutionary proletariat, and the most valuable part of his book is a first-hand account of the way in which the shop-stewards movement was able, under war conditions, to force the pace in working-class policy.'

KINGSLEY MARTIN in the STATESMAN 6s. net

Critique of Poetry

MICHAEL ROBERTS

'He has all the gifts and most of the acquirements. He has imagination, patience and respect. He has scholarship, intellectual vigour, and a mature prose style. His "Critique of Poetry" is astonishingly full of insight, sound judgment and that inspiration which one recognises instinctively as being true and permanent.
He is a critic who commands one's attention.'

RICHARD CHURCH in the STATESMAN 7s. 6d. net

'T. E. Lawrence:' in Arabia and After

LIDDELL HART

'Excepting the almost mythical "Seven Pillars," there is no better account of the Arabian campaign than this, and no more living portrait of Lawrence: nor is there likely to be . . . Lenin and Lawrence seem to me the two whose lives exemplify most completely what is best and significant in our time, our nearest approach to a synthesis of feeling and reason, act and thought, the most potent agents of freedom and, to us, egotistical underlings, the most relevant accusation and hope.'

W. H. AUDEN 15s. net

Pirate Junk

CLIFFORD JOHNSON

Five Months Captivity with Manchurian Bandits

'As an experiment in what may be called the literary photography of experience this book is more completely successful, and more completely unaffected than anything I have come across.' From the Introduction by PETER FLEMING 7s. 6d. net

JONATHAN CAPE, THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON

one would have liked more of the whole book. It would have been better qualitatively as well as quantitatively; for the proportions would have been better kept. As it is, everyone who has met George Lansbury and everyone who would like to meet him will enjoy his son's miscellany. It will not explain him to his enemies, nor justify him to doubters: but it gives me, for one, something of the feeling that George Lansbury's own handshake gave me when first I met him twenty-one years ago. FRANCIS MEYNELL

THE APPROACH TO POLITICS

Profits and Politics. By R. D. CHARQUES and A. H. EWEN. *Gollancz.* 5s.

The Transition to Democracy, 1867-1914. By O. F. CHRISTIE. *Routledge.* 12s. 6d.

The Threshold of the Victorian Age. By GAMALIEL MILNER. *Williams and Norgate.* 10s. 6d.

I have deliberately grouped these dissimilar books together, because it is time that people realised that politics and history are one. Every interpretation of the past is an interpretation of the present, and every book on current politics implies an historical philosophy or the lack of it. In the nineteenth century, history was mainly written by Whigs who saw the past as a steady progress towards a more prosperous and democratic future. To them the ruling forces in society were the political ideas that politicians talked about. The questions at issue were the slower or faster application of the moderate doctrines of 1689, which had been given unnecessarily violent expression in the French Revolution. Only occasional cranks like Buckle or Marx seriously set themselves the task of understanding the economic forces which formed the matrix within which the politicians worked and the philosophers theorised. Students of social psychology like Baghot were even rarer, and to-day it is still possible for historians to write as if no one had ever exploded the idealistic historical theories of the past. As a result, students who have now discovered the strength of economic forces react violently in the opposite direction, and are apt to write as if individuals did not count at all and as if the form in which ideas are put forward had not influenced historical evolution. We still want in this country a school of historians—Mr. Tawney is a conspicuous exception—who make a serious effort to relate the economic and psychological factors in history.

Mr. Milner's *Threshold of the Victorian Age* is a pleasantly written book which provides a perfect example of meaningless history. It deals with parties under George IV and the character of William IV, with the agitations about the Reform Bill, about slavery and the New Poor Law and Ireland, with Lord Melbourne, the Oxford Movement, Carlyle, Tennyson, with the Peasants' Revolt of 1830, and with Chartism. All these are subjects of separate and essentially unrelated chapters, and Mr. Milner is capable of ending a chapter on Chartism with the remark that the discontent which it embodied "did not pass away until 1848."

Mr. Christie's book is more considerable. It is interesting for its wide collection of facts and quotations from the less-known sources. It contains a good deal of useful information about the nineteenth century. It does not totally ignore either psychology or economics. For instance, he devotes an informative chapter to the "decay of the squire." But how little grasp he has of historical causation may be gathered from the fact that in a chapter on "Democracy and War," in which he discusses the events that led up to 1914, he goes so far as to remark àpropos our new friendship with France, that "the real turn came in 1903, when King Edward visited France and by his charm of manner overcame all the anti-English feeling."

Now historians may differ about the degree of King Edward's influence and the significance of the mutual hostility of King Edward and the Kaiser. But in any serious analysis of the factors leading to the war of 1914, it is worth no more than a casual mention. The war was a clash of economic groups at work within political sovereign States, and the kings and statesmen played but a secondary and subservient role. If we were to accept the thesis put forward in *Profits and Politics,* individuals do not count at all. In an extremely valuable and candid book the authors analyse the relations of States since the war in terms of the fluctuations of economic interests. The result is a highly instructive study, which throws light on events which make sheer nonsense when treated in idealistic terms. The anatomy of British, French, German, American, Japanese and Polish policy is put before us without comment or comfort. We are left to draw our own conclusions from an unsparing analysis of facts which are seldom mentioned by politicians or journalists. The book will fascinate readers who have not realised the extent to which political policies are the reflection of economic interests. To people who already appreciate the relation of profits to politics, the book will seem rather colourless and flat. For the excitement of past history and of current politics lies in the struggle of groups and individuals to escape from the determinism of forces which only bind us because we do not understand them. Mr. Charques and Mr. Ewen are to be congratulated on a book which materially helps towards this understanding. KINGSLEY MARTIN

BELOW THE BELT

Exploring the Unconscious. By GEORG GRODDECK. *Daniel.* 7s. 6d.

There are two "leaders" who appear, irresoluble, warring sediments, at the bottom of almost all reviews, books, essays and manifestoes produced by the more remarkable among our youth. While I. A. Richards rarely goes unmentioned, and Wyndham Lewis might continue a list of easily recalled competitors, there remain—one may begin to say, year after year—Lawrence and Eliot. Linked, in spite of every mutual discomfort and astonishment, they stay the twin tyrants, their uneasy partnership exemplifying to perfection the divided allegiance of the contemporary mind. Each is constantly called in to redress the balance of the other. No sooner has Eliot, in the interests of Church, King and Classicism, almost succeeded in extinguishing life in a given subject than his irresolute pupils hustle in Lawrence to give a blood transfusion. Some of us find it less odd than others, of course, that the pupils cannot quite face being in at the death. But, whatever one's predilection may be, it is this ineradicable sentimentality that enables such minor professors of the "romantic" point of view as Herr Groddeck still to be read.

Read though he may be, however, we have here a candidate admirably equipped for unpopularity. While a book like *Fantasia of the Unconscious* can be glossed over as coming from an amateur like Lawrence, I cannot see a qualified doctor and psychologist being permitted to cut parallel capers. He is, in fact, regarded as

FINE COGNAC—

AGED in wood. The perfect Brandy. The finest Liqueur. Even the glasses reflect the shadow of the cask in which Cordon Bleu is matured for 35 years.

MARTELL'S
CORDON BLEU

GPO

TRUNK CALLS *without waiting*

'ON DEMAND' SYSTEM NOW IN FULL SWING

YOU CAN now get a trunk telephone call put through to almost any part of the country in two minutes. To effect this speeding-up of long-distance telephony has cost the Post Office over £500,000 and years of research.

This new 'On Demand' Trunk Service makes it as simple a matter to converse with business firms or friends hundreds of miles away as to put through a local call.

You merely ask for your number, listen to your call picking up its several connexions, and in an average space of two minutes you are speaking to the person you want! No need now to hang up and stand by for the call to come through.

The business man will appreciate at once the benefits that the new service confers. The woman at home will be delighted at the ease with which she can now speak to her friends across half-a-dozen counties. She will also do well to remember that the trunk call rates are greatly reduced in the evening after 7 p.m.

GET ON THE TELEPHONE

reprehensibly skittish for a recognised authority. A man who can speculate so blithely, for instance, on pre-natal musical experience ("No doubt the swaying movement of the child within the mother's body, etc.") must expect to disquiet the orthodox.

But for those of us who always wondered if there might not be something to be said for Lawrence's ridiculed concentration on the stomach rather than the head it is extremely interesting to find support for his divinations coming from one who is undoubtedly an accomplished physician. "Countless incidents of ordinary life give evidence that in certain circumstances the belly-mind is felt to be in opposition to, and dangerous to, the head-mind and the breast-mind." This is a characteristically Lawrence-like passage from Herr Groddeck's book, the first half of which is mainly concerned with explaining his applications of psycho-therapy to physical ailments. The evidence is adduced, and those who automatically distrust readability will consider, with suspicious brilliance, from clinical medicine, etymology and literature. One of the most absorbing sections deals with constipation, in treating which the author has not prescribed one aperient in the last ten years. "Constipation," he says, "is a mode of expression by the It, which declares, 'What is required of me is not yet delivered; I have not yet finished what I have in mind; I wish people to allow me time.'" Later in the book, in differentiating his conception of the It from that of Freud, he gives us the secret of his theoretical basis. "A second hypothesis of mine has also very little to do with Freudian psycho-analysis; I take it that the It is always purposeful in its actions, and that every case of illness therefore expresses something. Disease for me is a kind of speech, the meaning of which I, as a doctor, must try and interpret, and then decide my treatment accordingly. In my unscientific phraseology, the It, when it wishes for any reason to be ill, chooses something from the mass of possible means in the world around. . . . For instance, a stone or a bit of orange peel to slip over and get a broken leg if it does not want to tread the path that lies before it, or it infects itself with some bacillus in order to work off an inconvenient emotion in the form of a high fever."

The second half of the work contains essays on unconscious symbolism in art, and examples are taken from Goethe (Goethe's extraordinary expeditions into physics, and the more modern Anthroposophy, often come to mind in reading this volume), Wagner and Ibsen. Writing of Siegfried, Herr Groddeck says, "Whoever could grasp this truth, and keep it constantly in mind, that all love is love between mother and child, that everything else in love is merely a game and as such inessential, that love is never to be sought in the sexual act as such, nor can faith be broken in this way, that all that is real goes on in the unconscious and never in the conscious mind, such a one would have learned a great deal. . . . Brünnhilde comes to it, but only when Siegfried is dead. It is a matter of common observation that a woman who is widowed grows to be free and wise and happy."

The quotations I have given will enable anyone to decide whether these pages hold an appeal for him. He will have already judged it, possibly, as being either sympathetic, entertaining and instructive, or as being specious mysticism. For although he may scramble sedulously from one to the other, he can never be on both sides at once of that valley that divides, and yet unites, the two countries of the modern mind. BRIAN HOWARD

The cheapest way of borrowing the best books is through

W. H. SMITH & SON'S NEW LIBRARY SERVICE

Graded services to suit all requirements:

CLASS "B"—The cheapest library service of all, 1/3 for one month.
CLASS "A"—All the books on the library shelves, 3/6 for one month.
PREFERENTIAL—Books specially bought in for subscribers, 5/6 for one month.
Cheaper rates for longer periods

Subscribers may exchange books as often as they like at over 700 branches

Day-by-Day service at 2d. and 3d. per volume for casual borrowers.

ASK FOR PROSPECTUS AT ANY BRANCH OF

W. H. SMITH & SON

NEWSAGENTS : BOOKSELLERS : LIBRARIANS : STATIONERS
PRINTERS : BOOKBINDERS : ADVERTISING AGENTS
Head Office: W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD., Strand House, Portugal Street, London, W.C.2

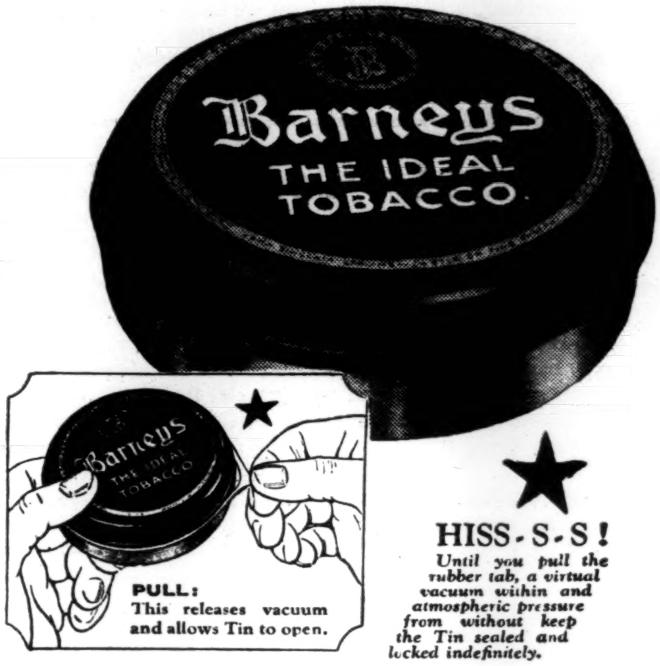
About Motoring

THE MAIN CAUSE OF ROAD ACCIDENTS

PANIC legislation is always bad legislation. The appalling toll of road casualties at the present moment tends to stampede public opinion into a species of hysteria; and hysteria cannot inspire sound action except by some colossal fluke. When we examine the experience of other countries and contrast it with our own, certain factors are unearthed which go far towards identifying the real cause of our troubles. For example, America, France and Great Britain have kept traffic records throughout the crucial decade in which road traffic developed into a menace against human life. If the traffic density of these three countries is considered in terms of the number of motor vehicles registered by each nation in proportion to the miles of road in each land, road traffic in Great Britain is about four times as dense as it is in France, and about half as dense again as in America. If other factors were identical in all three countries, we should naturally expect the ratio of road deaths in the three countries per 1,000 vehicles registered to be one for France, four for Great Britain, and 2⅔ for the United States. But this ratio is completely wide of the actual records. In Great Britain there are about 2¾ deaths per 1,000 vehicles registered; in France, about 2⅛; and in America about 1⅕. If these figures are isolated, they could prove nothing, but would suggest that national psychology must furnish the key to the problem. So let us confront them with another factor, viz., that in all three countries since 1928 the increase in accidents has exceeded the increase in the number of vehicles registered. As these crucial five years have not witnessed any appreciable increase in the potential speed of cars, or even any substantial rise in the road speeds habitually employed by drivers, we are driven to conclude that the roads of all three countries are tending to become "saturated"; i.e., that congestion has reached such a pitch that the human element is unable to cope with traffic emergencies as successfully as when the roads were comparatively empty. Overcrowding is definitely identified as the root cause of the holocaust.

We are still without a clue to the very significant contrast in the three percentages of casualties; and we must seek it in the more nebulous sphere of personal observation and material circumstances. In America beyond all contradiction town and city traffic are far better drilled than in Great Britain. We are, in fact, a very conservative nation in all matters affecting traffic control. We lagged far behind France and America in abolishing the speed limit, in promulgating a modern traffic law, and in revising our road code. We were very late in adopting robot signals, and we still continue to erect robots which are notoriously inferior to the German model, which incorporates a device signalling that a change from red to green or green to red is imminent, so as to obviate that fatal scramble just as the colours change. We were very slow to employ traffic police and pointsmen. Even to this day we have made no attempt whatever to determine the right of way at road junctions. In French cities and in America the jaywalker is being progressively subjected to

Sweet, fragrant & factory-fresh



PULL:
This releases vacuum and allows Tin to open.

HISS-S-S!
Until you pull the rubber tab, a virtual vacuum within and atmospheric pressure from without keep the Tin sealed and locked indefinitely.

IF you smoke a Mixture, you will probably like Barneys very much. Barneys, amongst Mixtures, is *uncommonly* good and that means all it says, since *goodness*, honestly and consistently maintained, is not more readily encountered amongst Tobaccos than amongst other products, nowadays.

On top of Barneys *goodness*, we claim that there is no other method of packing Tobacco which ensures the same degree of *freshness* as the Barneys "EverFresh" tin. It would avail a manufacturer but little to put all he knows into a Tobacco and then for it to reach the smoker with its freshness impaired, its "bloom gone." Good Tobacco can suffer much through climatic change and faulty stock-keeping.

So Barneys is packed in a Tin which is seamless, solderless *and airless*. The remotest smoker gets his Barneys in all its first freshness—sweet, moist and fragrant as when it left its Tyneside home. Barneys in its *exclusive* "EverFresh" Tin is *Factory-fresh* through all the World.

Barneys

BARNEYS IDEAL
In three strengths: 1/2*d. oz.*
Barneys (*medium*) suits the average smoker; Parsons Pleasure is *mild* .... for gentler palates and for the beginner-with-the-pipe; Punchbowle is *full strength*, strong, cool and *deeply* satisfying, much favoured by big men of Sport and Outdoors.

BARNEYS EMPIRE
"The best Empire yet".. 10½*d. oz.*
Barneys Empire meets that growing need for a *really* good Tobacco of unextravagant price. You will find it cool, long-lasting, pleasant in taste and aroma, truly satisfying and, generally, possessing characteristics usually associated with high-priced Tobaccos.

'EverFresh'

MADE BY JOHN SINCLAIR LTD. NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

191

THE
LIBERAL MAGAZINE
Edited by HAROLD STOREY

MARCH NUMBER

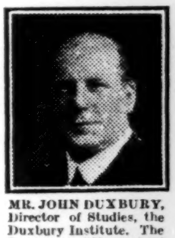
Statistics of the Trade Balance.
Retaliation against France.
New Milk Scheme.
The Sugar Plot.
When Electors should not vote.
Unemployment Bill in Committee.
Etc., etc.

6d. Monthly. *6s. a Year.*

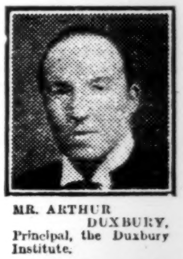
Liberal Publication Department,
21, Abingdon Street, London, S.W.1.

DARE YOU SPEAK IN PUBLIC?

Do you realise how great an asset is the power to speak in public—to hold an audience and win it over to your point of view?



MR. JOHN DUXBURY, Director of Studies, the Duxbury Institute. The Press says: "Has trained more Members of Parliament than any other teacher in the Kingdom"



MR. ARTHUR DUXBURY, Principal, the Duxbury Institute.

MR. D. STUART ALEXANDER, M.C., M.A., B.Sc., Senior Tutor, Duxbury Institute Postal Courses.

CONFIDENCE AND SUCCESS

Have you the confidence to try? If not the new DUXBURY COURSE will help you. It shows you the way to express your thoughts forcefully and to the point—in business, professional and social life.

NEW DUXBURY POSTAL COURSE
"The Efficient Speaker"

After much experiment and research this new DUXBURY COURSE—produced in response to an insistent public demand—is now complete and ready to assist you to success. Behind the preparation of this Course is the accumulated experience of half a century of successful Duxbury tuition.

SEND THIS COUPON—For interesting and valuable booklet which may change your whole outlook. Your power over the spoken word exists—it is merely latent. It can be brought out. It can be developed and trained to perfection by the simple methods of this New Duxbury Course. Send now for

VALUABLE BOOKLET—FREE

To The Secretary,
Duxbury Institute Postal Dept., 50, Lincoln's Inn Fields,
London, W.C.2.

Please send me—free of obligation—copy of booklet, "THE EFFICIENT SPEAKER."

NAME ....
FULL ADDRESS ....
....N.S.

various forms of control. In Great Britain he is still from a strictly legal standpoint the spoilt darling of the roads; he is subject to no legal penalties, though unfortunately this is more than balanced by the risks to his life and limbs. In America "eddying" due to a tiny sprinkling of very slow vehicles is rendered impossible in many cities by the imposition of a high minimum speed. In Great Britain we do not mix ancient and modern traffic quite as recklessly as they do in Germany, where the congestion of a maelstrom resembling Piccadilly Circus may be enhanced by a waggon containing giant casks of wine and drawn by twelve bullocks; but there is no other country in the world where "eddying" is as universal as in these islands. Such considerations suggest that the high percentage of accidents per 1,000 vehicles owned in Great Britain may be primarily due to the essential character of our country roads and our urban streets, coupled with a notorious lethargy in modernising our control of traffic. Great Britain is a densely populated island, distinguished by ancient towns still burdened with the narrow streets which were erected in an era of light horse and foot traffic. These cities and towns are joined by roads which developed accidentally from ancient bridle paths and footways, twisting to outflank every natural obstacle of swamp and stream and gradient and forest. America is young, and by comparison all her cities and towns are planned, and the highways which unite them have mostly been created by laying a straightedge on the map. She has no towns which resemble Lincoln or Exeter or Northampton. She has no main highways which remind us of the London-Exeter road as it was in 1918. Her modern streets and her modern roads carry 50 per cent. less traffic density than our own. In this fact and in national temperament we must seek the explanation of the fact that she records 1.18 fatal accidents per 1,000 vehicles as against our own 2.75. National temperament is a matter for argument, but it would not be easy to persuade any Briton that we are as a race less alert and resourceful than our American cousins. America is unquestionably more logical in her traffic control methods, and she is blessed with an almost completely modern system of road and street communications. Similarly, most Britons would decide that the average French driver displays less restraint and more abandon than our own, and that this fact alone is an adequate explanation of France's high accident percentage, though her traffic is only one quarter as dense as ours. If France had our roads and our streets and our traffic density, her death toll might easily be 70 per day as against our 18.

In the light of these facts, coupled with the known fact that most of our deaths occur in crowded areas, the great value of by-passing through traffic round cities and towns with narrow streets is thrown into keen relief; and such schemes as the Oxford and Guildford by-pass roads emerge as a main contribution to our problems. The other outstanding reform has already been mooted in these columns, namely that, since half the fatalities involve pedestrians, it is high time that we considered the control of pedestrians in urban areas, and forgot that our roads were originally constructed by and for pedestrian traffic.

R. E. DAVIDSON

PERSONAL RECORDINGS

"CONVERSATION PIECE"

Yvonne Printemps
Noel Coward
and other principals of the cast.

"I'll follow my secret heart" *Act 1. Parts 1 and 2*	YVONNE PRINTEMPS and NOEL COWARD. DA1363 4/-
"Charming Charming" *Act 1* "Dear Little Soldiers" *Act 1*	YVONNE PRINTEMPS with Heather Thatcher, Moya Nugent and Maidie Andrews. DA 1364 4/-
"English Lesson" *Act 2* "Nevermore" *Act 3*	YVONNE PRINTEMPS YVONNE PRINTEMPS and LOUIS HAYWARD. DA 1365 4/-
Finale (*Act 2*, including Melanie's Aria) *Parts 1 and 2*	YVONNE PRINTEMPS, NOEL COWARD and Ensemble DA 1366 4/-

Accompanied by His Majesty's Theatre Orch. conducted by Reginald Burston

The above records in Album, Series No. 206

"Regency Rakes" "There's always something fishy about the French"	Sydney Grammer, George Sanders, Pat Worsley, Antony Brian Heather Thatcher and Moya Nugent B 8133 2/6
Selection *Parts 1 and 2*	His Majesty's Theatre Orchestra conducted by Reginald Burston C 2654 4/-

● A NEW KREISLER RECORDING. *Londonderry Air (arr. Kreisler) with Piano accomp. A May Breeze (Songs without Words) (Mendelssohn, arr. Kreisler).* Kreisler with Piano accomp. DB2117 6/-

● RICHARD CROOKS — sings the Record of the Month with tenderness that is unrivalled. *My song goes round the world. Smilin' through.* Richard Crooks with orchestral accomp. DA 1360 4/-.

"His Master's Voice"

The Gramophone Company, Limited, 98-108 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1
(Prices do not apply in I.F.S.)

Week-end Competitions

No. 208

Set by Ivor Brown

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rhymed epigram on a very modern poet, who, having written what he possibly believed to be totally cacophonous, unintelligible and unprintable, found his work not only printed, but praised as being in the lucid and musical tradition of the English lyric.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Queen St., W.C.2. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, March 16th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 206

Set by Norman Collins

It is assumed that the Codex Sinaiticus has been acquired by one of our more enterprising publishers, and has promptly been "chosen" by the Book Society. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best advertisement with suitable quotations from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Lady Houston, Dean Inge, a "Well-known West End Bookseller," Dr. Buchman, and the Greek Archimandrite.

Report by Norman Collins

Thanks to the beneficent activities of that much-abused institution, the press, the words and sentiments of our Elders and Betters are as well known to us as those of the Sages and Prophets were to earlier generations. If it came to an emergency, we could all talk like our Prime Minister! Was it, for instance, Lady Houston herself, or only W. Leslie Nicholls, who wrote:

> "I read of eagles and of the strength of eagles. Surely this is a divine intimation that the Air Force of Britain shall soar, the premier eagle of the world"?

Did Allan M. Laing, or Dean Inge, *lui-même*, remark of the Codex:

> "May prove a test of breeding as well as reading. The purchasers . . . might be regarded as in some sort a provisional aristocracy. . . ."?

Can we be sure that it is E. V. Warne, and not Dr. Buchman, who pithily observed—

> "God's Straight Word, as He delivered it Himself—and at a reasonable price"?

Some competitors, however, do not apparently study their newspapers with the attention they deserve. They do not know that Lady Houston dislikes Russians, and that the Greek Archimandrite is opposed on principle to those people who borrow books and do not return them. Nor, apparently, do they realise that the advertisements of our great publishers are designed with the same loving care as was expended by the Old Masters upon their canvasses.

The prizes, taking both layout and the probability of the quotations into consideration, are awarded as follows:—First Prize: Redling. Second Prize: Southron.

CONDITION OF INDIA

"Many English people content themselves with the remark that India does not interest them. If India were independent, they would perhaps be justified in this attitude, but so long as the British insist upon governing India, they have no right to ignore what is done in their name by the Government which they have elected."

Quoted from the Preface by Bertrand Russell.

The India League Delegation Report on
Prisons, Ordinances, Press Laws, Government Policy, Villages, Labour Conditions, The North-West Frontier, &c.

534 pages, 2s. 6d. Published by Essential News

Can be obtained from any bookstall or bookshop, or direct from the India League, 165, Strand, W.C.2.

BUMPUS

THE NEW BOOKS

All the books reviewed and advertised, or recommended on the wireless, can be seen at Bumpus's—and we can help you to choose the best.

CHEAP EDITIONS

Multitudes of good books in cheap editions, including all the Pocket Editions, and such series as Everyman's Library and the World's Classics, are kept in stock.

STOCKTAKING SALE

Many good books withdrawn from our stock are offered at greatly reduced prices in the Stocktaking Sale which is now being held on the First Floor. A list will be sent on application.

J. & E. BUMPUS, LTD.
BOOKSELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING,
350 Oxford St., LONDON, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 3601

BOOKS

EVERYTHING FOR BOOK LOVERS AND STUDENTS

LAMLEY & Co.,
THE SOUTH KENSINGTON BOOK SHOP,
1, 3 & 5, EXHIBITION ROAD, S.W.7
ESTABLISHED 1875

GENERAL BOOKSELLERS

We keep not only the 'book of the moment,' but we specialise in books on the Arts and Sciences, and Educational books, Belles Lettres and Children's books. We are offering a considerable number of books at reduced prices during March.

MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM

ITS EFFECTIVE TREATMENT

Muscular rheumatism is caused by deposits of needle-pointed uric acid crystals in the fibres of the muscles, and most frequently felt in the shoulders and loins. Although uric acid in its crystalline state is highly insoluble it yields readily to the solvent action of Bishop's Varalettes which contain the most active uric acid solvents and eliminants known to science. Agreeable to take, they reduce the pain-inflicting deposits to a harmless soluble state and wash them out of the system through the kidneys, restoring comfort and flexibility to the muscles.

An enlightening booklet dealing fully with rheumatic maladies, containing Dietary Chart and an offer of a 30-days' trial treatment, sent gratis on receipt of a postcard addressed as below.

Bishop's Varalettes are sold by all chemists at **1/6, 3/-** and **7/-** per bottle, or direct, post free, from the makers, Alfred Bishop, Ltd., 48, Spelman Street, London, E.1.

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head

●

First thing every morning put a drop of 'Vapex' on your handkerchief and breathe the germicidal vapour.

●

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V106 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

110 YEARS OF SILENT SERVICE

SEND US YOUR SHARE

For 110 years the generosity of the British public has never failed the Life-Boat Service. Nor will you let it fail us now. It needs little more than one penny each year from every one of our population. Send what you can to-day.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer.
LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

FIRST PRIZE

CODEX SINAITICUS

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH!
THE BOOK OF THE YEAR!
THE BOOK OF THE CENTURY!
THE BOOK OF TWENTY CENTURIES!
Commended by the Leaders of World Thought.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald: "It should be the sheet-anchor of every ship of state. Without it progress towards the pinnacles of Prosperity is impossible."

Lady Houston: "The Book of Books for our great Christian Empire. It should be in every school in the land to counter the subversive teachings of the Reds."

Dean Inge: "If civilisation be on its death-bed, this, at least, is the perfect bedside book."

Well-known West End Bookseller: "The publication is a monument to the disinterestedness and patriotism of the booksellers of Britain."

Dr. Buchman: "I confess the little old book taught me a whole heap."

The Greek Archimandrite: "We are proud to have been the owners of such a treasure."

Illustrated in magnificent art colours with paintings after many eminent Academicians.
Complete with FREE Dictionary. 12*s.* 6*d.* only.

REDLING

SECOND PRIZE

YET ANOTHER OMNIBUS VOLUME!
BUT WHAT AN OMNIBUS!
52 BOOKS IN ONE: A YEAR'S READING AT A BOOK A WEEK!
CODEX SINAITICUS!!

Writers of this stupendous work include the Goodly Fellowship of the Prophets and the Glorious Company of the Apostles. The Publisher's readers were unanimous in forecasting that this would be the greatest best seller of all time.

This mighty Religious Saga will baffle you by its immensity. Read what prominent people say about it. Then buy a copy and try to read it for yourself.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald: "I haven't had such mental exercise for years. It sent me back to Lossiemouth with renewed vigour."

Lady Houston: "These . . . prophecies concerning the greatness of . . . our beloved Empire. . . ."

Dean Inge: "A whole galaxy of press-cutting agencies must have combined for the writing of the Pentateuch alone. If only congregations could be persuaded to read it the work of the pulpit would be greatly simplified."

A Well-known West End Bookseller: "Public interest has overwhelmed us. We also have a large supply of lexicons."

Doctor Buchman: "An inexhaustible, and for me unfathomable, well of godliness. Has demanded all my attention during many a quiet time. Definitely a book to be shared."

The Greek Archimandrite: "Delightfully easy reading. I started it at bed-time and read it from cover to cover until fresh light dawned on me."

ORDER YOUR COPY AT ONCE!
SIMPLY ASK FOR THE CODEX: THE BOOKSELLER WILL UNDERSTAND.
N.B.—No connection with the Nazi or expurgated edition.

SOUTHRON

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 63.—HEAD PREFECT

"At our school," Betty told me, "the Head Prefect is elected every term."

"By the girls?" I asked.

"No, by the Prefects."

"How many Prefects are there?"

"Oh, fifty-odd. It's a pretty big school, you know."

"And you're Head Prefect, Betty, aren't you?" I asked.

"That's right. I've been elected six terms running."

"How many Prefects voted for you?"

"Well, the number has got bigger each term. They've sort of got used to me, you see."

"Oh," I said, "you've had more votes each term?"

"No, that I haven't done—strange as it may seem. I've had the same number of *votes* each term, though different numbers of *voters*. You see, the system of voting is very odd. The Prefects belong to three Houses—well, all the girls do—and, to encourage them, the Houses each term are placed in order of merit. Now when it comes to electing a Head Prefect, the Prefects in the leading House have three votes each; the Prefects in the next House have two votes each; and the Prefects in the bottom House have one vote each."

"And then the votes are added up?"

"Yes, that's right. Triangles, our Maths. mistress, worked out the scheme."

"Tell me" I said, "how many more Prefects voted for you the sixth time than when you were elected first."

"Twenty-four," said Betty; "and there's one other thing I'll tell you. I not only got the same total of votes each time, but the same total from each House."

"I see," said I.

How many Prefects voted for Betty on each of the six occasions of her election?

PROBLEM 61.—PRIVATE WIRE

This is an ordinary substitution cipher *plus* an exercise in selection. The agents' doggerel is very quickly read:

They also serve who only stand and wait,
The which applies to seven out of eight.
Nor message authenticity can claim
Which does not bear and monkey-puzzler's name.

["And" in the last line is apparently a misprint for "the."]

Interpreting this verse, one deduces that every eighth letter will be utilised. Also, we must look for "monkey-puzzler" (araucaria, *not* aracaria). Eighth letters in the second message give the following series of sentences:

1. "This is only a spoof."
2. "War declared to-day."
3. "Monkey expects war."
4. "'Twill be war monkey."
5. "Battleships ready."
6. "Aracaria says wait."
7. "PEACE O.K. ARAUCARIA."
8. "Just another spoof."

Hence the answer is PEACE.

PROBLEM 60.—TETRAHEDRAL

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: "Potomac."
There were thirty-five correct and two incorrect solutions.
Seven points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the first sender of a correct solution.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150.

Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

CALIBAN

An Ideal Gift
One of these Gift Sets of VITREOSIL
Flame-proof Lustre
COOKING WARE will delight the heart of any woman.
More beautiful than the finest porcelain but as heat-proof as an iron saucepan.
British-made by
THE THERMAL SYNDICATE LTD.,
Vitreosil Works, WALLSEND-ON-TYNE
London Depot: Thermal House, Old Pye St., S.W.1

No. 1 set comprises:
Pie Dish, 1 pint, Pie Dish, 1½ pints, Pie Dish, 2 pints, 3 Chromium-plated table stands - - - - 21/-

No. 2 Set:
Casserole, 2 pints, Dish Lid, 1 Chromium-plated table stand - - - - - 15/-

No. 3 Set:
Soufflé Dish, 1 pint, Soufflé Dish, 2 pints Soufflé Dish, 3 pints 3 Chromium-plated table stands 25/-

No. 4 Set:
Fruit Dish, 1½ pints, Fruit Dish, 2½ pints, 2 Chromium-plated table stands 17/-

No. 5 Set:
Casserole, 1½ pints Casserole, 2 pints, 1 Lid, which fits either Casserole, and which can also be used by itself as a shallow cooking dish, 1 Chromium-plated table stand, which fits any of the three dishes 21/-

Each set securely packed in artistic box. Obtainable from Stores, China Dealers, Hardwaremen and Gas Companies. If any difficulty, please write the makers.

REFUGE

ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED.

Chief Office: Oxford Street, Manchester, 1.
(Incorporated in England 1864.)

Summary of Directors' Report for the year ended 31st December, 1933.

Total Income for year £12,224,086, being an increase of **£477,938** over the previous year.

Total Assets at end of the year, **£58,720,061,** being an increase of **£2,966,946** during the year.

Total Claims Paid in the year, **£5,877,411.** The Company has paid **£82,198,920** in claims since its establishment.

The Total Assurances existing on December 31st, 1933, amounted to **£71,860,220** in the Ordinary Branch and **£100,855,639** in the Industrial Branch.

Reversionary Bonus of £1 - 18 - 0 per cent. declared on all Ordinary Branch participating Policies.

Industrial Branch : £149,388 Profits allocated to certain classes of Policyholders.

The Premium Income in the Ordinary Branch was **£4,490,462,** showing an increase of **£267,420** over the previous year; and in the Industrial Branch it was **£5,273,330,** showing an increase of **£104,504.**

J. WILCOCK HOLGATE, *Chairman.*

BRITANNIC

ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

Chief Offices : - - - - - - - **BROAD STREET CORNER, BIRMINGHAM.**

Sixty-eighth Annual Report for the Year 1933.

TOTAL INCOME - - - - £5,675,349.
TOTAL FUNDS - - - - £23,080,594.
CLAIMS PAID - - - - £38,310,696,

including the sum of **£2,196,364** paid in the Life Branches during 1933.

ORDINARY BRANCH.

A Reversionary Bonus of **£1 18s. 0d.** per cent has been added to the Sums Assured under participating policies.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.

A Sum of **£211,600** has been set aside for the benefit of Industrial Policyholders.

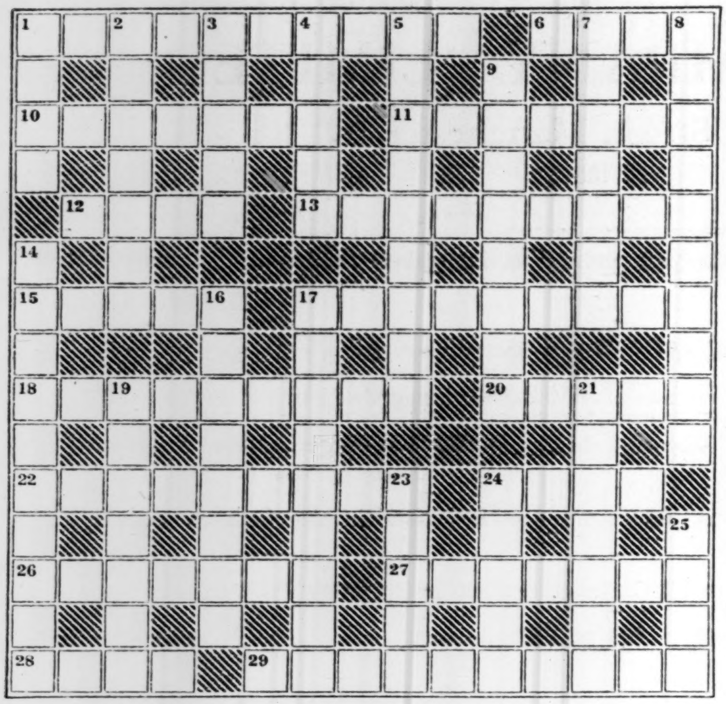
All Classes of **Life, Fire, Accident, Motor, Employers' Liability** and **General Insurances** transacted.

J. MURRAY LAING, F.I.A., F.F.A.
Secretary and Actuary.

JNO. A. JEFFERSON, F.I.A.
Chairman and General Manager.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 209

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

LAST WEEK'S WINNER

The winner of last week's crossword is Mrs. Waud, Farmcot, Ashtead.

ACROSS.

1. Restful result of frequent nictitation.
6. See 1 down.
10. Whoever wins it's a draw finally.
11. Novel recruits to the ranks of those who are permanently present.
12. Hearty when attached to a car.
13. The laundress uses blue to produce this for the decorator.
15. "There is much music, excellent voice, in this little ——."
17. Repast for finishing up the bits.
18. He has designs on the trees.
20. Get a board like this and it's accessible.
22. Honour only was saved after this despairing cry.
24. This 28 is A to the A.A.
26. The sort of bitch Kent alleged Oswald to be heir to.
27. Offered for a Royal mount.
28. See 24.
29. Peers and commoners are here loquaciously separated.

DOWN.

1. This is known able to do all kinds of work with 6.
2. Abuse round the park.
3. It wasn't this sort of a coach that took Tom Pinch to London.
4. To win on the end of a rope.
5. Glaswegian saint who begins much farther south.
7. When Charlemagne arrived to help Roland.
8. An imprisoning sea.
9. Sugary test.
14. Cure for cowardly apprehensions?
16. An early animal preserve.
17. Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadian love.
19. Porridge for those who live where its streaming head is found.
21. Streaky.
23. Part of an ancient indictment alleging short weight.
24. A heaven-sent Derby winner.
25. A Roman loves something to wipe boots on.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

NOTES:—Cobbler—Song in *Chu Chin Chow*; Democracy—Roosevelt was the Democrats' candidate.

C	O	B	B	L	E	R	▨	A	R	S	E	N	I	C
A	▨	A	▨	I	▨	E	▨	W	▨	K	▨	O	▨	I
N	O	R	L	A	N	D	▨	A	L	E	C	O	S	T
T	▨	R	▨	R	▨	B	▨	S	▨	D	▨	▨	▨	A
R	O	A	D	S	▨	R	E	H	E	A	R	S	E	D
I	▨	C	▨	▨	▨	E	▨	▨	▨	D	▨	A	▨	E
P	I	K	E	S	T	A	F	F	▨	D	E	V	I	L
▨	▨	R	▨	P	▨	S	▨	U	▨	L	▨	O	▨	▨
F	L	O	O	R	▨	T	A	N	G	E	R	I	N	E
I	▨	O	▨	O	▨	▨	▨	N	▨	▨	▨	R	▨	A
D	E	M	O	C	R	A	C	Y	▨	O	F	F	E	R
D	▨	▨	▨	K	▨	P	▨	B	▨	A	▨	A	▨	T
L	U	C	R	E	C	E	▨	O	S	T	R	I	C	H
E	▨	Y	▨	T	▨	R	▨	N	▨	E	▨	R	▨	E
S	A	T	I	S	F	Y	▨	E	A	S	T	E	N	D

"A Stronghold of Research"

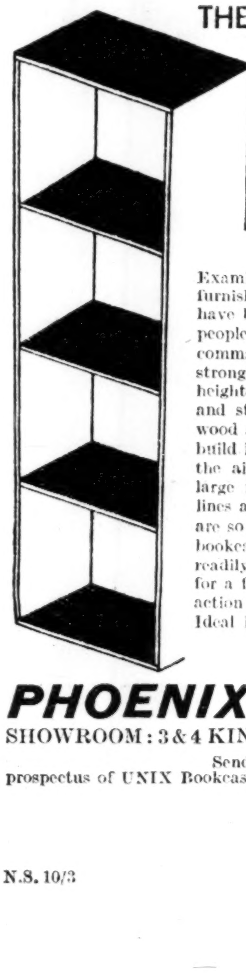
COMPTON MACKENZIE *writes:*

"The back of the mind of every middle-aged man and woman to-day is haunted by the fearful possibility of cancer. The Cancer Hospital requires money, and this money must be found at once that the great work of The Cancer Hospital, both as A STRONGHOLD OF RESEARCH and as A CENTRE OF FREE TREATMENT, may not be imperilled or retarded. If those who have contemplated, even for an instant, the possibility of being one day themselves in the clutch of cancer subscribe to the fund, the present overdraft will become a balance in hand many times as large."

The special work of The Cancer Hospital (free) and of its various Departments entails particularly heavy expenses. The total cost of maintenance is approximately **£50,000** per annum. At the present time a large bank overdraft is still outstanding, and it is earnestly hoped that sufficient donations and subscriptions will be forthcoming at an early date to free the Hospital of this burden.

The Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD — LONDON, S.W.3.
Bankers: Coutts & Co., 440, Strand, London, W.C.2.

UNIX
THE NEW BOOKKEEPING



Examine the merits of a new and clever furnishing idea—UNIX BOOKCASES, which have been conveniently designed for modern people living in small houses or flats, for people commanding modest incomes. They consist of strongly constructed oak sections of standard height but numerous lengths, in varying finishes and styles, open backed, wood backed, and wood and glass fronted. They fit anywhere, build into endless satisfying designs without the aid of bolts or other impedimenta. In large numbers or small their clean modern lines are very good to look upon. Their prices are so low as to establish a new conception of bookcase values, and long credit payments are readily accessible. Send the coupon below for a free prospectus, or better, see them in action at the Phoenix Showroom or at the Ideal Home Exhibition, Stand 400.

PHOENIX BOOK COMPANY LIMITED
SHOWROOM: 3 & 4 KING STREET COVENT GARDEN

Send me, by return please, your illustrated prospectus of UNIX Bookcases. My name and address is—

N.S. 10/3

WHERE TO STAY

Town and Country

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

KINGSLEY HOTEL.

NEAR the British Museum, Hart Street, W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Comfort. Refinement. Bedroom and Breakfast from 8*s*. 6*d*. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "London Old and New," on application.

WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 1 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5*s*. a night or 30*s*. weekly (one night only 5*s*. 6*d*.). With dinner, 6*s*. 6*d*. or 2 guineas weekly.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3*d*. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD.,

St. George's House,
193 Regent Street,
London, W.1.

CHELSEA.—Comfortable bed-sitting rooms with hot and cold water, gas fires and electric light; breakfasts, baths, attendance, from 27*s*. 6*d*.; double 3 guineas, 6*s*. per night. Dinners optional.—Flaxman House, 105 Oakley Street, S.W.3. Flaxman 7284.

SMALL house in quiet spot, to let, furnished, early April, 6 months. Ten miles Norwich, 30 sea. Lock-up small garage. Good pump and water-butts, outdoor E.C. 3 Beds (2 communicating) and 2 sitting-rooms. Good books. Piano. Very low rent to careful tenant. HOOTON, Ivy House, Tharston, Norwich.

WORTHING; Downlands, 81 Manor Rd. Small Guest House. Quiet. Comfortable. Well recommended. Misses ELLIS and AINSWORTH.

"SURREY HILLS" Guest House, Albury, nr Guildford. Ideal place for week-ends or holidays. Under new management. 'Phone: Shere 151.

VEGETARIAN Guest House, 55 West Cromwell Road, S.W.5. Frobisher 3248. Special terms for long residence. MRS. WYNNE (of Deepdene, Shanklin).

ISLE OF WIGHT. Glorious in Spring and early summer. MRS. WYNNE'S well-known VEGETARIAN GUEST HOUSE. Deepdene, Shanklin. Tel.: 254.

FOR WILTSHIRE COUNTY COOKING
go to
THE OLD MILL, WEST HARNHAM,
SALISBURY.
Interesting 13th Century Refectory.
Three minutes by car from the Close.
Patronised by artists and men of letters.
Apartments at reasonable prices.
Apply, The Manager.

TORQUAY. Howden Court Private Hotel. Quiet central situation. Overlooking sea. South aspect. Sunroom, secluded garden. H. and C., gas or electric fires in bedrooms. A.A. Telephone: 2807.

BOURNEMOUTH FOOD REFORM GUEST HOUSE, Loughtonhurst, West Cliff Gdns. Everything for a restful and happy holiday. From 49*s*. to 70*s*. P.W. Write to Manager for Prospectus.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope, Anchor Hotel, Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. H. and c. water all bedrooms. 'Phone 126.

BY THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA, TOSSA, of overwhelming beauty. German-Swiss house full board Ptas. 12 (6*s*.) day. Write to CASA STEYER, Tossa de Mar (Gerona), Spain.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPEWRITING

REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING, Technical MSS. and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

Tel.: Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS., PLAYS, etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—MRS. BROOKER, 37 Belmont Road, St. Andrew's Park, Bristol.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, ETC.
Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed.
ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked.
Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent.
PROMPT SERVICE BUREAU, LIMITED.
6 Conduit Street, W.1. (Mayfair 3163/4.)

MSS. (Literary and Scientific) intelligently typed.—MISS HARPER, 4 Taviton St., London, W.C.1.

TYPEWRITING and Duplicating artistically carried out by well-educated staff. Personal checking by experts.—Details by post from the SECRETARY, 255 Cromwell Road, S.W.5.

TRANSLATION work taken, French and German' literary and scientific. Apply SECRETARY, 4 Falkner Square, Liverpool 8.

"H.H." in last Sunday's *Observer* wrote: "With its forthcoming April number, *Life and Letters*, that distinguished literary review, will enter upon a new phase of existence as a 2*s*. monthly instead of a quarterly.

"Mr. Aldous Huxley has written an article on 'War and the Emotions,' and this will appear in the April issue, together with an important poem by Mr. Herbert Read, a short story by Mr. Stephen Spender, and articles by Mr. Wyndham Lewis, Mr. Eric Linklater, and Mr. Bonamy Dobrée. These names indicate that the old high standard is to be maintained.

"Among the interesting new features already decided upon are 'Conversation Pieces'—a series of photographs of well-known writers and personalities in characteristic poses and association; and 'Cross Sections'—the pithy discussion of topics of current interest ranging from literature to the less specialised humanities (or inhumanities); from Letters, that is to say, to Life.

"There will be literary reviews, of course; but the vain attempt to cover or cope with the whole vast welter of contemporary publications will not be made. Reviews will be selective; books of outstanding or unusual interest being chosen and reviewed anonymously.

"Other new features are to be introduced as occasion and inspiration prompt. Politics will not be debarred; but, here as elsewhere, the editorial policy, which places intrinsic above party interest, will be followed. Such topics as are occasionally chosen will always be discussed on their pertinent merits, the approach being 'liberal,' in the humane rather than the technical sense.

"Although Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Ltd., have taken over the review, this does not mean that it will become in any sense a 'house organ' of the publishers, or that its editorial independence will be impugned. Established writers will continue to appear, and new writers of merit will be encouraged. In short, both schools, the classical and the modern, will find in *Life and Letters* a common forum. Thus the widened and diversified scope of the review should appeal not only to the cognoscenti, but to a wider circle of readers, and the promotion of Life to more equal partnership with Letters increase the attractions of a publication that, from the beginning, has had such marked distinction."

See special offer to Original Subscribers on p. 355.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

GOOD ARCHITECTURE.

£525–£1,650. Beautifully designed detached houses on ample frontages in delightful Welwyn surroundings, 30 minutes King's Cross. Golf, tennis, swimming; town culture and country health. Houses on rental £34–£125. Guide from N. S. HOWARD, Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

HAMPSHIRE. The Old Forge House, Isington. One mile Bentley Stn. (W'loo 1¼ hrs.). Small, attractive 17th century house. Three sitting-rooms, 4 bed, rooms, bath, 2 w.c.'s, garage, thatched barn, orchard small garden. £80 p.a. Vacant. View now. Apply MISS SAYLE, Isington Mill, Alton, Hants.

MAISONETTES: 16 Wetherby Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5 (Ken. 6803), gardens front and back, self-contained, exceptional, facing south. Ground floor: large recep., 3 bed, kitchen, bath, £160 incl. First floor: 2 recep., 3 bed, kitchen, bath, £220 incl. Apply occupier or caretaker.

BAKER STREET. Charming Newly furnished Suites and Chambers, from 37*s*. 6*d*. Service. C. H. W. Apply HOUSEKEEPER, 2 Nottingham Place, W.1. Welbeck 8275.

W.C.1. Small unfurnd. room, 14*s*., furnd., 16*s*. 6*d*., women only. Write 22 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

QUIET HOME for paying guest (gentleman). Heights above Bath. Host, ex-public schoolmaster. 3 Guineas weekly. Cooking a speciality.—Box 459, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., London, W.C.2.

WEST SUSSEX village. By sea. Five-roomed cottage to be let, furnished, three months or longer. Constant hot water, bath, electric light. Moderate rent. Box 462, N.S. & N. 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

WANTED for July and August—furnished cottage near Southwold or Walberswick, not more than five miles from the sea. Three bedrooms, bathroom, good water supply, electric light or gas. Write Box 458, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., London, W.C.2.

FOR summer months (or part of), at Killiney, Co. Dublin. House, near beach; 3 reception, 5 bedrooms; 2 maids' rooms. All modern conveniences and garden. Lovely outlook. J. M. HONE.

SWISS COTTAGE. Sunny, newly decorated, bed sitting room in comfortable house. Furnished or unfurnished. Meals optional. Terms moderate. Primrose 1202.

WANTED for 2-3 months, including August, furnished cottage, 4-5 bedrooms, within week-end reach of London.—Box 461, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., London, W.C.2.

LIVING Room, 1 Double-, 1 Single-bedroom (boy aged 4), modernly furnished in simple style, required immediately, with service, for long period. Hampstead Heath, Highgate Village, riverside or country, within easy reach of town. Please give fullest particulars and terms. G. W., 20 York Buildings, Adelphi, London, W.C.2.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs:
One Year, post free - - 30s. 0d.
Six months " " - - 15s. 0d.
Three " " " - - 7s. 6d.
All communications should be addressed:
NEW STATESMAN & NATION,
The Week-end Review,
10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2.

Smokers
FIND THEM EFFECTIVE
Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant
PASTILLES
Your Chemist stocks them
In tins, 2 oz. 8d.
4 oz. 1/3

SOUTHERN COUNTIES
BUILDING SOCIETY
DIRECTORS:
The Viscount Brentford. Sir George Thurston, K.B.E.
J. Hugh Edwards, Esq., J.P. W. Skelt, Esq. A. Hall, Esq.
FOR A LIMITED PERIOD
SHARES will be ISSUED at 5% TAX FREE EQUIVALENT TO £6 - 13 - 4%
A SAFE AND SOUND INVESTMENT
Call or write: SOUTHERN COUNTIES BUILDING SOCIETY
(Dept.S.12), 16, CITY ROAD, E.C.1. Telephones: National 0126-7-8

London Vegetarian Society.
The ARNOLD F. HILLS MEMORIAL LECTURE for 1934
WILL BE DELIVERED BY
Dr. J. C. DEMARQUETTE (D.Litt., Paris)
in the Council Chamber at
CAXTON HALL, WESTMINSTER, on Monday, March 12th, at 8.30 p.m.
(Adjoining St. James's Park Station, District Railway)
Subject: "VEGETARIANISM AND WORLD PEACE."
Chairman: NORMAN PARLEY, Esq.
ALL ARE INVITED. *ADMISSION FREE.*

BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.
100 incurable middle-class patients and 300 pensioners are entirely dependent on us for their livelihood. This good work annually costs £25,000 and we rely on voluntary contributions. May we count on you for help? Donations to the British Home and Hospital for Incurables at Streatham, gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, 73, Cheapside, E.C.2.